

I Wanna Buy Your Truck

Fred Eaglesmith

So many mornings of so many days
I'm just dreamin' out my window of going away
 I dream of white lines, cigarette stops
 Broken down shoulders, rusty old trucks
 I wanna buy your truck
 I don't like what I'm doing
 I want to give it up
 I want to do something else
 I like the way that it shines
 Hey, I'm really stuck
 In this life of mine
 I wanna buy your truck
And the dust devil drive shafts, the mirrored mirages
 Broken silhouettes, falling down garages
 Chrome grill reflections just out of the lights
 On to the pavement, into the night
 I wanna buy your truck
 I don't like what I'm doing
 I want to give it up
 I want to do something else
 I like the way that it shines
 Hey, I'm really stuck
 In this life of mine
 I wanna buy your truck
 When I get to the ocean
 I'm going to drive right in
 And when it stops
 I'm going to get out and swim
 I wanna buy your truck
 I don't like what I'm doing
 I want to give it up
 I want to do something else
 I like the way that it shines
 Hey, I'm really stuck
 In this life of mine
 I wanna buy your truck
 I like the way that it shines
 Hey, I'm really stuck
 In this life of mine

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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