

# Drive-By Truckers, Do It Yourself

My Daddy called me on a Friday morning, so sad to tell me just what you done  
You tried so hard to make us all hate you but in the end you was the only one  
Sick, tired, pissed and wired, you never thought about anyone else.  
You tried in vain to find something to kill you  
in the end you had to do it yourself.

Who to blame for the loveless marriage, who to blame for the broken band.  
You ran from life and all of it pleasures, your own teeth marks on your own damned hand.  
Thrown out before the date expired, you rather die than let anyone help,  
You rather die than take a stab at living.  
Nothing would kill you so you do it yourself.

Everyone has those times when the night so long  
The dead-end life just drags you down  
You lean back under the microphone  
and turn your demons into walls of goddamned noise and sound.

And it a sorry thing to do to your sweet sister  
It a sorry thing to do to your little boy  
It a sorry thing to do to the folks who love you  
Your Mama and Daddy lost their only boy  
Some should say I should cut you slack, but you worked so hard at unhappiness.  
Living too hard just couldn kill you  
In the end you had to do it yourself.

Living too hard just couldn kill you  
In the end you had to do it yourself.