

Two Pump Texaco

Diamond Rio

He was wipin' motor oil off her dipstick
She was pullin' on the hair that got caught in her lipstick
And with the smell of her perfume he forgot the smell of gasoline
As he was toppin' off her tank she said, "How far to Abilene?"

He sees 'em come
He sees 'em go
From the island of his
Two pump Texaco

There's a rusted out Rambler up on the rack
And a pile of bald Goodyear's out in the back
He meets families on vacation, bikers and businessmen
He calls 'em "friend" but he'll probably never see 'em again
No he won't

He sees 'em come
He sees 'em go
From the island of his
Two pump Texaco
He keeps 'em moving
On down the road
Come back real soon
To his two pump Texaco

He's heard about those big city shop-n-go stations
With twenty automated self-service machines
He just feels sorry for them big city people
They must not know what service really means
He's got a sign that says

Last chance stop for at least two hundred miles
Maps, gas, soda pop,
Lucky Strikes and Moon Pies
Yeah, he's a third generation filler-up, full service man
He thanks the Lord for that "star" in the sky
And the grease on his hands
Yeah he does

He sees 'em come
He sees 'em go
From the island of his
Two pump Texaco
It's like a place we used to know
Come back real soon
To his two pump Texaco