I Drive Your Truck

Kristen Merlin

Eighty-Nine cents in the ash tray
Half empty bottle of Gatorade rolling in the floorboard
That dirty braves cap on the dash
Dog tags hangin' from the rear view
Old Skoal can, and cowboy boots and a
Go Army Shirt folded in the back
This thing burns gas like crazy, but that's alright
People got their ways of coping
Oh, and I've got mineI drive your truck
I roll every window down
And I burn up
Every back road in this town
I find a field, I tear it up
'Til all the pain's a cloud of dust
Yeah, sometimes I drive your truckI leave that radio playing
That same old country station where ya left it
Yeah, man I crank it up
And you'd probably punch my arm right now
If you saw this tear rollin' down on my face
Hey, man I'm tryin' to be tough
And momma asked me this morning
If I'd been by your grave
But that flag and stone ain't where I feel you anywayI drive your truck
I've cussed, I've prayed, I've said goodbye
Shook my fist and asked God why
These days when I'm missing you this muchI drive your truck
I roll every window down
I burn up
Every back road in this town
I find a field, I tear it up
Til all the pain's a cloud of dust
Yeah, sometimesOh, I drive your truck
I drive your truck
I drive your truck

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