

I'm a Truck

Red Simpson

Hello I'm a truck

You've heard songs about truck drivers many times their stories told

How they pulled out of Pittsburgh for six days on the road

About the Feather River Canyon and climbin' the old grapevine

That old roadhouse down in Texas and the girls they've left behind

You've heard their tales of daring and I think that's just fine

But if you can spare a minute well I'd like to tell you mine

There'd be no truck drivers if it wasn't for us trucks

No double clutching gear jammin' coffee drinking nuts

They'll drive their way to glory and they have all the luck

There'd be no truck drivers if it wasn't for us trucks

Well there he sits in that cafe drinking coffee and telling lies

Probably telling 'em how he topped that hill ten miles back

He ought to tell 'em how he missed a gear

And that Volkswagen bus full of hippies passed us like I was sitting up on jacks

Or how we took that curve over on 66

Hadn't been for me hanging on the shoulder we'd both wound up in the ditch

If we're on time he takes the credit if we're late I get the blame

Up those hills with shutters open my stacks are running flame

My tach running red line sucking diesel from the tanks

I take him south and bring him back without a word of thanks

So now you've heard my story and I guess it's my tough luck

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No double clutching gear jammin' coffee drinking nuts

They'll drive their way to glory and they have all the luck

There'd be no truck drivers if it wasn't for us trucks

Look at him sipping coffee and flirtin' with that waitress

And where do you think he left me that's right next to cattle truck (moo)

Why couldn't we have put me next to that little pink Mack sittin' over there

Gosh, she's got pretty mud flaps, and talk about stacked, they're both chromed

Well he'll be coming out in a minute and he'll get that bar

And he'll go around and beat on my tires

You know for two pints of diesel I'd have a flat on the inside dual

Ha, that'd fix him

I never did like the way he drives anyhow

Thinks he's God's gift to waitresses he never gives 'em a tip

Well I know what he's gonna do now

He's gonna take out The tape cartridge of Buck Owens and play it again

I don't know why he don't get a Merle Haggard tape

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