Beck, The Fucked Up Blues

I got the fucked up blues I got the fucked up blues Lord what can you do About the fuckin' fucked up blues

Well the beans have been bakin' Upon the camel's hump Like a voodoo curse in an old lady's purse Confetti on my grave

I got the fucked up blues I got the fucked up blues Lord what can you do About the fuckin' fucked up blues

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I woke up on the futon And my boots were on fire