

Dead Milkmen, Plum Dumb

She stands there on the corner, got raspberry jeans
Waiting and watching, oh god, here he comes
He pulls up beside her in his sporty machine
Rolls down the window and hands her a bag of plums

Plums? Eat them he tells her
They'll make ya feel great
She hops in the car and he steps on the gas
She says can't you drive faster
It's getting late
Just a wee bit faster
You're not going too fast
Oh

Freeway, riding down the freeway
Cruisin', now she's really cruisin'
When the plums take affect
Yes, the plums suddenly juice her mind (mind)
She is no longer a nervous wreck
Now her nerves are blind; she feels fine (fine)

Oh, I feel great, she says
But he already knows it
Cause she's fingering his hair
And biting his toes
She's really plumbed out
And in her eyes she shows it
She says, Hey, what's the hurry?
Let's drive more slow

Moisture drips from her edible lips
And as he looks into her eyes
He is quick to realize
That he'd better pull over
Before he gets to Dover
Cause if he really wants her
Now the time is wise

Freeway, riding down the freeway
Cruisin', now you're really cruisin'
When the plums take affect
Yes, the plums suddenly juice her mind (mind)
She is no longer a nervous wreck
Now her nerves are blind; she looks fine (fine)

She's plum dumb
Plum dumb
Plum it (x6)
Yeah