

Filthy and Fried

Drive-By Truckers

Bottles falling in a dumpster send a stale smell rising
Through a sickening summer haze
To the rhythm of a boot-heeled hipster cowgirl's
Clunky sashay of shame
Mundane mayhem the last of the AM'S gasoline powered release
Of the rest of the day to the afternoon's rising relentlessly s
tifling heat

Up round the corner a B model Mazda's sitting crooked between t
he lines
Feeling lucky that 27's the hardest thing she'll have to surviv
e
Just don't mix your Browns and your whites with your wine
And don't sit on your cigarettes
You'll feel like shit soon enough and deserve's got no say in a
story's past

It's what alive feels like
Bored children caught between dog days when night turns them lo
ose
All that's different for girls is the bragging and who it's don
e to
Everyone claims that the times are a changing as theirs pass th
em by
And everyones's right

Way down beneath all the talk and tequila and reasons excuses a
nd doubts
Breathing steam from his cup and stink from his fingers
He's starting to figure it out
The old man's world was more doing than thinking
And the doing was more cut and dried
Now girls collect trophies as much as the boys and come home ju
st as filthy and fried
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