

## Perfect Timing

### Drive-By Truckers

Here I am again perfect timing,  
The strings are ringing and the words are rhyming  
I used to hate the fool in me, but only in the morning  
Now I tolerate him all day long

Out on the highway, I hear the moaning  
That low and lonesome whisper,  
You only know from longing,  
Through those naked trees at the windows glowing orange,  
Taking over that cold shoulder racing by

I might have known before  
If I'd got this old before I thought I got too cool to give a d  
amn  
That who you see in dreams at night seem to spend their afterli  
ves  
Trying hard to live the last one down

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