

Modest Mouse, Beta Carotene

You didn't dye your hair and oh my hair went black
Now what you knew you knew you knew you know what the fuck
Take all the way you get down I'll get them down
Couldn't thought, getting all the Kryptonite all down
Sorry, the Volkswagen is a god damn god damn pain
And he gets him anyway, what the fuck do you seeing
So what hey, I gonna do, t'night I'm tryin' to lyin' one time
They had peared mine too when I threw you mine
Hey, I guess I leave right here, you help me out
What's all I'm trying to say I know you don't
Ev'ryones' care, ev'ryone, ev'ryone, how the what the fuck you say
But I know what's going on who bought the other damn pair of jeans
One time, one time, one time, he gone he got another one
You don't care, I don't have you bathe down right in no fucking cup, onetime
I can't, I can't,...messed up, you took down me, start talking shit
I can't, I can't understand, you know what I mean
You got yerself a cool weekend, what time of week
Only one day, and one day, eh you know, you know see it fit
Well I don't care, I'm getting off here, gettin' off with him
I get myself, I know I got myself a good pal
Well don't you know, what you knew, you knew god damn well
And well you knew what, you don't want to play, but you'd guess that you'd could play
Same as when you knew, you knew nothing, now what do you have to say
And your on the way down, and I'll go down, your gonna fuckin' trip
Well sam, my head will bend like hell like nothing
Well doctor's say, you gonna hold on by the fucking nuts yeah
One time, two times I go do the craft, we're gonna probably bring it
And we'll end up hearing down town, and town, and drown, I'm tryin' to talk
And our friends are care free
And you brutal us, brutal us, bring it down to your spleen
I don't care if you don't care, your shoes up in that shit
Son of God, Jesus Christ, he won't even do nothing
I'm the one most counted on, you take at the tail of the line, you scream close out now
Always burnin'and I said to myself
Aaron right here, he got the gun to kill himself, he gone I'm gonna drink now
You take a look at him by yerself, thank you Edwin
Edwin's the master of this shit, there's a master of fuckin' the TV master, all this shit
Edwin, well I got myself one thing, two things, three things in my mouth
Hey Sally, hey Buddy, hey burnt out
And you tie yerself to the counted on you still can't clear the line though
I kicked myself when I walked home I don't know why I...shit
Where the hell you go with there, hell its all the same
You pee on yourself, well your going down, you stop to drink
Well I want, got two things, and don't pull my nine
Well if you are in the air and detect and I saw you left behind right?
One time your gonna get, so we can know it less
It's all in contact, two pal ya waitin', then I'll get ready
And one spot up, one spot up, through your candled ground
Well I got myself what I call luck all night