Yeah!

When I pulled out of Basra, they all wished me luck Just like they always did before With a bulletproof screen on the hood of my truck And a Bradley on my back door And I wound her up and I shifted her down And I offered this prayer to my Lord

I said, "God get me back home to Houston alive" And I won't drive a truck anymore

Yes, early in mornin', I'm rollin' fast Haulin' nine thousand gallons of high test gas Sergeant on the radio hollerin' at me Said, "Look out up ahead here come a R P G"

If I ever get home to Houston alive Then I won't drive a truck anymore

Well, I've driven the big rigs for all of my life
And my radio handle's train
Down steep mountain roads on the darkest of nights
I had ice water in my veins
And I come over here 'cause I just didn't care
Now I'm older and wiser by far

Yeah, if I ever get home to Houston alive Then I won't drive a truck anymore

Yeah, great God Almighty, what was wrong with me? I know the money's good, buddy can't you see You can't take it with you and ain't no lie I don't wanna let 'em get me, I'm too young to die

If I ever get home to Houston alive Then I won't drive a truck anymore