

# Ween, You Fucked Up

The wash is out, It's hanging up  
And all I have is nothing  
Nothing to do, nothing to say  
I think I must be dreaming  
The sun comes up and I'm all washed out  
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about  
I don't think I will ever return again my friend  
If I was king, I'd wear a ring  
And never hurt my people  
I'd stay alert, and dress to kill  
I might even slip you something  
The sun comes up and I'm all washed out  
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about  
I don't think I will ever return again my friend  
The sun comes up and I'm all washed out  
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