

Love Like This

Drive-By Truckers

Coming home with a bottle, trying not to break the seal.
This Friday evening traffic's about enough to break a man's will.

And I can't wait to see you and see how your week has gone,
And tear into Old No.7 and make love till dawn.

But your Mama she'll be calling, if she ain't knocking on the door.

And it won't take me long to remember what I brought that bottle home for.

And we'll all get to fighting, just like we always do.
And by Saturday morning, I'll be singing these blues.
Last night I slept with my boots on again,
One cut on my forehead and one my chin,
On the hard old floor with nothin' to cover up with.
You got me real good, girl, and I must admit,
You pack purty mean punch for such a pretty little dish.
And it's a shame to know most folks don't ever know love like this.

Come Monday morning, I'll be sore to a fare-thee-well.
Cussin' God and America, wishing them both just to send me off to hell.
But the boss man don't want no excuses when it comes time to get on the clock.
And without that paycheck, I'd lose the rest of what sweet love I got.

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