The Nail

Sarah Shook & the Disarmers

Why donâ€™t you go ahead and grab your shovel,
Finish that beer and grab another,
Get your ass outside and dig a hole?
Oh, big enough for little old me,
Two foot wide by three foot deep,
â€˜Cause this constant misery is getting old.

Youâ€™re never, ever home, and when you are,
What was once a happy home becomes a bar,
When I think about the end and, boy, I think about it often,
I canâ€™t decide which one of us will be the nail in this here coffin.

Weâ€™re a twelver in an doing shots,
Cursing God and casting knots,
Why donâ€™t you get your ass outside and dig a hole?
Find your bottle if youâ€™re able,
Drink your ass under the table,
The whole damn thing has gone unstable like you are.

Youâ€™re never, ever home, and when you are,
What was once a happy home becomes a bar,
When I think about the end and, boy, I think about it often,
I canâ€™t decide which one of us will be the nail in this here coffin.

Well I ainâ€™t your last, you ainâ€™t my first,
You canâ€™t decide which fact is worst,
Why donâ€™t you get your ass outside and dig a hole?
This headacheâ€™s going to break my heart,
The hand brake broke and the truck wonâ€™t start,
Youâ€™ve got me playing the dead manâ€™s card, dear Lord.

Youâ€™re never, ever home, and when you are,
What was once a happy home becomes a bar,
When I think about the end and, boy, I think about it often,
I canâ€™t decide which one of us will be the nail in this here coffin.
I canâ€™t decide which one of us will be the nail in this here coffin.

Lyrics Submitted by Philip

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