

Beck "Sleeping Bag"

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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

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