

Black Crowes

"Nebakanezer"

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Nebakanezer never knew
He left his needle outside in the rain and it rusted
through
He kept twenty-nine black birds but only one flew
Spent most of his time makin' holes and lickin' 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 livin' dead
And that's not cool

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