

The Horrible Fanfare/Landslide/Exoskeleton

Beck

Ashes of ancients
The nations repainted
The chain gang chatelaine
Changing the station
The theme song playing
The anthem of normal
The horrible fanfare
The horns get distorted
On a public announcement
The towns are impounded
Where the order resounded
Cowards towered around it
Powerline buzzards
Surveilling the night
Talons in flight
The fake horizons ignite

Banality lives
Where hysteria kills
Civilian jungles
With malaria pills
Animals bleed
To buy a star from the night
Avenue kids
Wear a scar like a stripe
Send up a signal
To the heavenly rescue
When the poison's coming
From the person you're next to
Let the voltage of thought
Pull the plug from the wound
'Cause if the soul is a symptom
The condition is you

We know it's a letter bomb hand-me-down
This thought is a perjury blindfold
When she crawls from the Himalayan rain
With the birds of prey and weapons on fire

She's ridin' a landslide down to me
Cuttin' the shackles off of me
Shakin' the dead birds from the trees
She's takin' the only air I breathe

Iron lungs and a plate glass sermon
Don't call it death on the installment plan

She's pulling the armour on my back
Raking the coals over the tracks
Taking the knife out from the stack
She's bringing the blood that I have back

She's coming to see it's all a sin
Coming to see the sun again
Coming to wash it off again
Coming to see herself again
Coming to see herself again

Coming to wash it off again

I picture like a...like an illuminated manuscript, you know? Made by monks. They hand-
do them... in record form. And you'd have to have them handdone each time.

Like, depending, like change depending on what mood you're in. Like the best
...or depending on like when you assume from a different age, they'll mean s
omething different.

I don't like it when they change. It frightens me.

You want them to stay the same more?

It makes me feel like someone's pushing me from below. Or trying to put me,
turn me over, and put me down. That's what it makes me feel like when they c
hange.

It has to tell you how to live. It is an instruction guide. It's subtle, It'
s--it doesn't push, it nudges...i-it entices...it seduces. It has to encompa
ss the whole world, everything that has been, is, and will be, and could tak
e it into space. And that's why we build a spaceship. Because that's ultimat
ely what space travel is all about, is sending a shuttle from Earth into spa
ce. And not just in some, like, space shuttle. It's got a little phone comin
g off of it, you need your own...glowing...you know, multicolor...spaceship.
It would be inside the spaceship, and also the spaceship. Like an exoskelet
on.