

The House That Peterbilt

Clutch

When I talk, talk on the C.B.
Yeah, I scare men
My, my tire knockers rock
The parking lot quite a lot, yeah Rolled along 40 and roared down 10
Released my cargo around the Big Bend
I always take my time
A maverick moon miner sipping sunshine Hauled ass to Memphis, I spoke to the Pharoah
He told me his dreams, I counted the sparrows
Steve McQueen's got nothing on me
I take you back, west of Pleiades You want someone to talk to
Well, I'm your man
I've seen it all
And I know where you live High time honey, hell yeah
Watcha know, I'm back again, yeah
Roll, roll down highways
With a vengeance, yeah I never ever sweated for the fortune and fame game
Nevertheless, I'm flying down the left lane
I always pay my dues
So sit your ass down, I'll show you how they used to You want someone to talk to
Well, I'm your man
I've seen it all
And I know where you live, yeah A preacher, a trucker, a highroller
A holy roller preacher rolling trucker
A preacher, a trucker, a highroller
A holy roller preacher rolling trucker, yeah Road, yeah

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>