

I Wanna Buy Your Truck

Fred Eaglesmith

So many mornings of so many days
I'm just dreamin' out my window of going away
I dream of white lines, cigarette stops
Broken down shoulders, rusty old trucks
I wanna buy your truck
I don't like what I'm doing
I want to give it up
I want to do something else
I like the way that it shines
Hey, I'm really stuck
In this life of mine
I wanna buy your truck
And the dust devil drive shafts, the mirrored mirages
Broken silhouettes, falling down garages
Chrome grill reflections just out of the lights
On to the pavement, into the night
I wanna buy your truck
I don't like what I'm doing
I want to give it up
I want to do something else
I like the way that it shines
Hey, I'm really stuck
In this life of mine
I wanna buy your truck
When I get to the ocean
I'm going to drive right in
And when it stops
I'm going to get out and swim
I wanna buy your truck
I don't like what I'm doing
I want to give it up
I want to do something else
I like the way that it shines
Hey, I'm really stuck
In this life of mine
I wanna buy your truck
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