

# Drive-By Truckers, Goddamn Lonely Love

I got green and I got blues  
and everyday there's a little less difference between the two.  
So I belly-up and disappear.  
Well I ain't really drowning 'cause I see the beach from here.

I could take a Greyhound home but when I got there it'd be gone  
along with everything a home is made up of.  
So I'll take two of what you're having and I'll take all of what you got  
to kill this goddamn lonely, goddamn lonely love.

Sister, listen to what your daddy says.  
Don't be ashamed of things that hide behind your dress.  
Belly-up and arch your back.  
Well I ain't really falling asleep; I'm fading to black.

You could come to me by plane, but that wouldn't be the same  
as that old motel room in Texarkana was.  
So I'll take two of what you're having and I'll take all of what you got  
to kill this goddamn lonely, goddamn lonely love.

Stop me if you've heard this one before:  
A man walks into a bar and leaves before his ashes hit the floor.  
Stop me if I ever get that far.  
The sun's a desperate star that burns like every single one before.

And I could find another dream,  
one that keeps me warm and clean  
but I ain't dreamin' anymore, I'm waking up.  
So I'll take two of what you're having and I'll take everything you got  
to kill this goddamn lonely, goddamn lonely love.