

Drive-By Truckers, Danko/Manuel

Let the night air cool you off.
Tilt your head back and try to cough.
Don't say nothing 'bout the things you never saw.
Let the night air cool you off.

I ain't living like I should.
A little rest might do me good.
Got to sinking in the place where I once stood.
Now I ain't living like I should.

Can you hear that singing? Sounds like gold.
Maybe I can only hear it in my head.
Fifteen years ago we owned that road
now it's rolling over us instead.

Richard Manuel is dead.

God forbid you call their bluff.
Like the nightmares ain't enough.
Remember when we used to think that we were tough?
God forbid you call their bluff.

First they make you out to be
the only pirate on the sea.
Then they say Danko would have sounded just like me.
"Is that the man you want to be?"

Can you hear that song? It sounds like gold.
Maybe I could make it bigger overseas.
Fifteen years ago we owned this road
now it only gives us somewhere else to leave.

Something else you can't believe.

Can you hear that singing? Sounds like gold.
Maybe I can hear poor Richard from the grave
singin' where to reap and when to sow
when you've found another home you have to leave.

Something else you can't believe.