

Sink Hole

Drive-By Truckers

I've always been a religious man, I 've always been a religious man

but I met the banker and it felt like sin, he turned my bailout down

The Banker Man, he let into me, let into me, let into me

The Banker Man, he let into me and spread my name around

He thinks I ain't got a lick of sense cause I talk slow and my money's spent

Now, I ain't the type to hold it against, but he better stay off my farm

Cause it was my Daddy's and his Daddy's before

and his Daddy's before and his Daddy's before

Five generations and an unlocked door and a loaded burglar alarm.

Lots of pictures of my purdy family, lots of pictures of my purdy family

lots of pictures of my purdy family in the house where I was born.

House has stood through five tornadoes,

Droughts, floods, and five tornadoes.

I'd rather wrastle an alligator than to face the Banker's scorn

Cause he won't even look me in the eye

He just takes my land and apologize,

with pen, paper, and a friendly smile, he says the deed is done.

The sound you hear is my Daddy spinning, The sound you hear is my Daddy spinning

The sound you hear is my Daddy spinning over what the Banker done.

Like to invite him for some pot roast beef and mashed potatoes and sweet tea

follow it up with some banana pudding and a walk around the farm

Show him the view from McGee Town Hill

Let him stand in my shoes and see how it feels

to lose the last thing on earth that's real

I'd rather lose my legs and arms

Bury his body in the old sink hole Bury his body in the old sink hole

Bury his body in the old sink hole under cold November sky

Then damned if I wouldn't go to church on Sunday

Damned if I wouldn't go to church on Sunday

Damned if I wouldn't go to church on Sunday

and look the Preacher in the eye.