

Drive-By Truckers, Hell No, I Ain't Happy

There's a lot of bad wood underneath the veneer
She's an overnight sensation after twenty five years
Sharp fast curves, power steering
unroll that twenty, buy me some beer
Ain't too bad, too bad at all, pick up the phone if I ever call
Hell No, I Ain't Happy.

There's a purdy little girl outside the van window
Bout 80 cities down, 800 to go
Six crammed in, we ain't never alone
Never homesick, ain't got no home
Check my mail if you would please, Jenn
Collect my things till I'm in town again
Hell No, I Ain't Happy.

But I get a little closer everyday
Gonna be a long time till I'm back your way.

I've seen just how much I can stand
One night in Kansas City, we thought about killing a man
Seen my number fly by on Interstate Ten
Seen the mountains of Montana at Seven AM.
And I keep it all together for the sake of the kids
Got your fine-ass self on the back of my lids
Hell No, I Ain't Happy.
But I ain't too crappy, too crappy at all.