

# I Drive Your Truck

## Classic Hitz

89 cents in the ash tray  
Half empty bottle of Gatorade rolling on the floorboards  
That dirty Braves cap on the dash  
Dog tags hanging from the rear-view,  
Old skoal can and cowboy boots and a go army shirt folded in the back  
This thing burns gas like crazy, but that's alright  
People got their ways of coping oh and I got mine  
I drive your truck, I roll every window down  
And I burn up every back road in this town  
I find a field i tear it up till all the pains a cloud of dust  
Yeah, sometimes I drive your truck  
I leave that radio playing same old country station where you left it  
Yeah man I crank it up  
And you probably punch my arm right now if you saw this tear rolling down my face  
Hey man I'm trying to be tough,  
Momma asked me this morning if I've been by your grave

But that flag and stone ain't where I feel you anyway  
I drive your truck, I roll every window down  
And I burn up every back road in this town  
I find a field i tear it up till all the pains a cloud of dust  
Yeah, sometimes I drive your truck  
I've cussed, prayed I've said good bye  
I've shook my fist and asked god why  
These days when I'm missing you this much  
I drive your truck, I roll every window down  
And I burn up every back road in this town  
I find a field i tear it up till all the pains a cloud of dust  
Yeah, sometimes I drive your truck  
I drive your truck  
I drive your truck  
I hope you don't mind  
I hope you don't mind  
I drive your truck

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