

Drive-By Truckers, Outfit

You want to grow up to paint houses like me, a trailer in my yard till you're 23
You want to be old after 42 years, keep dropping the hammer and grinding the gears

Well, I used to go out in a Mustang, a 302 Mach One in green.
Me and your Mama made you in the back and I sold it to buy her a ring.
And I learned not to say much of nothing and I figured you already know
but in case you don't or maybe forgot, I'll lay it out real nice and slow

Don't call what you're wearing an outfit. Don't ever say your car is broke.
Don't worry about losing your accent, a Southern Man tells better jokes.
Have fun but stay clear of the needle. Call home on your sister's birthday.
Don't tell them you're bigger than Jesus, don't give it away.

Six months in a St. Florian foundry, they call it Industrial Park.
Then hospital maintenance and Tech School just to memorize Frigidaire parts.
But I got to missing your Mama and I got to missing you too.
So I went back to painting for my old man and I guess that's what I'll always do

So don't try to change who you are boy, and don't try to be who you ain't.
And don't let me catch you in Kendale with a bucket of wealthy-man paint.

Don't call what you're wearing an outfit. Don't ever say your car is broke.
Don't sing with a fake British accent. Don't act like your family's a joke.
Have fun, but stay clear of the needle, call home on your sister's birthday.
Don't tell them you're bigger than Jesus, don't give it away.

Don't give it away