

Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep on A-Truckin' Cafe

C.W. McCall

(Bill Fries, Chip Davis) Well, Interstate 80, we was cuttin' the fog
Just me an' old Sloan (Old Sloan's my dog)
We had an eighteen-wheeler with ten on the floor and stereo layin' a strip
Now we spied a sign, says "Eat Gas Now"
We decided to whip in and pick up some chow
At the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe [Chorus]
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' (a-lookin' for Mavis)
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe Now we've been every place between here and
South Sioux
And we've seen us a truck-stop waitress or two
But this gal's built like a burlap bag full of bobcats:
She's got it to-gether Well, she filled my tank; I said "Thank you, honey."
Her name was Mavis, I gave her the money
Old Sloan just set there, watchin' and waggin' and wishin'.
I says, "You wait in the truck, boy." Then I went inside. She says, "What'll it be?"
I says "A cup of your best and a number three."
She come back with an order to go and a quart of hot C and a bone for Sloan.
I said, "Much obliged"; old Sloan gave a bark
I left her a buck and he left his heart
At the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe [Chorus]
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe Well, Saturday night we was truckin' along
Yeah, me and old Sloan was a-gettin' it on
I said, "Sloan, I've been thinkin' on a-gettin' up my courage, and tonight's the night"
Well, I popped the clutch, gave the tranny a spin
Took the Beebeetown ramp and slid on in
To the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe [Chorus]
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' (it never closes)
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe Well, I got me a stool, took a load off my shoes,
Made Mavis an offer that she couldn't refuse
I says, "How'd ya like to go for a ride with me and old Sloan? I just had my truck warshed."
She allowed as how it sounded like a whole lot of fun
But we was gonna have ta wait until the dishes was done
And was it all right with me if she brought along her mother as a chaperone?
I said, "Why not?" Well, we geared that tranny into super-low
And the four of us went to see a picture show

Yeah, I took 'em to the drive-in the-a-ter over by Pisgah, to see True Grit
Saw the late, late show; old Sloan hit the sack
And then along about two o'clock I hauled 'em all back
To the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe[Chorus]
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe (eight stools and a promise)
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe (they got a real nice place there)

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