

Jennifer Nettles, Casual Dread

So I'm moving out of nothing town, the spirit's restless inside of me.
I'm tired of working in my family's grocery.
They say there's much I've yet to see.
See my mother had the soul of a storyteller.
And she passed those demons down to her daughter's head.
And it's sir I will and sir I would, put me down for some of that casual dread.

Driving at the back of this truck for what seems like hours.
Feel I know the driver like the back of my hand.
'Cause I been making up stories of his life, like right now what he's saying to his wife.
And his stickers say he supports the navy and thinks love is grand.
Well I do too so thoughts of you break his story to remind me of the last time you were in my bed.

And it was sir I will and sir I would, put me down for some of that casual dread.
And oh, you're invited to the table.
Yes, your choice tonight is famine or feast.
Well step on up to the table.
You see the wine it might be bitter, but the sacrament's still sweet.

I've been thinking about my lives and where they've brought me.
So I asked a teacher for some living bread and he said,
"Child the best lesson you could ever swallow is that this life is the one that's living, all the other's dead.
Well I've never seen a gravestone of mine, but I hope each life it was defined by an epitaph that read
I'd like a little more of that.
Some glad morning when this life is o're.