

# Drive By Truckers, Wednesday

There was something in the envelope she passed him  
That weighed more to him than paper and some ink  
It had a hint of something darker and a hint of something sweet  
And a little extra glue right on the tip  
There was something in the pain that shot right through him  
As he climbed up to the place he called his home  
They say every man's house should be his palace  
But his castle stank of cat shit and alone

So he opened it and found a faded picture  
Of a girl he's never met, but somehow seen  
Like a memory of a dream from early childhood  
Like a virgin's idea of release

She said "I can bend my arms until they're backward  
But you can't bend your will to take in mine  
And I could hold my breath until next Wednesday  
And still be doing fine"

He was sad in ways he couldn't tell her  
Though she could make his sadness all her own  
He couldn't see the use in spreading sadness  
So he took his dark depression and went home  
She saw things in him he never bargained  
But it wasn't enough to save either one of them  
Because she took that sadness one step further  
And left him all alone to face the end