Phantom 309

Del Reeves

I was out on the west coast trying to make a buck
Things didn't work out I was kinda down on my luck
Got tired of roaming and bumming around
So I started thumbing back east toward my hometown
Made a lot of miles the first two days
I figured I'd be home in a week if my luck held this way
But the third night I got stranded way outside of town
At a cold lonely crossroad rain was pouring down
I was hungry and I was freezing done caught a chill
When the lights of a big semi topped the hill
Lord I was sure glad to hear them air brakes come on
And I climbed in that cab where I knew it would be warm
At the wheel there sat a big man he weighed about 2-10
He stuck out his hand and said with a grin
Big Joe's the name I told him mine
He said the name of my rig's Phantom 309
I asked him why he called his rig such a name
He said son this old Mack can put 'em all to shame
There ain't no driver or a rig running any line
That's seen nothing but tail lights from Phantom 309
We rode and talked the best part of the night
When the lights of a truck stop came in sight
He said I'm sorry son this is as far as you go
Cause I gotta make another turn just on up the road
He tossed me a dime as he pulled her in low
And said have yourself a hot cup old Big Joe
When Joe and his rig roared out in the night
In nothing flat he was clean out of sight
I went inside and ordered me a cup
Told the waiter Big Joe was setting me up
You could've heard a pin drop
It got deathly quiet and the waiter face turned kinda white
Did I say something wrong I said with a half way grin
He said no this happens every now and then
Every driver in here knows Big Joe
But son let me tell you what happened bout ten years ago
At the crossroads tonight where you flagged him down
There was a bus full of kids a comin' from town
They were right in the middle when Joe tapped the hill

It could have been slaughter but he turned his wheels
Joe lost control went into a skid
Gave his own life to save that bunch of kids
And there at the crossroads was the end of the line
For Big Joe and Phantom 309
But every now and then some hiker will come by
And like you Big Joe'll give 'em a ride
Here have another cup and forget about that dime
Keep it as a souvenir from Big Joe and Phantom 309

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

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