

Birthday Boy

Drive-By Truckers

Which one's the birthday boy?
She said, "I ain't got all night"
What your momma name?
You can call me what you like

Every skin in history
Gotta make it hard somehow
Sit your bare ass down right here
I'll solve yours right now

Got a girlfriend, don't you, boy?
Nervous hands can't lie
Married men don't ask how much
Single one's ain't buy

One day you've got everything
Next day it's all broke
Let this Trixie sit up front
Let her wipe your nose

Working for the money like you got eight hands
Flat on your back under a mean old man
Just thinking happy thoughts, breathing in

Between your momma's drive and daddy's belt
It don't take smarts to learn the tune
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Pretty girls from the smallest towns
Can't remember life's storms and droughts
That old men talk about the years to come

I guess that's why they give us back
So few old man can say
They saw us when we were young

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