

The Kenworth of My Dreams

Richard Shindell

I sold my old Camaro
I sold my fishing boat
A friend said he would cosign
On a small commercial loan
So I shopped around until I found
A rig within my means
I put fifteen thousand dollars down
On the Kenworth of my dreams
My sisters husband helped me out
When we took the thing apart
Every bolt and piston
I knew them all by heart
We cleaned her out and painted her
And brought her up to speed
I proudly put my name upon
The Kenworth of my dreams
But sometimes late at night
Out on some interstate
I hear those sad country songs
True love found, true love gone
Lately I just turn the damn thing off
A lot of folks just shook their heads
Convinced that I'd lost mine
They said living in a God-damned truck
Is just a waste of time
That to spend yhour life behind the wheel
Aint as great as it might seem
I just thanked them all and left one night
In the Kenworth of my dreams
But sometimes late at night
Out on some interstate
I hear those sad country songs
True love found, true love gone
Lately I just turn the damn thing off
Business, its been pretty good
Ive no cause to complain
I haul bourbon up to Buffalo
And frozen foods to Maine
Toxic waste or Quaker State
Its all the same to me
Ill go anywhere for anything
In the Kenworth of my dreams...

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