

Drive-By Truckers, Heathens

Something about the wrinkle in your forehead tells me there a fit about to get thrown
If we get the van out of the ditch before morning ain nobody got to know what I done
And I never hear a single word you say when you tell me not to have my fun
It the same old shit that I ain gonna take off anyone.
And I don need to be forgiven by them people in the neighborhood
When we first hooked up, you looked me in the eye
and said aw, we just ain no good□

We were Heathens in their eyes at the time, I guess I am just a Heathen still
and I never have repented from the wrongs that they say I have done
I done what I feel.

It was a difficult delivery, now it growing up mean and strong
When you tell me that it getting a little bit tight, ain the first time I been outgrown
And I gonna push a little harder
She ain revved till the rods are thrown
I I walk away

And I don need to be forsaken by you or anybody else
and I never had a shortage of people tryin□to warn me about the dangers I pose to myself.
Heathens.

These times can take their toll sometimes and I know you feel the same way too
It gets so hard to keep between the ditches
when the roads wind the way they do.