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 loadIf there's a pretty waitress crying for him
Every hundred miles
If he gets a lotta loving
If he has a lot of smilesAnd 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 isAll I do is drive, drive, drive
Try to stay alive
And keep my mind on my load
Keep my eye upon the roadI got nothin' in common with any man
Who's home every day at five
All I do is drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, driveWell, we shared a cup of coffee
Then I had to warm it up
And his greasy fingers trembled
As he held onto the cupAnd 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 nightI will dedicate you a trucking song
To which you can relate
He said, you just do the singing
And I'll do the driving mateAll I do is drive, drive, drive
Try to stay alive
And keep my mind on my load
Keep my eye upon the roadI got nothin' in common with any man
Who's home every day at five
All I do is drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, driveIf I can get the fuel
Fuel

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