Beck "F***in' With My Head (Mountain Dew Rock)"

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I ain't got no inclination to give away my sweet sensation

Sleeping in an old toolshed, scumbag cryin' on his pillow

When you want to be with me then we will see who's fucking with my head

Hey hey hey fuckin' with my head 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!

When you want to be with me then we will see who's fucking with my head

No no no fuckin' with my head hey hey hey

The devil's got your pantyhose on your head Oh yeah, and he's robbing me but all I got is cornbread Well you turn my body into a crutch And now I'm limping all over when I feel your touch, oh yeah

Put upon my jackeyed boots, running wild on the bayou Now I'm talking on a walkie-talkie, credit card glued to my hand... feels good

When you want to be with me then we will see who's fucking with my head

Hey hey hey no no no fuckin' with my head Make me feel like an asshole

I ain't got no soul! I ain't got no soul!

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