

Drive-By Truckers, Tails Facing Up

(Hood / Cooley, Hood, Lane, Malone, Neff)

Me and my brother's old lady went out and got stinking,
she solved her curiosities about me by the railroad tracks.
She said I reminded her of him before he started drinking
and banging the babysitter every time she turned her back. I
We opened up the sunroof and smoked a big ole joint
and drank a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon listening to the crickets and trains.
Every so often she'd lapse into narcotic rambling.
Moon and mascara. I've always been a holy terror.
Temptations lurking every where. If your mind's in the gutter, Beware!
You'll find me there.
Me and a friend were talking after the funeral.
She said it should have been me but I'm still around and I been so wild,
I'm surprised I made it to the seventh grade, and all my dead friends have settled down.
My eyes were puffy and she asked if I'd been crying.
I said 'tears are for pussies' but who was I kidding.
So we stopped at the bar and drank them dry. Beer and tequila.
I've always been a thrill seeker. But thrills are a dime a dozen these days.
And I found a dime in the gutter today. Tails facing up. Still fucking up. Still fucking up.
A funny thing happened on my way to a strange way of thinking.

lyrics by Patterson Hood

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