

Shit Shots Count

Drive-By Truckers

Put your cigarette out and put your hat back on.
Don't mix up which is which.
They don't pay you enough to work.
They don't pay me enough to bitch.
The boss ain't as smart as he'd like to be.
But he ain't nearly as dumb as you think.
He just wants evolution on budget with the schedule you keep.
Swervin' four lanes movin' like blood through an old man's dyin'
' heart.
Nothing but time to keep hope alive through the speed of a string guitar.
He bought in young and I have no doubt, he's gonna cash out with a winning deal.
Trophy tailed wife's takin' boner pill rides for the price of a happy meal.

Shit shots count.
If the table's tilted, just pay the man who levels the floor.
Pride is what you charge a proud man for having.
Shame is what you sell to a whore.
Meat's just meat and it's all born dyin'.
Some is tender and some is tough.
Somebody's gotta mop up and eat one.
Somebody's gotta mop up the blood.

High ground ain't high enough to kill you quick it's the fall.
Idealistically speaking it sounds like you ain't listenin' at all.
Friday night britches are you ever be there til the fighting you on Monday's gone?
One more drag.
Tuck your hair in your hat.
Don't act so surprised, and try not to look so long.

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