

# 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.