

It takes a backwash man
To sing a backwash song
Like a frying pan when the fire's gone
Driving my pig while the band'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
Tender horns blowing' in my jury 'fros

Yo soy un disco quebrado
Yo tengo chicle en el cerebro*

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, spots on my hand
I been spreading disease all across the land
Beautiful air-conditioned,
Sitting in the kitchen
Wishing I was living like a hit man

Face down in the guarantees
Jaundiced honchos getting' busy with me
Because I get down I get down
I get down all the way

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Sawdust songs of the plaid bartenders
Western Unions of the country westerns
Silver foxes looking for romance
In the chain-smoke
Kansas flash dance 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 piercing 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 quebrado
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[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...."