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 mattressWicked, 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]
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