

Drive-By Truckers "Do It Yourself"

Visit "[Do It Yourself](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My Daddy called me on a Friday morning
So sad to tell me just what you've done
You tried so hard to make us all hate you
But in the end you was the only one

Sick, tired, pissed and wired
You never thought about anyone else
You tried in vain to find something to kill you
In the end you had to do it yourself

Who's to blame for the loveless marriage
Who's to blame for the broken band
You ran from life and all of it's pleasures
Your own teeth marks on your own damned hand

Thrown out before the date expired
You rather die than let anyone help
You rather die than take a stab at living
Nothing would kill you so you do it yourself

Everyone has those times when the night's so long
The dead-end life just drags you down
You lean back under the microphone
And turn your demons into walls of goddamned noise
and sound

And it's a sorry thing to do to your sweet sister
It's a sorry thing to do to your little boy
It's a sorry thing to do to the folks who love you
Your Mama and Daddy lost their only boy

Some should say I should cut you slack
But you worked so hard at unhappiness
Living too hard just couldn't kill you
In the end you had to do it yourself
Living too hard just couldn't kill you
In the end you had to do it yourself

Visit [Drive-By Truckers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

