

Kevin Devine, Yr Damned Old Dad

We're goin' out tonight my son,
So bring your flask,
And bring your cross,
And bring your gun
And I've been borrowin' lots of cash
So you won't be needin' none
Just wear your good shoes
'Cause we're goin' out my son

And I got a car loaded up with gas
And parked right outside
I got a city map and a mission in my mind
I just need someone ridin' with me
Or a brotner to my right
To keep me company
In that big ol' car outside

'Cause I don't wanna think about the world right now
I wanna go from bar-to-bar and wash the taste clean out
And I wanna feel the way I felt
When we were kids messin' around
Before I thought about the world I got to now

But don't go feelin' all stuck
And shamed for yr damned ol' dad
'Cause I've seen troubles
That could kill ten stronger men
It's just that all this weight from la-la-livin's
Been catchin' fire in my hands
Well, fuck this town son,
I wanna make 'em crawl again

And you tell your lady
Not to leave on that light
You tell her not to sit up
Worryin' all goddamn night
But if she's awake when you crawl home
You just shut your mouth and smile nice
You say "Baby, I'm tired.
Can we please turn off those lights?"
You say "Baby, I'm tired.
I just wanna shut off all those lights."