

Hearing Jimmy Loud

Drive-By Truckers

Trapped in a truck with Jimmy, listening to his band
Jimmy's out of place same as ashtrays and column shifts
Said his last old lady nearly run him in the ground
Half a gram later I was hearing Jimmy loud

She had a tanning habit,
She's like a talking leather couch
Warm between the cushions where she hid whatever treasure fell
out
Said she only hollered when she'd stood as much as she could stand,
Jimmy's ego can take it baby go on and fake it loud as you can

She's my baby and she knows it I get reminded now and then
your either someone's or your nothing,
God must be a lonely man

Them kids ain't never listened, ain't no use in trying now
All were doings' getting older and our
welcome and our warnings wearing out
Jimmy's babies mama's got him lawyered up one side and down
That earful cost me nothing,
poor old Jimmy's paying for it by the pound

Everybody loves a baby everybody loves a child
Nobody wants to see them damaged
Nobody wants them running wild

The moral lessons of a charmed life
Only get through guilty ears
Thanks to learning luck and half sense
I'm hearing Jimmy loud and clear