

The Trucker's Wallet

Jimmy Buckley

He climbed into his eighteen wheeler
And once more he thanked the dealer
For the hand that life had dealt him
For over 30 years
This would be his final journey
A little sad, a little lonely
As he remembered all the good times, the heartaches and the tears
So he fired up his engine
Released his air brakes screamin'
Left the docks behind him without a worry or a care
This week he would retire
To sit beside the fire
And tell stories to his grandsons of truckers everywhere
Chorus:
And deep down in his pocket was a well worn leather wallet
A gift his father gave him
As he stood there by his side
With two pictures in the middle
One a mother old and feeble
And a young girl who was just 18
When she became his bride
He motored down the 75
Sure was good to be alive
As the memories came rushing back
Of when he was a boy
And he often told the story
How his dad brought his first lorry
A Bedford flat he brought one day from Taylor's of Akleycoil
Every day he'd rush home from school
To help his dad load flax and wool
And haul it to the markets
In Newry and Strabane
Then he knew his school days soon would end
For all he ever wanted then
Was just to be like his daddy
A big truck drivin' man
Chorus:
And deep down in his pocket was a well worn leather wallet
A gift his father gave him
As he stood there by his side
With two pictures in the middle
One a mother old and feeble
And a young girl who was just 18
When she became his bride
Just like the trucker

The years rolled on
He finally got his 141
When he showed it to his mum and dad
Their eyes shone with delight
And his father from his pocket
Gave him a leather wallet
He said, "Always keep it near you,
Every day and night" So next week I'll hand the wallet on
To my boy to carry on
As he travels down that highway
On a long white line of life
And deep down in his pocket
He'll keep a leather wallet
With a picture of his mother
And his newly-wed young bride
Chorus:
And deep down in his pocket was a well worn leather wallet
A gift his father gave him
As he stood there by his side
With two pictures in the middle
One a mother old and feeble
And a young girl who was just 18
When she became his bride
And a young girl who was just 18
When she became his bride

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