

# 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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