

## Beck "Cancelled Check"

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I hate to do this  
But you're a pain in the neck  
I thought you knew this  
You're handing me a canceled check

You're so helpless  
Your girlfriends think you're a saint  
I'll give you a quarter  
I'll keep my judgments to myself

And I get caught up  
In the moonlight  
Reaching out for a rotten egg  
I don't want to beg  
It's crystal clear  
Your time is nearly gone

Count your blessings  
And do the things that you should  
O the has-beens  
That never had it so good

Stormy weather  
The kids are making a racket  
In the wilderness  
The wild lives are so mild

And I get caught up  
In the moonlight  
Reaching out for a rotten egg  
I don't wanna beg  
It's crystal clear  
Your time is nearly gone

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