

# Drive By Truckers, Daylight

She's got me tied in a knot. That's what I thought she'd do.  
Don't ask me what's on my mind. I'm fine. I'll push on through.  
Not much to see on this angry street, so I'll sleep the day away.  
Look past my barnacled mind and in time I'll roll the stone away.

While we still have the daylight, I might look these lessons in the eye.  
While we still have the daylight, I might become some brand-new kinda guy.

Brass knuckles and birds on a wire retire but no one gets free.  
I'd pay to tear these chains away, this steel sympathy.  
Cut bait and cold black forty weight, no one can sing for me.  
They fall down with grease in their eyes and cry. How could this come to be?

While we still have the daylight, I might look these lessons in the eye.  
While we still have the daylight, I might become some brand-new kinda guy.