

Drive-By Truckers "Heathens"

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Something about the wrinkle in your forehead
Tells me there's a fit about to get thrown
If we get the van out of the ditch before morning
Ain't nobody got to know what I done

And I never hear a single word you say
When you tell me not to have my fun
It's the same old shit that
I ain't gonna take off anyone

And I don't need to be forgiven
By them people in the neighborhood
When we first hooked up, you looked me in the eye
And said, "Paw, we just ain't no good?"

We were heathens in their eyes at the time
I guess I am just a heathen still
And I never have repented from the wrongs that they
say
I have done, I've done what I feel

It was a difficult delivery now it's growing up mean and
strong
When you tell me that it's getting a little bit tight
Ain't the first time I been outgrown and I'm gonna push
a little harder
She ain't revved till the rods are thrown I'll walk away

And I don't need to be forsaken by you or anybody else
and I never had a shortage of people tryin' to warn me
About the dangers I pose to myself, heathens

These times can take their toll sometimes
And I know you feel the same way too
It gets so hard to keep between the ditches
When roads wind the way they do

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