

# Two Pump Texaco

## Diamond Rio

He was wipin' motor oil off her dipstick  
She was pullin' on the hair that got caught in her lipstick  
And with the smell of her perfume he forgot the smell of gasoline  
As he was toppin' off her tank she said, "How far to Abilene?" He sees 'em come, he sees 'em go  
From the island of his two pump Texaco There's a rusted out rambler up on the rack  
And a pile of bald Goodyear's out in the back  
He meets families on vacation, bikers and businessmen  
He calls 'em friend, but he'll probably never see 'em again  
No, he won't He sees 'em come, he sees 'em go  
From the island of his two pump Texaco  
He keeps 'em movin' on down the road  
Come back real soon to his two pump Texaco He's heard about those big city shop 'n' go stations  
With twenty automated self service machines  
He just feels sorry for them big city people  
They must not know what service really means  
He's got a sign that says Last chance stop for at least two hundred miles  
Maps, gas, soda pop, Lucky Strikes and moon pies  
Yeah, he's a third generation filler up, full service man  
He thanks the Lord for that star in the sky  
And the grease on his hands, yeah, he does He sees 'em come, he sees 'em go  
From the island of his two pump Texaco  
It's like a place we used to know  
Come back real soon to his two pump Texaco

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