

Fume

Beck

My friend picked me up about quarter past five
We stopped and got some donuts and we took a little drive
We had a can of nitrous, we rolled the windows up
Now we're breathin' deeply, breathin' deeply And there's a fume in this truck
And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck
There's a fume in this truck
And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck or what We spent many years always tryin' to get high
Smokin' broken pencils and beatin' up kids
Talkin' to the devil and drinkin' a coke
Now we're totally rockin', totally rockin' And there's a fume in this truck
And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck
There's a fume in this truck
And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck or what We got a good idea so we pulled off the road
Got some molly hatchet goin' on the stereo
I said, "Let's roll up the windows, and let the nitrous go"
Now we can't stop laughing, can't stop laughing There's a fume in this truck
And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck
There's a fume in this truck
And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck
Or what the fuck is going on { And I really don't think that I know what to do
There's a man in my shoe, yeah } There's a fume in this truck
And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck
There's a fume in this truck
And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck There's a fume in this truck
And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck
There's a fume in this truck
And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck or what There's a fume in this truck
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And I don't know if we're dead or what the fuck

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