

Perfect Timing

Drive-By Truckers

Here I am again perfect timing,
The strings are ringing and the words are rhyming
I used to hate the fool in me, but only in the morning
Now I tolerate him all day long

Out on the highway, I hear the moaning
That low and lonesome whisper,
You only know from longing,
Through those naked trees at the windows glowing orange,
Taking over that cold shoulder racing by

I might have known before
If I'd got this old before I thought I got too cool to give a d
amn
That who you see in dreams at night seem to spend their afterli
ves
Trying hard to live the last one down

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