

Drive By Truckers, Sink Hole

I've always been a religious man, I've always been a religious man
but I met the banker and it felt like sin, he turned my bailout down
The Banker Man, he let into me, let into me, let into me
The Banker Man, he let into me and spread my name around
He thinks I ain't got a lick of sense cause I talk slow and my money's spent
Now, I ain't the type to hold it against, but he better stay off my farm
Cause it was my Daddy's and his Daddy's before
and his Daddy's before and his Daddy's before
Five generations and an unlocked door and a loaded burglar alarm.

Lots of pictures of my purdy family, lots of pictures of my purdy family
lots of pictures of my purdy family in the house where I was born.
House has stood through five tornadoes,
Droughts, floods, and five tornadoes.
I'd rather wrestle an alligator than to face the Banker's scorn
Cause he won't even look me in the eye
He just takes my land and apologize,
with pen, paper, and a friendly smile, he says the deed is done.
The sound you hear is my Daddy spinning, The sound you hear is my Daddy spinning
The sound you hear is my Daddy spinning over what the Banker done.

Like to invite him for some pot roast beef and mashed potatoes and sweet tea
follow it up with some banana pudding and a walk around the farm
Show him the view from McGee Town Hill
Let him stand in my shoes and see how it feels
to lose the last thing on earth that's real
I'd rather lose my legs and arms

Bury his body in the old sink hole Bury his body in the old sink hole
Bury his body in the old sink hole under cold November sky
Then damned if I wouldn't go to church on Sunday
Damned if I wouldn't go to church on Sunday
Damned if I wouldn't go to church on Sunday
and look the Preacher in the eye.