

# 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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