

Drive By Truckers "George Jones Talkin Cell Phone Blues"

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You were talkin' on that cell phone, driving your
Mercedes way too fast
All of the sudden there was this dial tone, you hit the
pylons on the overpass
And your whole life passed before you, from the old
days and the honky-tonks...
...to that last shot of vodka; and all them miles in
between.

George Jones, better leave that cell phone alone
Don't be talkin' as you try to get back home
If you don't change your ways my friend
You'll be singing duets with Tammy again.

Foot down heavy on the pedal, talking to your daughter
in the car
Next sound you heard was twisted metal, another dead
genius country star
Better get your shit together, everything's been torn in
two
Good thing your liver is made of leather, cause we'd all
be born in the likes of you

George Jones, better leave that cell phone alone
Don't be talkin' as you try to get back home
If you don't change your ways my friend
You'll be singing duets with Tammy again.

And I heard it on the news, he almost stopped loving
her today
Better stay on that riding lawn mower, if you're going
to keep carrying on that weight.

George Jones, better leave that cell phone alone
Don't be talkin' as you try to get back home
If you don't change your ways my friend.
George Jones

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