The Grim Trucker

Ron Sexsmith

When the moon is only a shadow
When the world is wiping her eyes
The grim trucker darkens the meadow
To the market he never drivesAll the pigs go down the hill
Past the police station, across the tracks
They turn right at the next light
And they never come backSee the sleepy-eyed little children
As we bus 'em off to school
To a greasy grimy ol? building
With a rusty golden ruleAll the pigs go down the hill
Past the police station, across the tracks
They turn right at the next light
And they never come back
Never come backFill our face with eggs and bacon
While this question weighs on our minds
Will we wake to wings up in heaven
Or to hooves and snout in our next life?Some say if we get it right in this life
Than we never come back
We never come back
We never come back
Never come backWe never come back
Never come back
Never come back
Never come back

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