Drive-by Truckers "Sink Hole"

Visit "Sink Hole" on MotoLyrics.com

I've always been a religious man
I've always been a religious man
But I met the banker and it felt like sin
He turned my bailout down
The banker man, he let into me
Let into me, let into me
The banker man, he let into me
And spread my name around

He thinks I ain't got a lick of sense
'Cause I talk slow and my money's spent
I ain't the type to hold it against
But he better stay off my farm
'Cause it was my daddy's and his daddy's before
And his daddy's before and his daddy's before
Five generations and an unlocked door
And a loaded burglar alarm

Lots of pictures of my purdy family
Lots of pictures of my purdy family
Lots of pictures of my purdy family
In the house where I was born
House has stood through five tornadoes
Droughts, floods, and five tornadoes
I'd rather wrestle an alligator
Than to face the banker's scorn

'Cause he won't even look me in the eye
He just takes my land and apologize
With pen, paper, and a friendly smile
He says the deed is done
The sound you hear is my daddy spinning
The sound you hear is my daddy spinning
The sound you hear is my daddy spinning
Over what the banker done

Like to invite him for some pot roast beef
And mashed potatoes and sweet tea
Follow it up with some banana pudding
And a walk around the farm
Show him the view from McGee town hill
Let him stand in my shoes and see how it feels

To lose the last thing on earth that's real I'd rather lose my legs and arms

Bury his body in the old sink hole
Bury his body in the old sink hole
Bury his body in the old sink hole
Under cold November sky
Then damned if I wouldn't go to church on Sunday
Damned if I wouldn't go to church on Sunday
Damned if I wouldn't go to church on Sunday
And look the preacher in the eye

Visit <u>Drive-by Truckers</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.