

## Tales Facing Up

### Drive-By Truckers

Me and my brother's old lady went out and got stinking,  
She solved her curiosities about me by the railroad tracks.  
She said I reminded her of him before he started drinking  
And banging the babysitter every time she turned her back.  
I we opened up the sunroof and smoked a big ole joint  
And drank a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon listening to the crickets  
and trains.

Every so often she'd lapse into narcotic rambling.  
Moon and mascara. I've always been a holy terror.  
Temptations lurking every where.  
If your mind's in the gutter, Beware!

You'll find me there.  
Me and a friend were talking after the funeral.  
She said it should have been me but I'm still around and I been  
so wild,  
I'm surprised I made it to the seventh grade,  
And all my dead friends have settled down.

My eyes were puffy and she asked if I'd been crying.  
I said 'tears are for pussies' but who was I kidding.  
So we stopped at the bar and drank them dry. Beer and tequila.  
I've always been a thrill seeker.  
But thrills are a dime a dozen these days.

And I found a dime in the gutter today.  
Tails facing up. Still fucking up.  
Still fucking up.  
A funny thing happened on my way to a strange way of thinking.