

# The Truck Song

Lyle Lovett

Turn down that highway, turn up that dirt road  
Well, It's over three days since I left Houston  
Ole Black's my truck's name  
She's held together by BF Good tires and bailing wire

Well, I went to high school and I was not popular  
Now I am older, and it don't matter  
Ole Black's my truck's name  
She's held together  
I've slept inside her when I was tired

I've been to Paris, and I don't mean Texas  
Well, I met them vendors one time in London  
Ole Black's my truck's name. She's held together  
My lane's the right one when I'm in England

My baby calls me, she says she loves me  
And when I see her, then I believe her  
Ole Black's my truck's name  
And, oh, she don't say much  
We leave together and lay some rubber

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