

## **Drive-by Truckers "Pin Hits The Shell"**

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You can lie to your Mama, you can lie to your race  
but you can't lie to nobody with that cold steel in your  
face.

And the same God that you're so afraid is gonna  
send you to hell  
is the same one you're gonna answer to when the pin  
hits the shell.

Your sister's been blaming everybody.  
I don't blame her, man, I guess I'd blame them too  
if you was my brother, man, I'd probably stand by you.  
But you ain't, man, so I got to go my way.

And I ain't gonna crawl upon no high horse  
Cause I got thrown off of one  
when I was young and I ain't no cowboy  
so I ain't going where I don't belong.  
It wouldn't do you no good to let you know that it  
damned near killed me too  
so I ain't gonna mourn for you, man, now that you're  
gone.

Me and you, we liked our pills and our whiskey.  
But you don't want your head full of either one when  
the house gets quiet and dark.  
Having fun used to be so damned easy,  
racing trains from 2nd Street to Avalon.  
Take a trip down memory lane,  
You don't see no friendly faces  
all the houses have been painted and  
nobody knows your name.  
It's enough to make a man not want  
to be nobody's Daddy,  
when all he thinks he's got left to hand down is guilt  
and shame.

And I ain't gonna crawl upon no high horse.....

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