

The Opening Act

Drive-By Truckers

There's a big fat man on a mechanical bull in slow motion like
Debra Winger

And he gets knocked off and I think he's hurt,
It's a bitch facing facts and figures
There's a band on stage that used to be huge
They sound on but no one's listening
They're told to turn down and they politely oblige
Ain't no such thing as a free ride

It ain't my problem and it ain't my show and I ain't being cond
escending
It's just the opening slot and I hit my mark and split as the c
rowd is thinning

The man's on the guest list so I guess it will be alright...

So the paramedics arrive and they haul off that Urban Bovine Kn
eivel
I see my friend and give him all my money and tell myself it's
a necessary evil
And it's all such a fleeting thing so I'd best try and enjoy it
So much beauty and just enough time to figure out how to destro
y it

I'm just the opening act

And it ain't my crowd and it ain't my night but I'd be lying if
I said I can't relate
I'm just the opening act and the van is packed and I'm hauling
ass to another state

And I'm driving north as the sun was rising over a Technicolor
horizon
I reached out to touch you but you're not there, a thousand mil
es away from here
I turned up the radio; heard some preacher talking salvation
My tank is half full and I reached over and changed the station

I'm just the opening act