

Beck, Fume

My friend picked me up about quarter past five
Stopped and got some donuts and we took a little drive
Had a can of nitrous, we rolled the windows up
Now we're breathing deeply, breathing deeply

And there's a fume in this truck and I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck?
There's a fume in this truck and I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck or what?

No.

We spent many years always trying to get high
Seems like there wasn't nothin' that we wouldn't try
We made bongos out of bananas and we freebased turpentine
We were always looking, always looking

And there's a fume in this truck and I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck?
There's a fume in this truck and I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck or what?

Ooooooh

Well, we got a good idea, so we pulled off the road
Got some Molly Hatchet going on the stereo
Rolled up all the windows and let the nitrous go
Now we can't stop laughing, can't stop laughing

And there's a fume in this truck and I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck?
And there's a fume in this truck and I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck or what?

What the fuck?

I feel like a piece of shit