

Used To Be A Cop

Drive-By Truckers

Used to be a cop, but I got to be too jumpy.
I used to like to party till I coughed up half a lung.
Sometimes late at night I hear the beat a-bumping
I reach for my holster and I wake up all alone.

Used to have a wife but she told me I was crazy.
Said she couldn't stand the way I fidget all the time.
Sometimes late at night I circle round the house.
I look through the windows and I dream that she's still mine.

I got scars on my back from the way my Daddy raised me.
I used to have a family until I got divorced.
I've gone too far from the things that could save me.
I used to be a cop, but they kicked me off the force.
I used to be a cop, till they kicked me off the force.

Used to have a car, but the bank came and took it.
Paying for a house that that bitch lives in now.
Children that we had won't even look at me.
Guess there's nothing left to lose, nothing matters anyhow.

Got a scar on my arm from the bullet that once grazed me.
I keep it in a box to remind me where I've been.
That thin blue line was the only thing that could save me.
I used to have a badge but they made me turn it in.

And I used to play football, but I wasn't big enough for college.
But I passed the entrance exam first try, and on my way.
Police Academy gave me the only thing I was ever good at,
but my temper and the shakes, and they took that thing away.

Used to have a wife, but she just couldn't deal
with the anger and the tension that was welling inside of me.
Sometimes late at night, I circle round the house
I look through the window and I remember how it used to be.
I look through the windows and I remember how it used to be.