

Beck, Canceled check

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 judgements 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,
Oh, 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 want to beg,
It's crystal clear your time
is nearly gone.
And I get caught up
in the moonlight,
Reaching out for a rotten egg,
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