

Drive By Truckers, Guitar Man Upstairs

I think I'm gonna call the Police, I hear something upstairs
I know good and well there ain't nothing good going on up there
There's probably ten or more of them sittin' all around
Smokin' that stuff and drinkin' that hard liquor down

I've been living in this city since the day I was born
I've seen good times come and go and I've seen bad times drag on
I've seen white and black folks alike get treated just like sin
And every year or so I see a new truck load of white trash movin' in

When I was sixteen I had a little trouble with the law
He said "Boy come here" I said "Boy yourself
I ain't done nothing wrong"
He grabbed me by the arm and He went upside my head
Nobody saw nothing
But I got a little spot where my hair ain't grown back yet

I used to have me a woman and a pretty fine home
But it took so much to keep them both going I was always out and gone
I came home one afternoon to get me change of clothes
Caught a quick walkin' slick talkin' guitar picker
Headin' out my back door

Now I'm proud to say I ain't never been no violent man
But I'd sure be rotting in jail today if I'd had me a gun in my hand
I went inside threw her clothes on the floor and laid a suitcase across the bed
Not a word got spoke not a lick got throwed
And my woman ain't come back yet

Now I live in this building with the punks and the freaks
And I don't do much of nothing except go to work, come home, and drink
So guitar man you done picked the wrong damn place to stay
I'm a feeble old man
You're a young smart-ass
And there's a law-man on his way