

The Thanksgiving Filter

Drive-By Truckers

Grandmother's wheelchair is sitting in the corner
We all sure love her, but the little ones avoid her
Cause she's gray-haired and wrinkled and her burden
looks heavy
Ninety years of survival can look awful scary
Papa's building something and has since history
But what he's building is still a mystery
It's big and it's twisting and shaped convoluted
It don't have a function but you better salute it
And it will never be finished but I guess that's the
point
It just gives him a filter and psychological ointment
He woke up real early but he's late for his appointment
And I sure wish that I had smoked me a joint
It's Thanksgiving and Jesus, I'm thankful
For abundance and bounty and a big tall stiff drink-
full
And the love of your mother and the love of mine too
Thanksgiving's almost over and Christmas is soon
Mama is trying to live in the present
Don't let him have a heart attack before I pay off the
presents
Granddaddy's gone but she still feels his presence
He tried to call but he didn't leave a message
It's Thanksgiving and Jesus I'm thankful...
So put the food on the table and Papa says a blessing
They're cutting up some turkey and gobbling some
dressing
My Aunt's praising Palin and my niece loves Obama
My uncle came to dinner wearing his pajamas
Thank God for the filter that enables some distance
From the screaming and crying and the needs of
assistance
You wonder why I drink and curse the holidays
Blessed be my family from 300 miles away
It's Thanksgiving and Jesus I'm thankful...