

# Whiplash Will

Bobby Bare

Whiplash Will from Watsonville  
He's got a rubber spine  
It's just his luck when he drives his truck  
He keeps getting hit from behind  
But Whiplash Will, he's hard to kill  
And he's a real good sport  
And if you've got your checkbook handy  
He'll settle out of court

He says c'mon and hit me  
C'mon c'mon. I dare you  
Just rearend me. Bust me. Bend me  
Don't let this neck brace scare you

Whiplash will be at the bottom of the hill  
He's got no taillights on  
Sitting double parked and waiting in the dark  
For a Cadillac to come along  
If you're driving a Rolls or an 88 Olds  
He sure be glad you came  
But if you're driving a Volks, he yells "Move on, folks  
You're messing up my game."

C'mon and hit me  
C'mon c'mon. I dare you  
Just rearend me. Bust me. Bend me  
Don't let this neck brace scare you

His twisted neck brings big old checks  
His spine's been bought and sold  
His vertebrae they pay and pay  
His lumbar's made of gold  
When Whiplash Will's got to pay his bills  
He remembers what his daddy said  
"Son, a poor boy's got to break his back  
If he's ever gonna get ahead."

Whiplash Will from Watsonville  
He don't work alone  
Got a doctor and a lawyer and a tow truck driver  
All waiting by the telephone  
And he warns the rigs about the highway pigs  
Waiting to do him wrong  
And they let Will know on that CB radio  
When a live one's coming along

C'mon and hit me  
C'mon c'mon. I dare you  
Hey, rearend me. Bust me. Bend me  
Don't let this neck brace scare you