

# Chicken Truck

Mats RÅYdberg & Rankarna

Well it was mornin' when I left Alabama  
And it must have been around in mid July  
I got behind a chicken truck from Georgia

And the feathers were a flyin' like snow out of the sky  
I couldn't get up the speed enough to pass him  
And a funny smell was a gettin' close to me

And somethin' keeps on messing up my windshield

And the farther I go the harder it get's to see, I say Ya, chicken truck chicken truck behind it I'm stuck  
Chicken truck chicken truck it's just my luck

Chicken truck on Highway 65, yeah

Well the hens are a squaukin' and the roosters are a crowin'

He slow me down when I need to get goin'

Chicken truck on Highway 65, oh yeah  
And he slowed down and I finally got around him  
On a big long hill just south of Tennessee

He had a box of Colonel Sander's on his dashboard

Where he was eatin' fried chicken and throwin' his bones on me  
Ya, chicken truck chicken truck behind it I'm stuck

Chicken truck chicken truck it's just my luck

Chicken truck on Highway 65, yeah

Well the hens are a squaukin' and the roosters are a crowin'

He slow me down when I need to get goin'

Chicken truck on Highway 65

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