

Ryan & Dave

Rare Americans

Ryan and Dave are rabble rousin', teenage cousins
Difference is Dave has an off switch, and Ryan doesn't
Twenty years later now Dave behaves rank and file
And Ryan's a burnt-out adult, last gasp, wild child
"How ya doing Dave?" Ryan sheepishly asks
"You're the last guy in the world I want to call up with this trash
But bro can I hit ya up for a little cash? Man I'm on one leg and it's the last"

Man I can help you, Ryan, if you go to detox
But I ain't spotting you shit for more pills or rocks
Jamie's worried about you being round our kids
She don't want it around, no ands, buts or ifs

OK I'll do it
OK I'll do it
OK I'll do it do it do it
OK I'll do it

It's time, it's time, it's time
It's time, it's time, it's time

Let me stay the night and I'll go in the morning
It's not like I didn't have a fifteen-year warning
I'm thirty-five, I'm half alive, without a pot to piss in
I'm dead broke on worse than coke and homeless

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Six twenty six in the morning, didn't need alarm
I couldn't sleep a wink, I'm betting my whole farm
Left Dave's place at 8, just drove, didn't really talk
I shook his hand and popped the door to make the walk
Applied for admission at the detox shop
Got to the door it said open, 10 o'clock
It's freezing out, no way that I can make it to ten
Look back at my truck at my only real friend

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