

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

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