I Drive Your Truck

[unknown]

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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