

# Fuckin With My Head (Mountain Dew Rock)

Beck

I ain't got no inclination  
Give away my sweet sensation  
Sleepin' in an old tool shed  
Scumbag cryin' on his pillow When you wanna be with me then we will see  
Who's fuckin' with my head  
Hey, hey, hey, hey  
Fuckin' with my head  
Hey, hey, hey, hey Found myself in New Orleans  
With a scarecrow in my jeans  
Feed my forehead through the ceilin'  
Drank my coffee with a hubcap, yeah When you want to be with me then we will see  
Who's fuckin' with my head  
No, no, no, no  
Fuckin' with my head  
Hey, hey, hey, hey Devil's got pantyhose on his head  
Oh yeah, and he's robbin' me but all I got's cornbread  
Well, you turn my body into a crutch  
And now I'm limpin' all over when I feel your touch, oh yeah Float out on my checkout boot  
Runnin' wild on the bayou  
Now talkin' on a walkie-talkie  
Credit card glued to my hand, feels good When you wanna be with me then we will see  
Who's fuckin' with my head  
Hey, hey, hey, hey  
No, no, no, no  
Fuckin' with my head Make me feel like an asshole  
I ain't got no soul  
I ain't got no soul  
No, no, no, no  
No, no, no, no  
No, no, no, no  
No, no, no, no

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