

# Drive By Truckers, Moved

I live down in Alabama where the river so muddy got to watch where you step.  
Figurin' out things by the Railroad Bridge and a cousin or two want to give me just a little help.

Damn sure not much to do down here 'cept to cook it down and run it in your veins.  
That's where the trouble started.  
I fucked a lot of friends.  
I fucked a lot of friends got a black line drawn right across my name.

Before the soul dies.  
Before the sun burns out.  
I want to walk through heaven's gate.  
I want to walk through heaven's gate.

Moved on over to Georgia  
Where the people's so nice you got to watch where you step.  
Lookin' for toes and feelings.  
Kicking and screaming sheets stay soaking wet.

The sun looks like the sun again  
I got me a woman who does just a little wrong - just enough.  
I'm through with addiction and heartache - now I say so long.

I made a valid attempt.  
But I can't change my spots.  
Lost everything again.  
Everything I got.

And now my body dies  
And the sun burns out  
I walk through heaven's gate.  
(or so my mama's told.)  
I walk through heaven's gate.