

Drive-By Truckers "Panties In Your Purse"

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Saw you standing in the hallway, red plastic cup
And one of them big long cigarettes
You asked me if I could play you some Dylan
I said,?Dylan, who?? You told me to kiss your ass

I apologized, but you could tell I didn't mean it
By the way I rolled my eyes
When you said,"It wasn't me, it was you"
Somehow I knew you were gonna tell me why

Stuff was flying out of the window
Falling and breaking on the pavement underneath
He's screaming at you, red faced and fuming
He'd come home early, parked his car way up the
street

You had your stockings in your hand, panties in your
purse
It was 10 a.m., all the neighbors heard him calling you
A whore and a tramp and you just stood there
While your heels sank into the warm wet ground

He got a lawyer, you've got a bottle
He got the children and you moved in with your mama
She cooks you breakfast and lets you drive her car
She don't care how late you call to tell her where you
are

Ya'll still fight, she still nags you some
Somehow it's different now than you were young
It's your own damn fault, you've been through hell
For one reason or another, seems like she kinda
blames herself

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