

# I Drive Your Truck (The Voice Performance)

Barrett Baber

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 hangin' 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  
Til all the pain's a cloud of dust  
Yeah, sometimes I drive your truck I leave that radio playing  
That same ole country station where ya left it  
Yeah, man I crank it up  
And you'd probably punch my arm right now  
If you saw this tear rollin' down on my face  
Hey, man I'm tryin' 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  
Til 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  
Til 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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