

**Shit Shots Count  
Drive-By Truckers**

[Intro]

C	G	C	G	
F	C	G	G	

[Verse 1]

Put your cigarette out and get your hat back on

Don t mix up which is which

They don t pay you enough to work

Well they don t pay me enough to bitch

Boss ain t as smart as he d like to be

But he ain t nearly as dumb as you think

He just wants evolution on budget with a schedule to keep

C	G	C	G	
F	C	G	G	

[Verse 2]

Suburban four lanes moving like blood through an

old man s dying heart

Nothing but time to keep hope alive at the speed of a stream of tar

He bought in young and I have no doubt

he s gonna cash out with a winning deal

Trophy tail wives taking boner pill rides for the

price of a happy meal

[Chorus]

Shit shots count and the table is tilted

Just pay the man who levels the floor

Pride s what you charge a proud man for having

G

Shame is what you sell to a whore

**C** **G**  
Meatâ€™s just meat and itâ€™s all born dying,  
**C** **G**  
some is tender and some is tough.

**F** **C**  
Somebody s got to mop up the Al,  
**G**  
somebody s got to mop up the blood

[Guitar solo over]

| **D** **Bm** | **C** **G** | **Am** | **Am** |  
| **C** | **D** **G** | **F** | **C** |

[Bridge]

**D** **Bm** **C**  
High ground ain t high enough  
**G** **Am**  
To kill you quick if you fall

**C** **D** **G** **F** **C**  
Idealistically speaking it sounds like you ain t listening at all  
**D** **Bm** **C** **G**  
Friday night riches are all you re ever gonna need until the  
**Am**  
fight in you on Monday s gone

**C** **G**  
One more drag tuck your hair in your hat  
**F** **C**  
Don t act so surprised try not to look so lost

| **C** | **G** | **C** | **G** |  
| **F** | **C** | **G** | **G** |

[Chorus]

**C** **G**  
Shit shots count and the table is tilted  
**C** **G**  
Just pay the man who levels the floor  
**F** **C**  
Pride s what you charge a proud man for having

**G**  
Shame is what you sell to a whore  
**C** **G**  
Meatâ€™s just meat and itâ€™s all born dying,  
**C** **G**  
some is tender and some is tough.

**F** **C**  
Somebody s got to mop up the Al,  
**G**  
somebody s got to mop up the blood

| **C** | **G** | **C** | **G** |  
| **F** | **C** | **G** | **G** |

| C  
| F  
| C  
| F

| G  
| C  
| G  
| C

| C  
| G  
| C  
| G

| G  
| G  
| G  
| G

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