

Yr Damned Ol' Dad

Kevin Devine

We're goin' out tonight my son,

So bring your flask,

And bring your cross,

And bring your gun

And I've been borrowin' lots of cash

So you won't be needin' none

Just wear your good shoes

'Cause we're goin' out my son

And I got a car loaded up with gas

And parked right outside

I got a city map and a mission in my mind

I just need someone ridin' with me

Or a brother to my right

To keep me company

In that big ol' car outside

'Cause I don't wanna think about the world right now

I wanna go from bar-to-bar and wash the taste clean out

And I wanna feel the way I felt

When we were kids messin' around

Before I thought about the world I got to now

But don't go feelin' all stuck

And shamed for yr damned ol' dad

'Cause I've seen troubles

That could kill ten stronger men

It's just that all this weight from la-la-livin's

Been catchin' fire in my hands

Well, f**k this town son,
I wanna make 'em crawl again

And you tell your lady
Not to leave on that light
You tell her not to sit up
Worryin' all goddamn night
But if she's awake when you crawl home
You just shut your mouth and smile nice
You say ''Baby, I'm tired.
Can we please turn off those lights?''
You say ''Baby, I'm tired.
I just wanna shut off all those lights.''