

# 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 machine  
If 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 bigger I got a stolen wife and a rhinestone life  
And some good ol' boys  
I'm writing my will on a three dollar bill  
In the evening time  
All 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 jailhouse  
Trying to learn some good manners I got a stolen wife and a rhinestone life  
and some good ol' boys  
I'm writing my will on a three dollar bill  
in the evening time  
Matchsticks strike  
When I'm riding my bike to the depot  
'Cause everybody knows my name  
At the recreation center  
If I could only find a nickel  
I would pay myself off tonight  
'Cause nobody knows  
When the good times have passed out cold I got a stolen wife and a rhinestone life  
and some good ol' boys  
I'm writing my will on a three dollar bill  
in the evening time  
I got a stolen wife and a rhinestone life  
and some good ol' 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>