

# Drive-By Truckers, Cottonseed

I came to tell my story to all these young and eager minds  
To look in their unspoiled faces and their curious bright eyes  
Stories of corruption, crime and killing, yes it's true  
Greed and fixed elections, guns and drugs and whores and booze

It's been a while since I put on a suit of my own clothes  
And even longer since I cast my shadow on a church house door  
They say every sin is deadly but I believe they may be wrong  
I'm guilty of all seven and I don't feel too bad at all

I used to have a wad of hundred dollar bills in the back pocket of my suit  
I had a .45 underneath my coat and another one in my boot  
I drove a big ole Cadillac, bought a new one anytime I pleased  
And I put more lawmen in the ground than Alabama put cottonseed

I spent a few years on vacation, sanctioned by the state I mentioned  
But a man like me don't do no time too hard to come back from  
The meanest of the mean, I see you lock away and toss the key  
But they're all just loud mouth punks to me, I've scraped meaner off my shoe

Somewhere, I ain't saying, there's a hole that holds a judge  
The last one that I dug myself  
And I must admit I was sad to lay him in it, but I did the best I could  
Once his Honor grows a conscience, well folks, that there just ain't no good

There's a pretty girl out there said "Daddy, you stay cool tonight  
All I need from you is to come home and be here by my side  
Say what you gotta say to shut their Bibles and their mouths  
If they was to tie a noose, they'd have to lay their Bibles down"

I ain't here to save no souls and even if I could  
I could never save enough to put back half the ones I took  
So if they rest in torment you can't say it's cause of me  
They'd long been bought and paid for like that fool's in Tennessee