

Calling All Trucks

Tim Hicks

Four by fours, rev em on up
A brand new Ford or a bucket of rust
Backroads are calling, calling all trucks I know a place where ain't no car can go
Just a winding beat-up sweet old stretch of the road
There ain't no stop signs, ain't got no white lines
It's a let's get down, I'm round, one hell of a good time
So all you thrill billies living in the hillies
Get loud, come on now, are you with me? Four by fours, rev em on up
A brand new Ford or a bucket of rust
Riding low, black diamond chrome
Jacked up, mud flaps, hands out the window
Pedal down, spinning those tires
Rubber on dirt, hearts on fire
Kicking up, ripping up dust
Backroads are calling, calling all trucks
Damn this front seat man sure looks sweet
You little kitty sitting pretty right next to me
It's gonna get good, this lead foot's ready to go
So buckle on up and crank up the radio
Let's kick it, full throttle, grab a full bottle
Raise em on up, everybody holler Four by fours, rev em on up
A brand new Ford or a bucket of rust
Riding low, black diamond chrome
Jacked up, mud flaps, hands out the window
Pedal down, spinning those tires
Rubber on dirt, hearts on fire
Kicking up, ripping up dust
Backroads are calling, calling all trucks
Yeah, calling all trucks
Call up the crew, spread the word
Let's go flying like a free bird
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Let's go flying like a free bird Four by fours, rev em on up
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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