

# Truck-N-Roll

Craig Campbell

Just blew through another red light  
But the cop on the corner was sippin' his coffee  
The speed limit might say 35  
But 65 is where he woulda clocked me  
On the way picking up my baby  
She's sitting on the front porch waitin'  
And when I get there don't you know  
Gonna get in the truck-n-  
Roll like the Mississippi Slow like sipping on whiskey'  
Go 'round the world on a country road  
And who knows where we might end up  
Lord knows we're gonna have a sho nuff  
Good time no matter where we go  
When we get in the truck-n-roll, roll Just gimme four wheels and a little two-lane  
My baby's gonna be my little wildflower  
And gimme that radio playin' George Strait  
Cause I know she'll wanna turn it up louder  
Where the black top winds through the pastures  
I'll be takin' those right curves faster  
Cause I want that pretty girl sittin' real close  
When we get in the truck-n-Roll like the Mississippi  
Slow like sipping on whiskey  
Go 'round the world on a country road  
And who knows where we might end up  
Lord knows we're gonna have a sho nuff  
Good time no matter where we go  
When we get in the truck-n-roll Somewhere we might pull off  
Out there where the whippoorwill calls  
Grab a sleepin' bag if that's what she wants  
And let it unroll while we're sippin' on whiskey  
And take it slow like the Mississippi  
When we get in the truck-n-Roll like the Mississippi  
Slow like sipping on whiskey  
Go 'round the world on a country road  
And who knows where we might end up  
Lord knows we're gonna have a sho nuff  
Good time no matter where we go  
When we get in the truck-n-roll  
When we get in the truck-n-roll

Hop up in the truck-n-roll, yeah

Songwriters

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