Uncle Pete

Adam Brand

My Uncle Pete was a trucker
Riding that Nullarbor Plain
Ten split gears and an overdrive
Chrome stacks shooting out flamesHe'd throw me up into the cab
My little hands would grip the wheel
I would dream about the day
I could drive that rig for realRolling, rolling, rolling around the world
Ten years old and ten feet tall, waving goodbye to
The girl next door
Rolling, rolling, today I'm the king of my street,
I got my sleeves rolled up and my arm hanging out
As I drive off with Uncle Pete
As I drive off with Uncle PeteHeading west on highway one
My eyes are glued to the road
The two-way always in my hand
"Little Buddy" that's my codeWe pull into Micks for a pie and chips
Not a brussel sprout in sight
Some yarns to spin as we listen to
Slim Then we drive into the nightIf I had one wish I'd wanna be,
If I had one wish I'd wanna be,
If I had one wish I'd wanna be like my Uncle Pete

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