Convoy

Boxcar Willie

Breaker One-Nine, this here's the Rubber Duck
You got a copy on me there Pig-Pen? C'mon

Uh, 10-4 Pig Pen, fer sure, fer sure
10-4 Pig Pen it's clean clear to Flag-Town, C'mon

That's a big 10-4 we definitely got us the front door good buddy,
Mercy sakes alive, looks like we got 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 was 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

We gotta big ol' convoy, rolling through the night
Yeah we gotta big 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 pull this convoy, across the USA
Convoy... Convoy...

Uh, breaker Pig-Pen, this here's The Duck
Uh, listen can you back off them hogs a little bit
10-4, 'bout five mile or so, 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 was 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 gonna go a huntin' bear

We gotta great big ol' convoy, rockin' through the night
Yeah we gotta great big 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 convoy, cross the USA
Convoy... Convoy...

Yeah you wanna give me Pig-Pen?
10-4 Pig-Pen, yer still too close
Yeah, them hogs is really 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
Armored cars, and tanks, and Jeeps
An' rigs of every size
Yeah them chicken coops was full a bears
An' choppers filled the skies
Well we shot the line, an' we went for broke
With a thousand screamin' trucks
Eleven long-haired friends of Jesus
In a chartreusse microbus

Uh, Rubber Duck this is Sod Buster, C'mon
10-4 Rubber Duck
You wanna put that microbus behind that suicide jockey?
He's a haulin dynamite
He needs all the help he can git

Well we made a sprint fer the Jersey Shore
An' prepared to cross the line
I could see the bridge was 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 said, let them truckers roll

Cause we gotta big ol' 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 convoy, cross the USA

Convoy... Convoy...

Uh, Pig-Pen, what's yer 20?
Omaha?!
Well they sure oughta know what to do with them hogs out there
Well mercy sakes good buddy
We gonna back on outta here
You keep in touch
Keep the bugs off yer glass
An' the bears off yer tail
We gonna catch ya on the flip-flop Pig-Pen
This here's the Rubber Duck Out

Lyrics submitted by Susan.

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