Where It's At

Beck

There's a destination a little up the road From the habitations and the towns we know

A place we saw the lights turn low

The jigsaw jazz and the get-fresh flow Pulling out jives and jamboree handouts

Two turntables and a microphone

Bottles and cans and just clap your hands

And just clap your handsWhere it's at

I got two turntables and a microphone

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Take me home with my elevator bones

That was a good drum breakPick yourself up off the side of the road

With your elevator bones and your whip-flash tones

Members only hypnotizers

Move through the room like ambulance drivers

Shine your shoes with your microphone blues

Hirsutes with your parachute fruits

Passing the dutchie from coast to coast

Like my man Gary Wilson, I rock the mostWhere it's at

I got two turntables and a microphone

Where it's at

I got two turntables and a microphoneWhat about those who swing both ways? AC-DC's?

Let's make it out baby

Two turntables and a microphone

Two turntables and a microphoneWe're all part of the total syndromeWhere it's at

I got two turntables and a microphone

Where it's at

I got two turntables and a microphoneOh, dear me, make-out city's a two-horse town

That's beautiful, DadGot my microphone

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The jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow

Pulling out jives and jamboree handouts
Two turntables and a microphone
Bottles and cans and just clap your hands
And just clap your handsWhere it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphoneI got plastic on my mind
Make it out, baby
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Let's make it out, baby
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeahTelephone plastic baby
Ahh, so good
Oh, yeah
Let's play good

Lyrics provided by https://www.omusic.in/