

Go-Go Boots

Drive-By Truckers

He packed a big-ass church out near Rogersville
He drove the Cadillac she drove the Oldsmobile
Every Friday he shackled up with his mistress
Doing things that he'd never do with the Mrs.
Who was back at home cooking dinner for him
They had a son who never had the calling
He went all over town drinking and balling
Got some girl pregnant when he was still a teen
Working at McDonalds and pumping gasoline
Driving that Camaro fast with all his friends
Daddy's been preaching the word ever since he was twelve
All about a merciful savior and the fires of hell
I know he meant it, so what's a little straying
He got everybody singing and a praying
"That devil better not come back down here again"
Missy wore them go-go boots; it did something for him
Made him think his wife back home was homely and boring
He met these guys who didn't mind getting dirty
He was a pillar and his alibi was sturdy
It only took a little bit of cash and the deed was done
Stained glass windows, Jesus looking down
Organs playing music to the middle aged crowd
His wife's in the ground the devil's in his head
Them go-go boots are underneath the bed
But it's a small town and word gets around
Gossip is a flying and his son starts to thinking
He see's his Daddy's new wife driving around in a Lincoln
There's a lot he'd like to ask if he could get the chance
But he's scared he might have to kill the old man
He wonders what the Lord will say when he weighs it all out
It's a small town. Go-Go Boots.