Pickup truck

Jack Nitzsche

I walk you home to see
Where you're living around
And I know this place
Pour yourself on me
And you know I'm the one
That you won't forgetAnd in your denim eyes
I see something's awry
And I see you're weak
When he comes around
I see you're fixing to shine
And my face won't speakHate to be so emotional
I didn't mean to get physical
But when he pulled in and revved it up
I said, "You call that a pickup truck?"And in the moonlight I throwed him down
A kicking, screaming and rolling around
A little piece of a bloody tooth
Just so you know I was thinking of you
Just so you know, ohTrembling misery and it's cold as a hole
Hug your bones and skin
Crackling wood's gone white
And my eyes swelled up now
I can see the lightHate to be so emotional
I didn't mean to get physical
But when he pulled in and revved it up
I said, "You call that a pickup truck?"And in the moonlight I throwed him down
A kicking, screaming and rolling around
A little piece of a bloody tooth
Just so you know I was thinking of you
Just so you know, oh
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