

Whiskeytown, I Hope It Rains At My Funeral

Can't send no fourteen year-old boy to no school
The only thing i learned in the years i worked on my daddy's farm was,
"Son, you better get them crops in when it turns cool."

In the magazines, I saw the naked women
I heard about the drinkin' and the bars
If my daddy could've caught me, he'd a-killed me
He said, "You might run, boy, but you ain't gonna get far."

I hit town or you might say that it hit me
Next mornin' there were things I knew more about

The woman who had taken me in said, "Country boy, you're all right."
The same way I turned her on, she turned me out
The first law I broke, right away they got me
I helped them build the country roads for awhile
They fed me two times a day and knocked me down about four
For thirty days I didn't even crack a smile

I met a nice girl and she said I was her baby
She let me go and would never tell me why
I learned what it means to be somebody's baby
They let you lie in your bed by yourself and cry

The miles were good but the mileage is turnin' my hair gray
I've met some people that knew me and call me friend
Ain't no sense in wantin' my life to live over
I'd find different ways to make those mistakes again

So let me say this, I never tried to hurt anybody
Though I guess there's a few that I still couldn't look in the eye
If i've got one wish, I hope it rains at my funeral
For once, I'd like to be the only one dry