

Armageddon's Back in Town

Drive-By Truckers

As we pulled into town there was a breakdown
As the moonlight hit the town
But it was High Noon in somebody's head
Before the first boot hit the ground
Spent the day in Cincinnati on the cell phone
Trying to figure out the expense
Stabbing fists into drawn-shade darkness
Battered by experience

There's something to be said for hangin' in there
Past the point of hangin' 'round too long
Hung out to dry or put away wet
All the same when it all goes wrong
It's all my fault, it's all my fault
When you misconstrue the wonder and the shame
All over town, my name's passed around
'Til you can't tell the darkness from the flame
You can't tell the darkness from the flame

I left my car at the airport
And flew to Kansas City in the rain
I know enough to know I'm standing here soaked
And the weatherman's to blame
I left the house empty after sunset
With someone else to figure out the stains
I take my responsibility
For the darkness and the pain

It's all my fault
Everything's my fault
Guess a butcher knows how to trim the fat
When it all comes down
Armageddon's back in town
You can't tell the rabbit from the hat
You can't tell the rabbit from the hat

The dye has been cast
Symbolisms so pronounced
That there's nothing left to wonder or explain
There'll be no healing
From the art of double-dealing
Armageddon's back in town again
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