

Drive-By Truckers "The Living Bubba"

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I wake up tired and I wake up pissed
Wonder how I ended up like this
I wonder why things happen like they do
But I don't wonder long 'cause I got a show to do

I'm sick at my stomach from the A.Z.T.
Broke at my bank 'cause that shit ain't free
But I'm here to stay (at least another week or two)
I can't die now 'cause I got another show to do

Don't give me no pity don't give me no grief
Wit till I die for sympathy
Just help me with this amp and a guitar or two
I can't die now 'cause I got another show to do

Don't give me no preachin' no self servin'
I ain't no angel but nobody's deserving
I can dance on my own grave, Thank You!
But I can't die now 'cause I got another show...

Some people keep saying I can't last long
But I got my bands I got my songs,
Liquor, beer, and nicotine to help me along
And I'm drunk and stubborn as they come
Chain smoking, guitar picking, til I'm gone

I ain't got no political agenda
Ain't got no message for the youth of America
'cept "Wear a rubber and be careful who you screw"
And come see me next Friday 'cause I got another
show...

Some people stop living long before they die
Work a dead end job just to scrape on by
But I keep living just to bend that note in two
And I can't die now 'cause I got another show...

Lyrics by Patterson Hood

Music by Drive-by Truckers (Cooley, Hood, Howell,
Lane, Neff)

