

## Do It Yourself

### Drive-By Truckers

My Daddy called me on a Friday morning, so sad to tell me just  
what you'd done  
You tried so hard to make us all hate you but in the end you wa  
s the only one  
Sick, tired, pissed and wired, you never thought about anyone e  
lse.  
You tried in vain to find something to kill you  
In the end you had to do it yourself.

Who's to blame for the loveless marriage, who's to blame for th  
e broken band.  
You ran from life and all of it's pleasures, your own teeth mar  
ks on your own damned hand.  
Thrown out before the date's expired, you'd rather die than let  
anyone help,  
You'd rather die than take a stab at living.  
Nothing would kill you so you do it yourself.

Everyone has those times when the night's so long  
The dead-end life just drags you down  
You lean back under the microphone  
And turn your demons into walls of god damned noise and sound.

And it's a sorry thing to do to your sweet sister  
It's a sorry thing to do to your little boy  
It's a sorry thing to do to the folks who love you  
Your Mama and Daddy lost their only boy  
Some should say I should cut you slack, but you worked so hard  
at unhappiness.  
Living too hard just couldn't kill you  
In the end you had to do it yourself.

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