

## **Drive-by Truckers "Moved"**

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I live down in Alabama where the river so muddy got to  
watch where you step.

Figurin' out things by the Railroad Bridge and a cousin  
or two want to give me just a little help.

Damn sure not much to do down here 'cept to cook it  
down and run it in your veins.

That's where the trouble started.

I fucked a lot of friends.

I fucked a lot of friends got a black line drawn right  
across my name.

Before the soul dies.

Before the sun burns out.

I want to walk through heaven's gate.

I want to walk through heaven's gate.

Moved on over to Georgia

Where the people's so nice you got to watch where you  
step.

Lookin' for toes and feelings.

Kicking and screaming sheets stay soaking wet.

The sun looks like the sun again

I got me a woman who does just a little wrong - just  
enough.

I'm through with addiction and heartache - now I say so  
long.

I made a valid attempt.

But I can't change my spots.

Lost everything again.

Everything I got.

And now my body dies

And the sun burns out

I walk through heaven's gate.

(or so my mama's told.)

I walk through heaven's gate.

