

Methamphetamine

Old Crow Medicine Show

times, they ain't like nothing they used to be
from rocky mount' to northeast tennessee
where the river flows with a dusty, cold disease
and the babies whine cause they can't find nothing to eat

but, mama, she ain't hungry no more
she's waiting for a knock on the trailer door

it's gonna rock you like a hurricane
it's gonna rock you 'til you lose sleep
it's gonna rock you 'til you're out of a job
it's gonna rock you 'til you're out on the street
it's gonna rock you 'til you're down on your knees
it's gonna have you begging pretty please
it's gonna rock you like a hurricane
methamphetamine

don't need no phd for a hundred dollar card
just find a crooked cop and that doctor disregard
cause when it's either the mine or the kentucky national guard
um, i'd rather sell him a line than to be dying in the coal yard

now, papa, he ain't hungry no more
he's waiting for a knock on the trailer door

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it's gonna rock you 'til you lose sleep
it's gonna rock you 'til you're out of a job
it's gonna rock you 'til you're out on the street
it's gonna rock you 'til you're down on your knees
it's gonna have you begging pretty please
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well, it's a war out there, and it's fought by poor white men
from the Plateau to the falls of the Cumberland
you better watch your back, 'cause you just can't trust a friend
and the method man is going to get you in the end

so listen to the whispering wind
it sounds like a big storm rolling in

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