

The Black Crowes, Nebakanezer

Nebakanzer never knew
He left his needle outside in the rain
And it rusted through
He had twenty-nine blackbirds
But only one flew
Spent most of his time making holes
And licking his wounds
Nebakanezer lost his wife
She took her diamond rings and was
Gone before the light
She left one satin shoe
And a very dull knife
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And a very dull knife

So tell us what the sorry singer might do
All of his friends complain
That they got the flu
They ain't sick in the head
They look like the living dead
And that's not cool

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