

Peterbilt Prison

Tim Wilson

I was a truck-drivin', long-haulin', ladies man
My handle was the cream of the crop
'Til a brewhaha for a 40-D bra brought that to a screeching stop
My wife got wind of one of my girlfriends
whose brassier had the busted seams
And she changed my handle to henpecked
in a man-and-wife driving team

In a Peterbilt Prison
The slowest truck on earth
She's in charge like the third-shift guard of a rolling Leavenworth
The highway used to hold a lot of thrills
Now it's San Quentin on 18 wheels
Every married mile is hell, in this Peterbilt Prison cell

I wish she would have just divorced me
She could have done a decent thing
But now I'm in a his and her travelling nightmare that might scare Stephen King
Normally I would just Jackknife
Crawl out and try to escape
Or at least try to bust these windows out
With this box of Ricky Martin tapes

In a Peterbilt Prison
The slowest truck on earth
She's on me like a Simon Legree in a rolling Leavenworth
The highway's like a hard labor camp
It's Cool Hand Luke with exit ramps
Every married mile is hell, in this Peterbilt Prison cell

Back when I was free, I'd do a hundred and three
Eatin' them diesel fumes
Now I can't get 20 miles down the road
Without hunting for a ladies' room
I used to make money hand over fists
Son, I could put the hammer down
Now I barely survive, doing 55, hauling her ass around

In a Peterbilt Prison
A moving Alcatraz

She'll whoop us and beat us, and put us in a quietus
Every chance she has
The highway used to be a thrill for me
Now she got me chained up under lock and key
Every married mile is hell, in this Peterbilt Prison cell

"Ah, uh, you're gonna have to get your mind right. And I do mean, uh, right."

"Uh, yes dear. Uh, yes boss. Yes, Captain"

Lyrics submitted by Trevor Grismore.

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