Trucker Speed

Fred Eaglesmith

I got her letter in an old mail box
I forgot I had at a little truck stop
And I read it once and then I read it again
I could hardly keep from cryin'I've been drivin' around the last week or so
With an empty truck, I don't have a load
And I don't care cause to tell you the truth
I think I might be dyingAnd it's trucker speed, benzedrine
Percocets, amphetamines
Black beauties and west coast turnarounds
When the coast is clear I drive with my knees
I mix it all up like a recipe
Coca-cola and coffee to wash it down
Sometimes I feel like my wheels ain't touchin' the ground
At the side of the road he said you're a mess
When I told him she didn't leave an address
Then he got another call said wait right here
I'll be back in a little while
I put my head across my arms
Slept on the wheel for an hour or more
And I started it up and took off into the nightAnd it's trucker speed, benzedrine
Percocets, amphetamines
Black beauties and west coast turnarounds
When the coast is clear I drive with my knees
I mix it all up like a recipe
Coca-cola and coffee to wash it down
Sometimes I feel like my wheels ain't touchin' the ground
I've been high-centered, low throttle
When I couldn't stop I peed in a bottle
I've been so lonesome I made Hank Williams
Look like a party of five
I've been beat up, broke down
Loaded on a truck and driven into town
I always thought she'd be there at the end of the line
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