

# The Black Crowes, Nebakanezer

Nebakanzer never knew  
He left his needle outside in the rain  
And it rusted through  
He had twenty-nine blackbirds  
But only one flew  
Spent most of his time making holes  
And licking his wounds  
Nebakanezer lost his wife  
She took her diamond rings and was  
Gone before the light  
She left one satin shoe  
And a very dull knife  
She left one satin shoe  
And a very dull knife

So tell us what the sorry singer might do  
All of his friends complain  
That they got the flu  
They ain't sick in the head  
They look like the living dead  
And that's not cool

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