

Drive-By Truckers "Tales Facing Up"

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(Hood / Cooley, Hood, Lane, Malone, Neff)

Me and my brother's old lady went out and got
stinking,
She solved her curiosities about me by the railroad
tracks.
She said I reminded her of him before he started
drinking
And banging the babysitter every time she turned her
back. I
We opened up the sunroof and smoked a big ole joint
And drank a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon listening to the
crickets and trains.
Every so often she'd lapse into narcotic rambling.
Moon and mascara. I've always been a holy terror.
Temptations lurking every where. If your mind's in the
gutter, Beware!
You'll find me there.
Me and a friend were talking after the funeral.
She said it should have been me but I'm still around
and I been so wild,
I'm surprised I made it to the seventh grade, and all my
dead friends have settled down.
My eyes were puffy and she asked if I'd been crying.
I said 'tears are for pussies' but who was I kidding.
So we stopped at the bar and drank them dry. Beer and
tequila.
I've always been a thrill seeker. But thrills are a dime a
dozen these days.
And I found a dime in the gutter today. Tails facing up.
Still fucking up. Still fucking up.
A funny thing happened on my way to a strange way of
thinking.
Lyrics by Patterson Hood
Music by Drive-by Truckers (Cooley, Hood, Howell,
Lane, Neff)

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