

Evan Bliss**"The Southern Gentleman"**

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Taking a long weekend with a couple of good friends
Just driving south with the windows down
Stay off the highways so traffic's less busy
We can take our time
And finally unwind

Hit the ocean by morning
Drinks before evening
Just wasting life
But it feels alright
Places where my memory can follow me
I need a "here and now" and not a "then and there"
And a big dose of "I don't care"

Situations where the best of it is all there is
A tiny little piece becomes all you really need
Or maybe I'm already there

"We really shouldn't drive," I thought for a minute
But half a second later the tires were spinning
Completely off the road, mister telephone pole
All I could think about was, "I wanna be home,"
I said, "We should stop at the next campsite"
But we didn't have a clue to where we were that night
I folded my hands
I knew that this was it
We flipped three times, ended up in a ditch

Someone please save me
I'm so damn sorry
Can anybody hear me?
Are you all okay?
Can you all hear me?
Is there anyone out there?

Lying on my back with both my legs broke
A figure emerged through all the dirt and the smoke
He came to me first and said some reassuring words
I think that I smiled because they made me feel good
I guess he was a doctor that lived on the farm
With the telephone pole and a ditch, now a car

He brought along some tools and stopped the bleeding
first
He saved us that night,
Which made me feel worse

I said "it was our fault, we were stupid and dumb"
He saw a broken bottle
Smelled the whiskey on my tongue
I said, "I can't repay you"
He just smiled at me
And then he sat and waited till the ambulance came
He rode with us to the hospital
Quiet but content, he never said a word
He just looked at me and
Held my hand

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