

The Part Of Him

Drive-By Truckers

He was elected, wingnut raised and corn fed
Teabags dragging on the chamber floor
He did what he had to do to get southern boys to vote for you
To grease the wheels to get you in the door
But he must of said some things
that made them think that he was strange
and made them wonder if he was one of them
So they had to call him in but he wouldn't make amends
so they had to reel the poor boy in

He was an absolute piece of shit to tell the truth
But he never told the truth to me
He never told the truth to you don't think he ever set out to
He was indifferent to honesty
His positions were pre-
ordained to help conceal his vast disdain
for anything that lessened his appeal
His integrity was phoning in, totally Nixonian
honing in the art of making deals

He was a piece of work, more or less a total jerk
His own mama called him an SOB
He never worked an honest day, just kissed up to a better way
to sell the cow you could get for free
When he got out of line, they snatched him up from behind
and put him in a box with fancy trim
Rolled him out for all to see his rendezvous with destiny
Now someone else will play the part of him