

Drive By Truckers, Do It Yourself

My Daddy called me on a Friday morning, so sad to tell me just what you'd done
You tried so hard to make us all hate you but in the end you was the only one
Sick, tired, pissed and wired, you never thought about anyone else.
You tried in vain to find something to kill you
in the end you had to do it yourself.

Who's to blame for the loveless marriage, who's to blame for the broken band.
You ran from life and all of it's pleasures, your own teeth marks on your own damned hand.
Thrown out before the date's expired, you'd rather die than let anyone help,
You'd rather die than take a stab at living.
Nothing would kill you so you do it yourself.

Everyone has those times when the night's so long
The dead-end life just drags you down
You lean back under the microphone
and turn your demons into walls of goddamned noise and sound.

And it's a sorry thing to do to your sweet sister
It's a sorry thing to do to your little boy
It's a sorry thing to do to the folks who love you
Your Mama and Daddy lost their only boy
Some should say I should cut you slack, but you worked so hard at unhappiness.
Living too hard just couldn't kill you
In the end you had to do it yourself.

Living too hard just couldn't kill you
In the end you had to do it yourself.