

Big Rig

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By: g. taylor

1975

If I was a road dog baby
All o' my songs were true
Reckon I'd like my whiskey drinkin'
A whole lot more than I do
But I don't know about the good life baby
Not so sure it's for me
I'd much rather be home rollin' with you
Than watchin' tom snyder on tv
I wish I was a big rig
Rollin' on home to you
I wish I was a big rig
A big rig baby
Rollin' on home to you
Now I been to lots o' parties
Spent my whole life in a bar
There's a whole lotta good lookin' women out there
Who think I am a star
Drinkin' and a snortin'
Ain't really where I am
If I had my own two ways
I'd be rollin' home to alabam'
I wish I was a big rig
Rollin' on home to you
I wish I was a big rig

A big rig baby
Rollin' on home to you
-- spoken: "ah, go fingers, ya!"
Now some day I'll be better
My ramblin' days'll be through
I won't have any more gigs to play
I'll be back home there with you
But meanwhile, wait a minute
What's that thing I see
It's a good lookin' blonde with a bottle of scotch
And she wants to go home with me
She's lookin' like a big rig

Rollin' on home to you
I wish I was a big rig
A big rig baby
Rollin' on home to you
Ya I wish I was a big rig
Rollin' on home to you
Wish I was a big rig
A big rig baby
Rollin' on home to you
-- spoken:
"ya I'll be home in a few days baby"
"have I been good? "
"i've been great!"
"whoa!"

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