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 TexacoThere'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'tHe 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 TexacoHe'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 saysLast 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 doesHe 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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