

I'm A Truck

Red Simpson

Hello I'm a truck
You've heard songs about truck drivers many times their stories told
How they pulled out of Pittsburgh for six days on the road
About the Feather River Canyon and climbin' the old grapevine
That old roadhouse down in Texas and the girls they've left behind
You've heard their tales of daring and I think that's just fine
But if you can spare a minute well I'd like to tell you mine
There'd be no truck drivers if it wasn't for us trucks
No double clutching gear jammin' coffee drinking nuts
They'll drive their way to glory and they have all the luck
There'd be no truck drivers if it wasn't for us trucks
Well there he sits in that cafe drinking coffee and telling lies
Probably telling 'em how he topped that hill ten miles back
He ought to tell 'em how he missed a gear
And that Volkswagen bus full of hippies passed us like I was sitting up on jacks
Or how we took that curve over on 66
Hadn't been for me hanging on the shoulder we'd both wound up in the ditch
If we're on time he takes the credit if we're late I get the blame
Up those hills with shutters open my stacks are running flame
My tach running red line sucking diesel from the tanks
I take him south and bring him back without a word of thanks
So now you've heard my story and I guess it's my tough luck
There'd be no truck drivers if it wasn't for us trucks
There'd be no truck drivers if it wasn't for us trucks
No double clutching gear jammin' coffee drinking nuts
They'll drive their way to glory and they have all the luck
There'd be no truck drivers if it wasn't for us trucks
Look at him sipping coffee and flirtin' with that waitress
And where do you think he left me that's right next to cattle truck (moo)
Why couldn't we have put me next to that little pink Mack sittin' over there
Gosh, she's got pretty mud flaps, and talk about stacked, they're both chromed
Well he'll be coming out in a minute and he'll get that bar
And he'll go around and beat on my tires
You know for two pints of diesel I'd have a flat on the inside dual
Ha, that'd fix him
I never did like the way he drives anyhow
Thinks he's God's gift to waitresses he never gives 'em a tip
Well I know what he's gonna do now
He's gonna take out The tape cartridge of Buck Owens and play it again

I don't know why he don't get a Merle Haggard tape

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