

# Beck - Hotwax

Tom: C

(Guitar lowered 1/2 step)  
open D w/slide  
Intro: (4X):

Verse (2X)

(as written for clavinet):  
(4x)

(distortion for this one)

(chorus)(4X)

alternate to clavinet 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 heels 'til my day is done  
Saturday night in the Captain's clothes  
Tin horns blowing with my jury 'phros

C            G            D  
Yo soy un disco cabrado  
C            G            D  
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

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"

## Acordes

