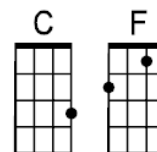


What It Means

Drive By Truckers



C He was running down the street when they shot him in his tracks
 F About the only thing agreed upon is he ain't coming back
 C There won't be any trial so the air it won't be cleared
 F There's just two sides calling names out of anger out of fear
 C If you say it wasn't racial when they shot him in his tracks
 F Well I guess that means that you ain't black, it means that you ain't black
 C I mean Barack Obama won and you can choose where to eat
 F But you don't see too many white kids lying bleeding on the street

C In some town in Missouri, but it could be anywhere
 F It could be right here on Ruth Street, in fact it's happened here
 C And it happened where you're sitting, wherever that might be
 F And it happened last weekend, and it will happen again next week
 C And when they turned him over they were surprised there was no gun
 F I mean he must have done something or else why would he have run
 C And they'll spin it for the anchors on the television screen
 F So we can shrug and let it happen without asking what it means

C C C C F F F F

C C C C F F F F

What it means?

What it means?

C Then I guess there was protesting and some looting in some stores
 F And someone was reminded they ain't called colored folks no more
 C I mean we try to be politically correct when we call names
 F But what's the point of post-racial when old prejudice remains?
 C And that guy who killed that kid down in Florida standing ground
 F Is free to beat up on his girlfriend and wave his brand new gun around
 C While some kid is dead and buried and laying in the ground
 F With a pocket full of skittles

<Chorus>

C Astrophysics at our fingertips and we're standing at the summit
 F And some man with a joystick lands a rocket on a comet
 C We're living in an age where limitations are forgotten
 F The outer edges move and dazzle us but the core is something rotten
 C And we're standing on the precipice of prejudice and fear
 F We trust science just as long as it tells us what we want to hear
 C We want our truths all fair and balanced as long as our notions lie within it
 F There's no sunlight in our asses and our heads are stuck up in it
 C And our heroes may be rapists who watch us while we dream
 F But don't look to me for answers cuz I don't know what it means

<Chorus>