

Buck 65 "Wicked and Weird"

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Driving with a yellow dog, 195
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
(Repeat x2)

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

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
(Repeat x2)

Wicked, wicked, wicked and weird

Wicked, wicked, wicked and weird

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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(Repeat x2)

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