

# Truckload Of Art

Cracker

A truckload of art from New York City  
Was hauling a weighty load  
The driver was singing,  
the sunset was pretty  
But the truck turned over and it rolled off the road

CHORUS:

Yeah the truckload of art, it's burning by the highway  
Precious objects are scattered all over the ground  
It's a terrible sight,  
if a person were to see it  
But there weren't nobody around

Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo  
Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo  
Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo  
Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo

The driver went sailing high in the sky  
Landed in the cold lap of the Lord  
Who smiled and then said:  
"Son, you're better off dead  
Than hauling a truckload full of hot avant garde"

REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT HOOS

Yeah some important artwork was thrown to the ground  
Tragically landing in the weeds  
And the smoke could be seen  
from miles all around  
But nobody knows what it means

CHORUS:

Yeah the truckload of art is burning near the highway  
And a tough job for the highway patrol  
Who'll soon see the smoke,  
come running to poke  
Dig an empty ditch throw the arts in a hole

REPEAT HOOS

CHORUS:

Yeah the truckload of art is burning near the highway  
And it's raging far out of control  
What the critics had cheered  
is now shattered and queered  
And theres no more reviews as it's strewed? on the road

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