

Sleeping Bag

Beck

Open up the door
Lay the orange juice on the floor
We're having a picnic
On the other side of town

There's sleeping bags and fire
And it's getting down to the wire
So grab yourself a spot
And settle down awhile

'Cause it's getting hard to think
And my clothes are starting to shrink
And the moon is sagging down
Like a metal ball

And the world is a holiday
Smoking' in an old ashtray
They just blow it out their nose
And say ok

So let's try to make it last
The past is still the past
And tomorrow is just another crazy scam