

## Plum Dumb

### The Dead Milkmen

She stands there on the corner, got raspberry jeans  
Waiting and watching, oh god, here he comes  
He pulls up beside her in his sporty machine  
Rolls down the window and hands her a bag of plums

Plums? Eat them he tells her  
They'll make ya feel great  
She hops in the car and he steps on the gas  
She says can't you drive faster  
It's getting late  
Just a wee bit faster  
You're not going too fast  
Oh

Freeway, riding down the freeway  
Cruisin', now she's really cruisin'  
When the plums take affect  
Yes, the plums suddenly juice her mind (mind)  
She is no longer a nervous wreck  
Now her nerves are blind; she feels fine (fine)

Oh, I feel great, she says  
But he already knows it  
Cause she's fingering his hair  
And biting his toes  
She's really plumbed out  
And in her eyes she shows it  
She says, Hey, what's the hurry?  
Let's drive more slow

Moisture drips from her edible lips  
And as he looks into her eyes  
He is quick to realize  
That he'd better pull over  
Before he gets to Dover  
Cause if he really wants her  
Now the time is wise

Freeway, riding down the freeway  
Cruisin', now you're really cruisin'  
When the plums take affect  
Yes, the plums suddenly juice her mind (mind)  
She is no longer a nervous wreck  
Now her nerves are blind; she looks fine (fine)

She's plum dumb  
Plum dumb  
Plum it  
Plum it  
Plum it  
Plum it  
Plum it  
Plum it  
Yeah