

Beck, High 5

I ain't got no inclination
Give away my sweet sensation
Sleepin' in an old toolshed
Scumbag cryin' on his pillow
Oooh...
When you wanna be with me then we will see
Who's fuckin' with my head
Hey hey hey hey
Fuckin' with my head
Hey hey hey hey
Found myself in New Orleans
With a scarecrow in my jeans
Feed my forehead through the ceilin'
Drank my coffee with a hubcap
Yeah
Oooh...
When you want to be with me then we will see
Who's fuckin' with my head
No no no no
Fuckin' with my head
Hey hey hey hey
Devil's got pantyhose on his head
Oh yeah, and he's robbin' me but all I got's cornbread
Well, you turn my body into a crutch
And now I'm limp'in' all over when I feel your touch
Oh yeah
Oooh...
Oooh...
Float out on my checkout boot ??
Runnin' wild on the bayou
Now talkin' on a walkie-talkie
Credit card glued to my hand
Feels good
Oooh...
When you wanna be with me then we will see
Who's fuckin' 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