

All I Do Is Drive

Johnny Cash

Well, I asked an old truck driver
About life out on the road
If he does a lotta singing
When he's bringing in his load If there's a pretty waitress crying for him
Every hundred miles
If he gets a lotta loving
If he has a lot of smiles And I asked him if those trucking songs
Tell about a life like his
He said, if you want to know the truth about it
Here's the way it is All I do is drive, drive, drive
Try to stay alive
And keep my mind on my load
Keep my eye upon the road I got nothin' in common with any man
Who's home every day at five
All I do is drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive Well, we shared a cup of coffee
Then I had to warm it up
And his greasy fingers trembled
As he held onto the cup And I said, don't you hear a lot of music
See a lot of sights
But if you'll tune into the Grand Ole Opry
Saturday night I will dedicate you a trucking song
To which you can relate
He said, you just do the singing
And I'll do the driving mate All I do is drive, drive, drive
Try to stay alive
And keep my mind on my load
Keep my eye upon the road I got nothin' in common with any man
Who's home every day at five
All I do is drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive If I can get the fuel
Fuel

Songwriters

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