

## **Drive-by Truckers "Perfect Timing"**

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Here I am again perfect timing,  
the strings are ringing and the words are rhyming  
I used to hate the fool in me, but only in the morning  
now I tolerate him all day long

Out on the highway, I hear the moaning  
That low and lonesome whisper,  
you only know from longing,  
through those naked trees at the windows glowing  
orange,  
taking over that cold shoulder racing by

I might have known before  
if I'd got this old before I thought I got too cool to give a  
damn  
That who you see in dreams at night seem to spend  
their afterlives  
trying hard to live the last one down

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