

Drive-by Truckers "The Opening Act"

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There's a big fat man on a mechanical bull in slow
motion like Debra Winger
And he gets knocked off and I think he's hurt,
It's a bitch facing facts and figures
There's a band on stage that used to be huge
They sound on but no one's listening
They're told to turn down and they politely oblige
Ain't no such thing as a free ride

It ain't my problem and it ain't my show and I ain't
being condescending
It's just the opening slot and I hit my mark and split as
the crowd is thinning

The man's on the guest list so I guess it will be
alright...

So the paramedics arrive and they haul off that Urban
Bovine Kneivel
I see my friend and give him all my money and tell
myself it's a necessary evil
And it's all such a fleeting thing so I'd best try and
enjoy it
So much beauty and just enough time to figure out how
to destroy it

I'm just the opening act

And it ain't my crowd and it ain't my night but I'd
be lying if I said I can't relate
I'm just the opening act and the van is packed and
I'm hauling ass to another state

And I'm driving north as the sun was rising over a
Technicolor horizon
I reached out to touch you but you're not there, a
thousand miles away from here
I turned up the radio; heard some preacher talking
salvation
My tank is half full and I reached over and changed the
station

IÂ'm just the opening act

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