

# Sissyneck

## Beck

I don't need no wheels  
I don't need no gasoline  
Cause the wind that is blowing  
Is blowing like a smoke machineIf 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 biggerI got a stolen wife  
And a rhinestone life  
And some good old boys  
I'm writing my will  
On a three dollar bill  
In the evening timeAll 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 jail house  
Trying to learn some good mannersI got a stolen wife  
And a rhinestone life  
And some good old boys  
I'm writing my will  
On a three dollar bill  
In the evening timeMatch sticks strike  
When I'm riding my bike to the depot  
Cause everybody knows my name  
At the recreation centerIf I could only find a nickel I would pay myself off tonight  
Cause nobody knows  
When he good times have passed out cold  
I got a stolen wife  
And a rhinestone life  
And some good old boys  
I'm writing my will  
On a three dollar bill  
In the evening timeI got a stolen wife  
And a rhinestone life  
And some good old boys  
I'm writing my will  
On a three dollar bill

In the evening time 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  
Ah!

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