

# Drive By Truckers, Zip City

Your Daddy was mad as hell  
He was mad at me and you  
As he tied that chain to the front of my car and pulled me out of that ditch that we slid into  
Don't know what his problem is  
Why he keeps dragging you away  
Don't know why I put up with this shit  
When you don't put out and Zip City's so far away

Your Daddy is a deacon down at the Salem Church of Christ  
And He makes good money as long as Reynolds Wrap keeps everything wrapped up tight  
Your Mama's as good a wife and Mama as she can be  
And your Sister's puttin' that sweet stuff on everybody in town but me  
Your Brother was the first-born, got ten fingers and ten toes  
And it's a damn good thing cause He needs all twenty to keep the closet door closed

Maybe it's the twenty-six mile drive from Zip City to Colbert Heights  
Keeps my mind clean  
Gets me through the night  
Maybe you're just a destination, a place for me to go  
A way to keep from having to deal with my seventeen-year-old mind all alone  
Keep your drawers on, girl, it ain't worth the fight  
By the time you drop them I'll be gone  
And you'll be right where they fall the rest of your life

You say you're tired of me taking you for granted  
Waiting' up till the last minute to call you up and see what you want to do  
Well you're only fifteen, girl, you ain't got no secretary  
And "for granted" is a mighty big word for a country girl like you  
You know it's just your Daddy talking  
Cause He knows that blood red carpet at the Salem Church of Christ  
Ain't gonna ever see no wedding between me and you

Zip City it's a good thing that they built a wall around you  
Zip up to Tennessee then zip back down to Alabama  
I got 350 heads on a 305 engine  
I get ten miles to the gallon  
I ain't got no good intentions