

# Beck, Puttin' It Down

Big pain  
Burning' down  
Giving' me a cow  
What you seem to be saying  
Is you're patiently waiting  
Like an ashtray for the butt

Well I'm putting' it down  
But you're not picking' it up  
Well I'm putting' it down  
But you treat me like a clown  
And I don't wanna be funny

Fat chance  
Glued to the wall  
Like a centerfold  
Of an old cannonball  
Will you put me inside?  
Your TV tonight  
'Cause you're treating' me like a rerun

Well I'm putting' it down  
But you're not picking' it up  
Well I'm putting' it down  
But you treat me like a clown  
And I don't wanna be funny

No no no no

So what  
I lost my job at the Hut  
My ass got cut  
But I'll be better at kissing'  
When my teeth are all missing'  
And the silverware's burnt  
And I'm eating' with my fingers

And I'm putting' it down  
And you're not picking' it up  
Well I'm putting it down  
But you treat me like a clown  
And I don't want to be funny

Yeah yeah yeah yeah, [etc.]