

Sleeping Bag

[Beck](#)

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 saggin' down like a metal ball
And the world is a holiday
Smokin' in an old ashtray
They just blow it out their nose and say okay
So let's try to make it last
The past is still the past
And tomorrow is just another crazy scam

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