

Drive-By Truckers, Panties In Your Purse

Saw you standing in the hallway, red plastic cup, and one of those big long
cigarettes

You asked me if I could play you some Dylan
I said Dylan who? you told me to kiss your ass
I apologized, but you could tell I didn't mean it by the way I rolled my eyes
and when you said it wasn't me it was you
somehow I knew you were gonna tell me why

Stuff was flying out of the window
falling and breaking on the pavement underneath
He's screaming at you, red faced and fuming
He'd come home early, parked his car way up the street
You had your stockings in your hand, panties in your purse
it was ten a.m. and all the neighbors heard
him calling you a whore and a tramp
you just stood there while your heels sank into the warm wet ground

He got a lawyer, you got a bottle
He got the children and you moved in with your mama
She fixes breakfast and lets you use her car
she don't care how late you call to tell her where you are
Ya'll still fight and she still nags you some
but somehow it's different now than when you were young
It's your own damn fault you been threw hell
for one reason or another, somehow she kinda blames herself

lyrics by Mike Cooley

music by Drive-by Truckers (Cooley, Hood, Howell, Lane, and Neff)