

# More Trucks Than Cars

[Craig Morgan](#)

Out here on the backside of that city limit sign where the world turns two lanes  
Pretty girl working at the bank and the fella toppin' off your tank knows your name  
Water tower, power lines, swimming holes rusty old RC cola sign  
And county fairs, raise your hands up if you've been there Where there's biscuits, grits and gravy and the  
waitress calls you baby  
And the starlight's like a streetlight on a summer night.  
We say hell ya and amen, yeehaw, and y'all come back again  
And pray that our boys come home alive  
And when Old Glory flies, we still hold our hands over our hearts  
Where there's more trucks than cars. Well, I've been there on the concrete of them big city streets  
In my Ford truck, traffic jam in the town square  
Told my buddies living up there, good luck  
Meanwhile back in Tennessee we're raising our babies and our own green beans  
Kicking up dust, come on down when you had enough Where there's biscuits, grits and gravy and the waitress  
calls you baby  
And the starlight's like a streetlight on a summer night.  
We say hell ya and amen, yeehaw, and y'all come back again  
And pray that our boys come home alive  
And when Old Glory flies, we still hold our hands over our hearts  
Where there's more trucks than cars. Where there's biscuits, grits and gravy, your pretty waitress calls you baby  
And the starlight's like a streetlight on a summer night.  
We say hell ya and amen, yeehaw, and y'all come back again  
And pray that our boys come home alive  
And when Old Glory flies, we still hold our hands over our hearts  
Where there's more trucks than cars.  
Where there's more trucks than cars.

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