

# Big Rig

## Big Rig

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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