

# 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

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Lyrics submitted by Jeremy Hodge.

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