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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