

Made Up English Oceans

Drive-By Truckers

6x9 and counting down in one after the other
they'll go running up and down the road, angry as their mothers
over senseless acts of selfishness on made up English oceans
and made up English stomach contents tied to senseless notions

Once you grab them by the pride their hearts are bound to follow,
their natural fear of anything less manly or less natural,
like gunless sheriffs caught on lonesome roads and live to tell
it
How hard it is for meaner men without the lead to sell it

Only simple men can see the logic in whatever
smarter men can whittle down till you can fit it on a sticker
Get it stuck like mud and bugs to names that set the standard,
They'll live it like it's gospel and they'll quote it like it's
scripture

It's no matter if they dress real nice and sit up straight and stupid
and say their prayers in quiet ancient tongues
They're no different than the ones who close their eyes
and fall down to the ground
and twitch just like their nerves have come undone

So be it if they come to find out feeling good's
as easy as denying that there's day or night at all
till what it takes to feel a thing seems so far out of reach
they just claw their skin and grind their teeth and bawl