

# Kevin Devine, Yr Damned Old Dad

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, fuck 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."