

# Thick Necked Man

## Crash Test Dummies

We're talkin' about a thick necked man in the city  
Build a pub a blood and sweat  
Swears by God he'll stand by justice  
He aint stood by justice yet  
He gets them drunk and gets their money  
They cash their welfare checks for stout  
Now he throws them into the street  
He's sucked you in, he'll spit you out

### [CHORUS]

This money-minded S.O.B.  
Will not a penny lend  
And all I can do is pray to God  
He'll suffer in the end

We're talkin' 'bout thick-necked man in a three-piece  
Killing from his office desk  
The many places he has been  
And many more he'll visit yet  
Without his mommy's pride & kisses  
Without his country's confidence  
Without the dying man's permission  
Without no guilt or consequence

This bloody-minded S.O.B.  
Has not a wound to mend...

Now we're talkin' 'bout a thick-necked man in a fist fight  
Losing lots of blood  
It's not his night, his boss is uptight  
His face and name are covered in mud  
He watches T.V., all star wrestling  
Slams a six of ale  
Hits his wife, wrecks the car  
And spends the long dark night in jail  
Well the Preacher man, he comes and asks him  
Does he know the mess he's in?  
He says he'll turn to Jesus if he'll  
Bail him out and buy him gin

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