

I Drive Your Truck

Lee Brice

Eighty-nine cents in the ash tray
Half empty bottle of Gatorade rolling in the floorboard
That dirty Braves cap on the dash
Dog tags hanging from the rear view
Old Skoal can, and cowboy boots and a Go Army Shirt
Folded in the back
This thing burns gas like crazy, but that's alright
People got their ways of coping
Oh, and I've got mine I drive your truck
I roll every window down and I burn up
Every back road in this town
I find a field, I tear it up
Till all the pain's a cloud of dust
Yeah, sometimes I drive your truck I leave that radio playing
Same old country station where you left it
Yeah, man I crank it up
And you'd probably punch my arm right now
If you saw this tear rolling down on my face
Hey, man I'm trying to be tough
And Momma asked me this morning, if I'd been by your grave
But that flag and stone ain't where I feel you anyway I drive your truck
I roll every window down and I burn up
Every back road in this town
I find a field, I tear it up
Till all the pain's a cloud of dust
Yeah, sometimes I drive your truck I've cussed, I've prayed, I've said goodbye
Shook my fist and asked God why
These days when I'm missing you this much I drive your truck
I roll every window down
And I burn up
Every back road in this town
I find a field, I tear it up
Till all the pain's a cloud of dust, yeah sometimes,
Brother sometimes I drive your truck
I drive your truck
I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind
I drive your truck

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