

Nebakanezer

The Black Crowes

Nebakanezer never knew
He left his needle outside in the rain
And it rusted through

He kept twenty nine blackbirds
But only one flew
Spent most of his time making holes
And licking his wounds

Nebakanezer lost his wife
She took her diamond rings
And was gone before the light
She left one satin shoe and a very dull knife
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So tell us what the sorry singer might do
All of his friends complain that they got the flu
They ain't sick in the head
They look like the living dead and that's not cool

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