

Beck

"Whiskey Faced, Radioactive, Blowdryin' Lady"

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Alright here's a stupid song I wrote today
Yeah
Alright, ok this is called uh...
->would this be a world premiere?
Yeah this is probably the first and last time you'll hear
this one...
Ok this is uh...this is whiskey bottle - no this is called uh
Whiskey-faced radioactive blowdryin' lady or
something

Take out your whiskey bottle there
Now you don't even move out of your chair
Your getting juiced up beyond belief
I can barely love you when your getting drunk all the
time

You can get out a blowdryer and
Blowdry the hair right off of your head
You can saute© my dollar bills and feed 'em to the
dog

While he's watchin' cable

If I catch fire by mistake, she'll put out my face with a
rake
And I shut my mouth before I even breathe

Well I can barely touch you honey, cause you're gettin'
drunk all the time
Gotten radioactive tastebuds smeared across the rug
Swallow the keys to the chevy
You're gonna weedwack your way to memphis, yeah

Everybody knows about your style, you got tin-foil
wrapped around your smile
Well you're gonna give me a xerox of your buckteeth...
Gettin....crap-faced all the time
Yodelayeeooyodelay...

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