

# Drive-By Truckers, Dead, Drunk And Naked

When I was a young boy I sniffed a lot of glue  
Mom sent me to rehab, they told me what to do  
We didn't have much money; the lord picked up the tab  
They made me write him love songs, sitting in my room

Now I just drink whiskey and drive around my friends  
Get a haircut, get a job, maybe born again  
And if you're living badly, we'll tell you how to live  
Dead, drunk, and naked

If you're out there listening, I just want you to know  
I been doing just fine, psychiatrists tell me so  
My scars are patched up; my arms have almost healed  
My demons almost tranquilized, my pains almost killed

Me and old Jack Daniel's, become the best of friends  
We got all them Baptist's to die for our sins  
I know the lord is coming  
The South will rise again! (Dead, drunk, and naked)

Daddy used to tell me, everything comes down to what they say about you when you're not around  
And I wish that he was here now, I'm sure he would be proud  
No one talks about me; the voices are too loud.

So if you come to see me, I'm sure you'll be impressed  
By how well I'm behaving and how well I'm dressed  
If you come to see me, hope you're coming soon

Dead, drunk, and naked