

Margo And Harold

Drive-By Truckers

I don't want to go to dinner with Margo and Harold.
I don't like the way he looks at you, and the way she looks at
me,
way they look at each other, like we're just part of some private
joke.

I don't want to go dinner with Margo and Harold,
no matter how good the food.
I don't want to make small talk, innuendo,
or go for a ride in Harold's Corvette.

I'm scared of the basement of Harold's Pawn Shop,
I've heard tales of what goes down there.
Mid-life crises, high on Dilaudid, Valium, and crystal meth.
Harold and Margo, feeling no pain
Fifty and crazy, big hair and cocaine.

If they call on the phone, tell them I'm not home.
That night with Margo was a long time ago.
It makes me nervous how much Harold knows,
and the way that he looks at you.

I don't want to see why Harold's now skinny.
I don't want to see Margo's bikini.
So if they call, tell them you ain't seen me or that I'm in too
much pain.
Harold and Margo, taking aim.
Horny and loaded, big-hair and cocaine.