

## A Ghost To Most

### Drive-By Truckers

I guess I'll never grow a sideburn  
It's a shame with all I've got to go between  
I hope somebody's cause takes soon  
It's getting hard to find a place a root can sink  
Mama said a lot of things and be thankful was the one she never  
minded saying twice  
Thanks to her I can think clear enough,  
To be thankful that she died before tonight

Saving everybody takes a man on a mission  
With a swagger that can set the world at ease  
Some believe it's God's own hand on the trigger  
And the other dumping water in the streets  
Talking tough is easy when it's other people's evil  
And you're judging what they do or don't believe  
It seems to me you'd have to have a hole you're own  
To point a finger at somebody else's sheet

Baby every bone in my body's gone to jumping  
Like they're gonna come through my skin  
If they could get along without the rest of me, it wouldn't mat  
ter if they did  
But skeletons ain't got nowhere to stick they're money  
Nobody makes britches that size  
And besides you're a ghost to most before they notice,  
That you ever had a hair or a hide

I don't know how good it does a man,  
To keep on telling him how good it is he's free  
Free to wash his ghost down the drain,  
And free for them to tell him there's no such a thing