

Used Log Truck

Buzz Martin

If you want experience,
And care to test your luck,
Just go out and buy yourself
A used log truck

You can pick one up off of most any lot,
Nothing down, mortgage, everything you've got.
Then you get your permits, your P.E.C.'s
And you feel like a king, about as tall as the trees.

The world's a ripe cherry, ready for you to pluck,
'cause at last you've got your own, used log truck.

Well, things start happenin' that you didn't count on,
She comes all unglued, and your is gone,
So what you do then is, go into town,
And establish credit a few places around,
You're a business man now and with any kind of luck,
You can pay 'em off quick, in your used log truck.

And you and the head loader go a couple rounds,
He gives to three-thousand feet that weighs eighty-thousand pounds,
The scalers a crank, deaf and dumb,
got bad eyesight and an extra long thumb,
The weight stations open, just your rotten luck,
There goes the next payment, on your used log truck.

And you start blow'n tires, faster then you can count 'em,
So you charge a new set and when you have the man mount 'em,
You feel kinda bad about the bill you just made,
'Cause your fuel/air bill is only half paid,
But you smile and say he won't get stuck,
'Cause you can get roll'n now with your used log truck.

When you do get to haul, you work on it all night,
And pretty soon you and your wife have a fight,
She don't understand, it's just gotta be,
She says, 'You love that truck, more than the kids and me,'
She cries a lot lately and complains and howls,
When you wipe your greasy hands on her new white towels,

The washer machines broken, dryer motors stuck,
And so are you with your used log truck.

You've got a big grocery bill, and your behind on your rent,
Before you get a dollar, it's already spent,
Finally there comes that sad, sad day,
When the finance company comes and drags it away.

Bankruptcy then is the only way out,
Man you thought you'd never take that route,
You go back to working for a big outfit,
Probably the same one you up and quit,
One thing about it, at the end of the day,
You get out of that cab and just, walk away.

You go back to mama, and she's happy again,
'Cause at last you've got a steady check comin' in,
But you think about your truck and your mouth goes dry,
And a little bit of moisture forms in your eye,
And a lump comes up in your throat and gets stuck,
From all the memories of your used log truck.

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