

Beck, Sissyneck

I don't need no wheels
I don't need no gasoline
'Cause the wind that is blowing
Is blowing like a smoke machine
If I said to you
That I was looking for a place to get to
'Cause my neck is broken
And my pants ain't getting no bigger

I got a stolen wife and a rhinestone life
And some good ol' boys
I'm writing my will on a three dollar bill
In the evening time

All my friends
Tell me something is getting together
I got a beard that would disappear
If I'm dressed in leather
Now let me tell you about my baby
She was born in Arizona
Sitting in the jailhouse
Trying to learn some good manners

I got a stolen wife and a rhinestone life
and some good ol' boys
I'm writing my will on a three dollar bill
in the evening time

Matchsticks strike
When I'm riding my bike to the depot
'Cause everybody knows my name
At the recreation center
If I could only find a nickel
I would pay myself off tonight
'Cause nobody knows
When the good times have passed out cold

I got a stolen wife and a rhinestone life
and some good ol' boys
I'm writing my will on a three dollar bill
in the evening time
I got a stolen wife and a rhinestone life
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I'm writing my will on a three dollar bill
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Don't talk to me
If you're looking for somebody to cry on
Don't talk to me
If you're looking for somebody to cry on