

Something to Talk About

Koe Wetzel

I can rob a bank in an ol' Mustang
I could fight the cops with my bare two hands
End up in jail eatin' microwave hell
But I'm a little smarter than that

I could even wait 'til the night got late
Maybe with some fog and rain too
Steal all the riches from them greedy sons of bitches
And send in my story to the news

Then you'd have somethin' to talk about
Tell 'em I'm Jesse James
Yeah we'll make 'em all believe it
Nah there ain't no doubt
That I will give you somethin' to talk about

Take to a bar and drink like a sailor and take home a married woman
Tell her that I love her when her man walks in and puts a hollow point
in my head

Later on at the funeral everyone is cryin'
I could bust out of the casket that my momma picked out
Dance all around the jolly good fellow
Well then you'd have, then you'd have
Somethin' to talk about
Tell 'em I've gone insane

Yeah we'll make 'em all believe it
Nah there ain't no doubt
That I will give you somethin' to talk about
Talk about
Get to talkin'

Then you'd have
Somethin' to talk about
Tell 'em I'm strung on cocaine
Yeah we'll make 'em all believe it
Nah there ain't no doubt
That I will give you somethin' to
Somethin' to talk about
Tell 'em I'm high as a plane

Yeah we'll make 'em all believe it
Nah there ain't no doubt
That I will give you
Somethin' to talk about
Yeah, yeah
Somethin', somethin' to talk about