

# Convoy

## Ferlin Husky

### CONVOY

WRITERS CHIP DAVIS, C.W. McCALL, BILL FRIESE Uh, Breaker One-Nine, this here's the Rubber Duck  
You got a copy on me Pig-Pen? C'mon Uh, yeah 10-4 Pig Pen, fer sure, fer sure By golly it's clean clear to Flag-  
Town, C'mon Uh, yeah, that's a big 10-4 Pig-Pen, Yeah, we definitely got us the front door good buddy, Mercy  
sakes alive, looks like we got us a convoy Was the dark of the moon, on the sixth of June In a Kenworth, pullin'  
logs Cabover Pete with a reefer on And a Jimmy haulin' hogs We 'as headin' fer bear on I-One-Oh 'Bout a mile  
outta Shaky-Town I sez Pig-Pen, this here's the Rubber Duck An' I'm about to put the hammer on down Cause  
we gotta little ol' convoy, rockin' through the night Yeah we gotta little ol' convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight?

Come on an' join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna git in our way We're gonna roll this truckin' convoy, cross  
the USA Convoy... Convoy... Uh, breaker Pig-Pen, this here's The Duck Uh, you wanna back off them hogs 10-  
4, 'bout five mile or so, 10-roger Them hogs is gittin' in-tense up here By the time we got into Tulsa-Town We  
had eighty-five trucks in all But they's a road block up on the clover leaf An' them bears 'as wall to wall Yeah  
them smokies 'as thick as bugs on a bumper They even had a bear-in-the-air I sez callin' all trucks, this here's  
The Duck We about to go a huntin' bear Cause we gotta great big convoy, rockin' through the night Yeah we  
gotta great big convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight? Come on an' join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna git in our  
way We're gonna roll this truckin' convoy, cross the USA Convoy... Convoy... Uh, you wanna give me a 10-9  
on that Pig-Pen? Uh, negatory Pig-Pen, yer still too close Yeah, them hogs is startin' close up my sinuses Mercy  
sakes, you better back off another ten Well we rolled up interstate fourty-four Like a rocket sled on rails We tore  
up all a our swindle sheets An' left 'em settin' on the scales By the time we hit that Chi-Town Them bears was a  
gittin' smart They'd brought up some reinforcements From the Illinois National Guard There 'as armored cars,  
and tanks, and Jeeps An' rigs of every size Yeah them chicken coops 'as full a bears An' choppers filled the  
skies Well we shot the line, an' we went for broke With a thousand screamin' trucks And eleven long-haired  
friends of Jesus In a chartreuse microbus Hey Sod Buster, listen You wanna put that microbus in behind the  
suicide jockey? Yeah, he's haulin dynamite He needs all the help he can git Well we laid a strip fer the Jersey  
Shore An' prepared to cross the line I could see the bridge 'as lined with bears But I didn't have a doggone dime  
I sez Pig-Pen, this here's the Rubber Duck We just ain't a gonna pay no toll So we crashed the gate doin' ninety-  
eight I sez, let them truckers roll, 10-4 Cause we gotta mighty convoy, rockin' through the night Yeah we gotta  
mighty convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight? Come on an' join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna git in our way  
We're gonna roll this truckin' convoy, cross the USA Convoy... Convoy... Uh, 10-4 Pig-Pen, what's yer 20?  
Omaha?! Well they oughta know what to do with them hogs out there fer sure Well mercy sakes alive good  
buddy We gonna back on outta here So keep the bugs off yer glass An' the bears off yer... tail We gonna catch  
ya on the flip-flop This here's the Rubber Duck on the side We gone Bye, Bye...

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