## Wicked and weird - 1/2

## Interprété par Buck 65.

Driving with a yellow dog, 195 He's got a smile on his face and big shinny eyes Up at a decent hour, I never ate yet Got a little Johnny Cash in the old 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 duck tape Looking for a gas station, better make a list Fill'er p with regulaire, I need to take a piss sexy girl air freshener, snacks and a 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

wicked & weird I'm a road hog with an old dog singing slow songs trynig to hold on wicked & weird I'm a rat fish trying to practice doing back flips on your matress

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 I'm 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

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Christ almighty, there's a rattle in the wheel weel Dod fell asleep and man, I don't feel well But all I need is a half decent beakfast And I'll be back at it, dirty and reckless

5 o'clock shadow, lips like mudflaps Hands like eagles's talons, eyes like hub caps The further I get, I keep going faster Whispers in the wind, cows in the pasture I have no plans and nothing to prove either, I eat out a bag and sleep in a movie theater The highway's a story teller, I just write it down

## Wicked and weird - 2/2

Already been beaten, there's no way to fight it now I just kick back and keep warm on the cold days I figure when I make it to the heavenly gates They'll be working on my car and playing 78's

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