

Drive By Truckers "Birthday Boy"

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"Which one's the birthday boy?"
She said, "I ain't got all night"
"What your momma name you?"
You can call me what you like.

Every skin in history
gotta make it hard some how.
Sit your bare ass down right here.
I'll solve yours right now.

Got a girlfriend don't you boy?
Nervous hands can't lie.
Married men don't [] much
Single one's ain't []

One day you've got everything.
Next day it's all broke.
Lat this trixie sit up front.
Let her wipe your nose.

Working for the money like you got eight hands,
flat on your back under a mean old man,
just thinking happy thoughts, breathing in.

Between your momma's drive and daddy's belt
It don't take smarts to learn the tune
[]

Pretty girls from the smallest towns
can't remember life's storms and droughts
[] old men talk about the years to come

Guess that's why []
[] can say they saw us when we were young

"Which one's the birthday boy?"
She said, "I ain't got all night"
"What your momma name you?"
You can call me what you like."

