

## 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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