

# The Thanksgiving Filter

Drive-By Truckers

Grandmother's wheelchair is sitting in the corner  
We all sure love her, but the little ones avoid her  
Cause she's gray-haired and wrinkled and her burden  
looks heavy  
Ninety years of survival can look awful scary  
Papa's building something and has since history  
But what he's building is still a mystery  
It's big and it's twisting and shaped convoluted  
It don't have a function but you better salute it  
And it will never be finished but I guess that's the  
point  
It just gives him a filter and psychological ointment  
He woke up real early but he's late for his appointment  
And I sure wish that I had smoked me a joint  
It's Thanksgiving and Jesus, I'm thankful  
For abundance and bounty and a big tall stiff drink-  
full  
And the love of your mother and the love of mine too  
Thanksgiving's almost over and Christmas is soon  
Mama is trying to live in the present  
Don't let him have a heart attack before I pay off the  
presents  
Granddaddy's gone but she still feels his presence  
He tried to call but he didn't leave a message  
It's Thanksgiving and Jesus I'm thankful...  
So put the food on the table and Papa says a blessing  
They're cutting up some turkey and gobbling some  
dressing  
My Aunt's praising Palin and my niece loves Obama  
My uncle came to dinner wearing his pajamas  
Thank God for the filter that enables some distance  
From the screaming and crying and the needs of  
assistance  
You wonder why I drink and curse the holidays  
Blessed be my family from 300 miles away  
It's Thanksgiving and Jesus I'm thankful...