

# Drive-By Truckers, When The Pin Hits The Shell

You lie to your mama  
You can lie to your race  
But you can't lie to nobody  
With that cold steel in your face

And the same God you were so afraid  
was gonna send you to hell  
Is the same one you're gonna answer to  
When the pin hits the shell

Well, your sister's been blaming everybody  
And I don't blame her man-- I'd probably do the same  
If you were my brother, man, I'd probably stand by you,  
But you ain't, man, so I gotta go my way

And I ain't going to crawl up on no High Horse  
'Cuz I got thrown off of one when I was young  
And I ain't no cowboy so I ain't going where I don't belong  
It wouldn't do no good to let you know that it damn near killed me too  
So I ain't gonna mourn for you, man, now that you're gone

Me and you-- we liked our pills and our whiskey  
But you don't want your head full of either one  
when the house gets quiet and dark  
Feeling good-- it used to come so damn easy  
Racing trains from Second Street to Avalon

Take a trip down memory lane but you don't see no friendly faces  
All the houses have been painted and nobody knows your name  
It's enough to make a man not want to be nobody's daddy  
Well, all he thinks he's got to lift his hand now is guilt and shame

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