

# Beck, Sleeping Bag

Open up the door  
Lay the orange juice on the floor  
We're having a picnic  
On the other side of town

There's sleeping bags and fire  
And it's getting down to the wire  
So grab yourself a spot  
And settle down awhile

'Cause it's getting hard to think  
And my clothes are starting to shrink  
And the moon is sagging down  
Like a metal ball

And the world is a holiday  
Smoking' in an old ashtray  
They just blow it out their nose  
And say ok

So let's try to make it last  
The past is still the past  
And tomorrow is just another crazy scam