

Wicked And Weird

Buck 65

Driving with a yellow dog, I95
He's got a smile on his face and big shiny eyes
Up at a decent hour, I never ate yet
Got a little Johnny Cash in the old tape deck
Nothing in the trunk but some base ball gloves
a pair of jumper cables and a set of golf clubs
blanket on the back seat we're in rough shape
sunroof held on with a bit of duct tape
looking for a gas station, better make a list
Fill'er up with regular, I need to take a piss
sexy girl air freshener, snacks and a pinwheel
top up the fluids, clean the bugs off the windshield
not a care in the world, not a how, and a why
no destination, not a cloud in the sky
back on the road not a moment too soon
dish ran away with some other spoon

Wicked & wierd I'm a road hog with an old dog
singing slow songs trying to hold on
Wicked & wierd I'm a rat fish
trying to practice doing back flips on your mattress

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Hole in the muffler, ghosts on the shoulder
cough drops, loose change in the beverage holder
to roll down the window you gotta use a wrench
Been thinking about brushing up on my french
Right there in the glove box, if you should look
You'll find 40 parking tickets and a copy of the Good Book
Don't bother looking, you'll never find me
I'm starting from scratch and leaving trouble behind me

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Christ almighty, there's a rattle in the wheel well
Dog fell asleep and man, I don't feel well
But all I need is a half decent breakfast
And I'll be back at it, dirty and reckless

5 o'clock shadow, lips like mudflaps
hands like eagle's talons, eyes like hub caps

The further I get, I keep going faster
Whispers in the wind, and cows in the pasture
I have no plans and nothing to prove either
I eat out of a bag and sleep in a movie theatre

The highway's a story teller, I just write it down
Already been beaten, there's no way to fight it now
I just kick back and keep warm on the cold days
And laugh 'cause it ain't like it was in the old days
I figure when I make it to the heavenly gates
They'll be working on my car and playing 78's

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