

# Speedball Tucker

Jim Croce

I drive a broke down rig on 'May-Pop' tires  
Forty foot of overload  
A lot of people say that I'm crazy  
Because I don't know how to take it slow

I got a broomstick on the throttle  
I got her opened up and head right down  
Nonstop back to Dallas  
Poppin' them West Coast turn-arounds

And they call me Speedball  
Speedball Tucker  
Terror of the highways  
And all them other truckers  
Will tell you that the boy is mad  
To be drivin' in a rig like that

You know the rain may blow  
The snow may snow  
And the turnpikes, they may freeze  
But they don't bother ol' Speedball  
He goin' any damn way he please

He got a broomstick on the throttle  
To keep his throttle foot a-dancin' 'round  
With a cupful of cold black coffee  
And a pocketful of West Coast turn-arounds

And they call me Speedball  
Speedball Tucker  
Terror of the highways  
And all them other truckers  
Will tell you that the boy is mad  
To be drivin' in a rig like that

One day I looked into my rear view mirror  
And a-comin' up from behind  
There was a Georgia State policeman  
And a hundred dollar fine

Well, he looked me in the eye as he was writin' me up  
And said, "Driver, you've been flyin'  
And ninety five was the route you were on  
It was not the speed limit sign"

And they call me Speedball  
Speedball Tucker  
Terror of the highways  
And all them other truckers  
Will tell you that the boy is mad  
To be drivin' in a rig like that

Yeah, they call me Speedball  
Speedball Tucker  
Terror of the highways  
And all them other truckers  
Will tell you that the boy is mad

To be drivin' in a rig like that