

Van Zant, Nobody Gonna Tell Me What To Do

Written by Tony Mullins, Tim Nichols and Craig Wiseman

Shoulda seen the look on the face of the boss of the second shift,
When I threw my hard hat at him,
An' suggested the box where he could stick it.
I walked downstairs an told 'em I was leavin' Bethlehem,
Like I'd seen the Saviour, had tears in my eyes,
Holdin' my hands up an' shoutin': "Amen."

'Cause there ain't nobody gonna tell me what to do.
I spent most of my life a-wrapped up tight,
In somebody else's hand-me-down old shoes.
Startin' today, I'm someone I'd be proud to know:
You might tell me where to go,
But there ain't nobody gonna tell me what to do.

We buried Daddy just last week at the church to save his soul.
Man, he dreamed of pilot's wings:
Spent his whole life diggin' coal.
I got a guitar under my bed, but I've been too scared to fly.
But that's enough of that stuff, I'm packin' up my truck:
They can just kiss my butt goodbye.

'Cause there ain't nobody gonna tell me what to do.
I spent most of my life a-wrapped up tight,
In somebody else's hand-me-down old shoes.
Startin' today, I'm someone I'd be proud to know:
You might tell me where to go,
But there ain't nobody gonna tell me what to do.

'Cause there ain't nobody gonna tell me what to do.
(Ain't nobody gonna tell me what to do.)
I spent most of my life wrapped up tight,
In somebody else's hand-me-down old shoes.
Startin' today, I'm someone I'd be proud to know:
You might tell me where to go,
But there ain't nobody gonna tell me what to do.