

# Drive-By Truckers, Where The Devil Don't Stay

My Daddy played poker on a stump in the woods back in his younger days  
Prohibition was the talk, but the rich folks walked to the woods where my Daddy stayed  
Jugs and jars from shiners, these old boys here, they ain't miners  
They came from the twenty-niners  
It didn't take a hole in the ground to put the bottom in their face

Back in the thirties when the dust bowl dried  
And the woods in Alabama didn't see no light  
My Daddy played poker by a hard wood fire  
Squeezing all his luck from a hot copper wire  
Scrap like a wildcat fights till the end  
Trap a wildcat and take his skin  
Deal from the bottom, put the ace in the hole  
One hand on the jug but you never do know

Son come running  
You better come quick  
This rotgut moonshine is making me sick  
Your Mama called the law and they're gonna take me away  
Down so far even the Devil won't stay  
Where I call to the Lord with all my soul  
I can hear him rattling the chains on the door  
He couldn't get in I could see he tried  
Through the shadows of the cage around the forty watt light

Daddy tell me another story  
Tell me about the lows and the highs  
Tell me how to tell the difference between what they tell me is the truth or a lie  
Tell me why the ones who have so much make the ones who don't go mad  
With the same skin stretched over their white bones and the same jug in their hand

My Daddy played poker on a stump in the woods back when the world was gray  
Before black and white went and chose up sides and gave a little bit of both their way  
The only blood that's any cleaner is the blood that's blue or greener  
Without either you just get meaner and the blood you gave gives you away