Drive-By Truckers
"Zip City"

Your Daddy was mad as hell
He was mad at me and you
As he tied that chain to the front of my car and pulled
me out of that ditch that we slid into
Don't know what his problem is
Why he keeps dragging you away
Don't know why I put up with this shit
When you don't put out and Zip City's so far away

Your Daddy is a deacon down at the Salem Church of
Christ
And He makes good money as long as Reynolds Wrap
keeps everything wrapped up tight
Your Mama's as good a wife and Mama as she can be
And your Sister's puttin' that sweet stuff on everybody
in town but me
Your Brother was the first-born, got ten fingers and ten
toes
And it's a damn good thing cause He needs all twenty
to keep the closet door closed

Maybe it's the twenty-six mile drive from Zip City to
Colbert Heights
Keeps my mind clean
Gets me through the night
Maybe you're just a destination, a place for me to go

A way to keep from having to deal with my seventeen-
year-old mind all alone
Keep your drawers on, girl, it ain't worth the fight
By the time you drop them I'll be gone
And you'll be right where they fall the rest of your life

You say you're tired of me taking you for granted
Waiting' up till the last minute to call you up and see
what you want to do
Well you're only fifteen, girl, you ain't got no secretary
And "for granted" is a mighty big word for a country
girl like you
You know it's just your Daddy talking
Cause He knows that blood red carpet at the Salem
Church of Christ

Ain't gonna ever see no wedding between me and you

Zip City it's a good thing that they built a wall around
you
Zip up to Tennessee then zip back down to Alabama
I got 350 heads on a 305 engine
I get ten miles to the gallon
I ain't got no good intentions

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