

Sandwiches for the Road

Drive-By Truckers

All packed to go, baloney and mayonnaise sandwiches for the road

Lay them out across the dash in the August sun

And if they turn green don't be afraid

Nothing can hurt you but yourself

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I been given to visions from time to time (Mighty fields of vision)

And the voice in my brain can be a little unkind sometimes

Go ahead, point it at me, I ain't scared

Nothing can hurt you but yourself

Nothing can hurt you but yourself

And if you see me on the street and if I whop you on the head

You probably got it coming

And if you hit me back, we'll call it even, but I ain't going down easy

'Cause my mama loves me and I got friends in Decatur, Alabama.

So drink another drink and smoke another cigarette

Something's gonna get us yet

'Cause I got ashes in my throat and I ain't got no vote

It's just the way I stand myself

Nothing can hurt you but yourself

Nothing can hurt you but yourself