

Truck Driving Man

Livingston Taylor

Well when I was just a shaver
My poor mama said to me
Son, do me a favor
Study hard your A B C's

My mama cried, my daddy sighed
When I told them my plans
I said good God almighty,
I'm a truck driving man

And tons of steel and screaming wheels
Are the things I understand
Don't let me love you mama
I'm a truck driving man

Well from Seattle to Macon
From Detoit to Rio Grande
Ten thousand miles is a Sunday drive
With a big rig in my hands

My right arm's strong as a rage of steel
The left one's dark as tan
Don't let me love you mama
I'm a truck driving man

And Nashville you're own my mind
And I'm two miles south of Tupelo
And I don't much care which way I go
I just got to hear them big wheels roll on by
Hear them big wheels roll on by

Lyrics submitted by Jeremy Hodge.

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