

# Wicked And Weird

## Buck 65

[verse 1]

Driving with a yellow dog, I95  
He's got a smile on his face and big shiny eyes  
Up at a decent hour, never ate yet  
Got a little Johnny Cash in the ol' tape deck  
Nothing in the trunk but some base ball gloves  
A pair of jumper cables and a set of golf clubs  
Blanket on the back seat, we're in rough shape  
Sunroof held on with a bit of duct tape  
Looking for a gas station, better make a list  
Fill'er up with regular, I need to take a piss  
Sexy girl air freshener, snacks and that pinwheel  
Top up the fluids, clean the bugs off the windshield  
Not a care in the world, not a how and a why  
No destination, not a cloud in the sky  
Back on the road not a moment too soon  
Dish ran away with some other spoon[chorus x2]  
Wicked and weird, I'm a road hog with an old dog  
Singing slow songs, tryin'a hold on  
Wicked and weird, I'm a rat fish

Tryin'a practice doin' back flips on your mattress[verse 2]

Hole in the muffler, ghosts on the shoulder  
Cough drops, loose change in the beverage holder  
To roll down the window, you gotta use a wrench  
Been thinking about brushing up on my french  
Right there in the glove box, if you should look  
You'll find 40 parking tickets and a copy of the Good Book  
Don't bother looking, you'll never find me  
I'm starting from scratch and leaving trouble behind me[chorus x2]  
Wicked and weird, I'm a road hog with an old dog  
Singing slow songs, tryin'a hold on  
Wicked and weird, I'm a rat fish

Tryin'a practice doin' back flips on your mattress Wicked, wicked, wicked and weird[verse 3]

Christ Almighty, there's a rattle in the wheel well  
Dog fell asleep and man, I don't feel well  
But all I need's a half decent breakfast  
And I'll be back at it, dirty and reckless  
Five o'clock shadow, lips like mudflaps  
Hands like eagle's talons, eyes like hub caps

The further I get, I keep goin' faster  
Whispers in the wind and cows in the pasture  
I have no plans and nothin' to prove either  
I eat out of a bag and sleep in a movie theatre  
The highway's a story teller, I just write it down  
Already been beaten, there's no way to fight it now  
I just kick back and keep warm on the cold days  
And laugh 'cause it ain't like it was in the old days  
I figure when I make it to the Heavenly gates  
They'll be working on my car and playing '78's[chorus x2]  
Wicked and weird, I'm a road hog with an old dog  
Singing slow songs, tryin'a hold on  
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Tryin'a practice doin' back flips on your mattress

Songwriters

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