

Beck**"F---in With My Head"**

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I ain't got no inclination
Give away my sweet sensation
Sleeping' in an old tool shed
Scumbag crying' on his pillow

[Backing vocals:] Ooh...
When you wanna be with me then we will see
Who's f-in' with my head
Hey hey hey hey
F-in' with my head
Hey hey hey hey

Found myself in New Orleans
With a scarecrow in my jeans
Feed my forehead through the ceiling'
Drank my coffee with a hubcap
Yeah

[Backing vocals:] Ooh...
When you want to be with me then we will see
Who's f-in' with my head
No no no no
F-in' with my head
Hey hey hey hey

Devil's got your pantyhose on his head
Oh yeah, and he's robbing' me
But all I got's is cornbread
Well, you turn my body into a crutch
And now I'm limping' all over
When I feel your touch
Oh yeah

Ooh...
Ooh...

Put on my jack-eyed boots
Running' wild on the bayou
Now I'm talking' on a walkie-talkie
Credit card glued to my hand
Feels good

[Backing vocals:] Ooh...
When you wanna be with me then we will see
Who's f-in' with my head
Hey hey hey hey
No no no no
F-in' with my head
Make me feel like an asshole
I ain't got no soul
I ain't got no soul
No no no no
No no no no
No no no no
No no no no

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