

Blues Traveler, Rubberneck

Whenever there's smoke and fire
You'll find him handy to admire
Never learns the victims' names
Roasting snacks upon the flames
Always just to happen by
Blood-soaked steel, but he keeps dry
Without concern who's left alive
It's entertainment for his drive

Hey, here comes Rubberneck
He never helps but he loves a wreck
He should close his mouth and drive away
He'd seize a peek but not the day

Sideline living is so sweet
There's always something good to eat
Smug behind the safety glass
Committed not but to save his ass
With thoughts like "better you than me"
I guess that's why he wants to see
Appreciation only learned
By watching someone else get burned

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Rubberneck, his luck ran out
Messed with a truck and lost the bout
Smolders in a twisted chunk
While we praise our own and curse his luck

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