

When The Pin Hits The Shell

Drive-By Truckers

You can lie to your Mama, you can lie to your race
But you cant lie to nobody with that cold steel in your face.
And the same God that youre so afraid of
Is gonna send you to hell
Is the same one you're gonna answer
To when the pin hits the shell.

Your sisters been blaming everybody.
I don't blame her, man, I guess Id do the same
If you was my brother, man, Id probably stand you.
But you aint, man, so I got to go my way.

And I aint gonna crawl upon no high horse
Cause i got throuwn of one
When i was young and i aint no cowboy
So i aint going where i dont belong.
It wouldnt do you no good to let you know
That it damned near killed me too
So i aint gonna mourn for you, man,
Now that youre gone.

Me and you, we liked our pills and our whiskey.
But you dont want your head full of either one
When the house gets quiet and dark.
Feeling good used to come so damned easy,
Racing trains from 2nd Street to Avalon.
Take a trip down to Memory Lane,
You dont see no friendly faces,
All the houses have been painted
And nobody knows your name.
Its enough to make a man not want
To be nobodys Daddy,
When all he thinks hes got left to hand down
Is guilt and shame.

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Cause i got thrown of of one
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