Truck Stop

Tony Justice

I took a job on the interstate
Late night, third shift, really low pay
I was hired to greet the out-of-towners
Some on uppers some on downers
Try to help them on their way
I got a boss but you'd never know
I'm the one here who runs this show
I sell jerky and gasoline,
Fix the broke down slurpy machines,
And mop these dingy floors until they glow
That's my job, at the truck stop

And I take money, I make change
Smile and send them on their way
It ain't a life of fortune, fame, or glory
But I shook the hand of Johnny Cash
Just a week before he passed
Passing through on his way to Montgomery
I ain't got much, but I got stories

From ten at night to 5 a.m
You never know who's gonna come in
Touring bands, old and new
Politician's, prostitutes
Heaven only knows where the hell they've been
We got Aerosmith and Red Sovine
Discount bin's 2.99
Ice cold beer and dvd's
Everything a traveler needs
To get them on down the line
That's my job, at the truck stop

And I take money, I make change
Smile and send them on their way
It ain't a life of fortune, fame, or glory
But I shook the hand of Johnny Cash
Just a week before he passed
Passing through on his way to Montgomery

I ain't got much, but I got stories

Yea I took a job on the interstate
Late night, third shift, really low pay

Lyrics Submitted by Reese Edwards

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