

Married To My Hack

The New Basement Tapes

Five in the mornin' she
would fix my lunch
Put it in a paper sack
Where I'm headed, I always
appreciate it
But I'd rather stay married to
my hackI move like the breeze and
the birds and the bees
That I've never been known
to look back
I got fifteen women and all of them swimmin'
But I'd rather stay married to my hackI move fifteen miles every
minute, I'm all smiles
I shoot by my sister's shack
She's got some friend who
waves at men, a fine little hen
But I'd rather stay married to my hackI got twelve-wheel drive and
An oversized hive
And air-cooled brakes in the back
Candy McGraft's always good for a laugh
But I'd rather stay married to my hackI got a pedal to hit and an engine tha twon't quit
And a carburetor that won't crack
Maureen and Milly, they're
a little silly
But there's nothing that they do lackI got loose-eyed ladies who
never seen a man
Just waiting around the back
Gimme a bottle or someone
to throttle
Cause I'd rather stay married
to my hack

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