

Beck, Fuckin' With My Head (Mountain Dew Rock)

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 no fuckin' with my head hey 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 hey no 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!
No no no no... no no no no... no no no no... no no no no...