

Beck - Hotwax

Tom: C

(Guitar lowered 1/2 step)

open D w/slide Intro: (4X):

Verse (2X)

(as written for clavinette):

(4x)

(distortion for this one)

(chorus)(4X)

alternate to clavinette part

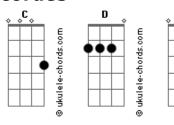
It takes a backwash man to sing a backwash song Like a frying pan when the fire's gone Driving my pig while the bear's taking pictures in the grass In my radio smashed

And I like pianos in the evening sun Dragging my heals 'til my day is done Saturday night in the Captain's clothes Tin horns blowing with my jury 'phros

Yo soy un disco cabrado G Yo tengo chicle en cerabo

I can't believe my way back when My Cadillac pants going much to fast Karaoke weekend at the suicide shack Community service and I'm still the mack

Acordes



Shocked my finger spicing my hand I been spreading disease all across the land

Wishing I was living like a hit man

Face down in the guarantees Jaundiced marshalls getting busy with ease Because I get down I get down I get down all the way

Yo soy un disco cabrado Yo tengo chicle en cerabo

Sawdust songs of the plaid bartenders Western Unions of the country westerns Silver foxes looking for romance In the chain smoke Kansas flashdance ass pants

And you got the hotwax residues You never lose in your razor blade shoes Stealing pesos out of my brain Hazard signs down the Alamo lanes

Radar systems using the souls You never get caught with the wax so rotten All my days I got the grizzly words Hijacked flavors that I'm flipping like birds

Yo soy un disco cabrado Yo tengo chicle en cerabo

girl: "who are you?"
man: "I'm the enchanting wizard of rhythm."

girl: "why did you come here?"

man: "I came here to tell you about the rhythms of the

universe....'

chorus translation: "I'm a broken record/I have bubblegum in my brain"