

The Rub

Delbert McClinton

I know how much you hate to get up in the mornin'
But somebody's gotta make a move.
There's a parking lot full of Po-lice outside
And they all 'axed' of you. He said "I might mislead you but I would n't ever lie to ya."
And I said "Well hell, that's the way it ought to be."
And he said "I never shot him. He shot himself,
While he was shootin' at me." Hey there's a pitchfork sticking through the roof of the car
And both the headlights are busted out."
These people say they saw you runnin' away."
He said, "Hell, I was just going for help." I hope somebody's writin' this down.
Let's get our story straight, boys, 'fore we get back to town.
My guess is, he just went insane,
tried to swim away with too much change. The Doctor said I can fix that for ya but it's gonna be awhile.
Just go on an' take a seat.
Try not to bleed on the carpet and
pull the door shut when you leave. A singer/songwriter/massage therapist friend of mine
said y'all might be needin' a little help.
Now I'll drive your truck but I don't lift nothin'
and I room all by myself! I hope somebody's writin' this down.
Let's get our story straight, boys, 'fore we get back to town.
Now all y'all witnessed what I said he done.
I hope he makes bail. I love it when they run.

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