

# Drive By Truckers, The Living Bubba

I wake up tired and I wake up pissed  
wonder how I ended up like this  
I wonder why things happen like they do  
but I don't wonder long cuz I got a show to do

I'm sick at my stomach from the A.Z.T.  
Broke at my bank cuz that shit ain't free  
but I'm here to stay (at least another week or two)  
I can't die now cuz I got another show to do

Don't give me no pity don't give me no grief  
Wit till I die for sympathy  
Just help me with this amp and a guitar or two  
I can't die now cuz I got another show to do

Don't give me no preachin' no self servin'  
I ain't no angel but nobody's deserving  
I can dance on my own grave, Thank You!  
but I can't die now cuz I got another show...

Some people keep saying I can't last long  
but I got my bands I got my songs,  
liquor, beer, and nicotine to help me along  
and I'm drunk and stubborn as they come  
chain smoking, guitar picking, til I'm gone

I ain't got no political agenda  
Ain't got no message for the youth of America  
'cept &quot;Wear a rubber and be careful who you screw&quot;  
and come see me next Friday cuz I got another show...

Some people stop living long before they die  
Work a dead end job just to scrape on by  
but I keep living just to bend that note in two  
and I can't die now cuz I got another show...

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