

A Ghost To Most

Drive-By Truckers

I guess I'll never grow a sideburn
It's a shame with all I've got to go between
I hope somebody's cause takes soon
It's getting hard to find a place a root can sink
Mama said a lot of things and be thankful was the one she never
minded saying twice
Thanks to her I can think clear enough,
To be thankful that she died before tonight

Saving everybody takes a man on a mission
With a swagger that can set the world at ease
Some believe it's God's own hand on the trigger
And the other dumping water in the streets
Talking tough is easy when it's other people's evil
And you're judging what they do or don't believe
It seems to me you'd have to have a hole you're own
To point a finger at somebody else's sheet

Baby every bone in my body's gone to jumping
Like they're gonna come through my skin
If they could get along without the rest of me, it wouldn't mat
ter if they did
But skeletons ain't got nowhere to stick they're money
Nobody makes britches that size
And besides you're a ghost to most before they notice,
That you ever had a hair or a hide

I don't know how good it does a man,
To keep on telling him how good it is he's free
Free to wash his ghost down the drain,
And free for them to tell him there's no such a thing