

Ween, You Fucked Up

The wash is out, It's hanging up
And all I have is nothing
Nothing to do, nothing to say
I think I must be dreaming
The sun comes up and I'm all washed out
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about
I don't think I will ever return again my friend
If I was king, I'd wear a ring
And never hurt my people
I'd stay alert, and dress to kill
I might even slip you something
The sun comes up and I'm all washed out
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about
I don't think I will ever return again my friend
The sun comes up and I'm all washed out
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