

Chicken Truck

[John Anderson](#)

Well it was mornin' when I left Alabama
And it must have been around in mid July
I got behind a chicken truck from Georgia
And the feathers were a flyin' like snow out of the sky I couldn't get up the speed enough to pass him
And a funny smell was a gettin' close to me
And somethin' keeps on messing up my windshield
And the farther I go the harder it get's to see, I say Ya, chicken truck chicken truck behind it I'm stuck
Chicken truck chicken truck it's just my luck
Chicken truck on Highway 65, yeah
Well the hens are a squakin' and the roosters are a crowin'
He slow me down when I need to get goin'
Chicken truck on Highway 65, oh yeah And he slowed down and I finally got around him
On a big long hill just south of Tennessee
He had a box of Colonel Sander's on his dashboard
Where he was eatin' fried chicken and throwin' his bones on me Ya, chicken truck chicken truck behind it I'm
stuck
Chicken truck chicken truck it's just my luck
Chicken truck on Highway 65, yeah
Well the hens are a squakin' and the roosters are a crowin'
He slow me down when I need to get goin'
Chicken truck on Highway 65

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