

# Old Home Filler-up an' Keep on a-Truckin' Cafe

C.W. McCall

(Bill Fries, Chip Davis)

Well, Interstate 80, we was cuttin' the fog

Just me an' old Sloan (Old Sloan's my dog)

We had an eighteen-wheeler with ten on the floor and stereo layin' a strip

Now we spied a sign, says "Eat Gas Now"

We decided to whip in and pick up some chow

At the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe

[Chorus]

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' (a-lookin' for Mavis)

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe

Now we've been every place between here and South Sioux

And we've seen us a truck-stop waitress or two

But this gal's built like a burlap bag full of bobcats:

She's got it to-gether

Well, she filled my tank; I said "Thank you, honey."

Her name was Mavis, I gave her the money

Old Sloan just set there, watchin' and waggin' and wishin'.

I says, "You wait in the truck, boy."

Then I went inside. She says, "What'll it be?"

I says "A cup of your best and a number three."

She come back with an order to go and a quart of hot see and a bone for Sloan.

I said, "Much obliged"; old Sloan gave a bark

I left her a buck and he left his heart

At the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe

[Chorus]

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe

Well, Saturday night we was truckin' along

Yeah, me and old Sloan was a-gettin' it on

I said, "Sloan, I've been thinkin' on a-

gettin' up my courage, and tonight's the night"

Well, I popped the clutch, gave the tranny a spin

Took the Beebeetown ramp and slid on in

To the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe

[Chorus]

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' (it never closes)

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe

Well, I got me a stool, took a load off my shoes,

Made Mavis an offer that she couldn't refuse

I says, "How'd ya like to go for a ride with me and old Sloan? I just had my truck warshed."

She allowed as how it sounded like a whole lot of fun

But we was gonna have ta wait until the dishes was done

And was it all right with me if she brought along her mother as a chaperone?

I said, "Why not?"

Well, we geared that tranny into super-low

And the four of us went to see a picture show

Yeah, I took 'em to the drive-in the-a-ter over by Pisgah, to see True Grit

Saw the late, late show; old Sloan hit the sack

And then along about two o'clock I hauled 'em all back

To the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe

[Chorus]

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'

Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'  
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-  
Truckin' Cafe (eight stools and a promise)  
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'  
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'  
Oh, the Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-  
Truckin' Cafe (they got a real nice place there)