

# All I Do Is Drive

Johnny Cash

Well, I asked an old truck driver  
About life out on the road  
If he does a lotta singing  
When he's bringing in his load

If there's a pretty waitress crying for him  
Every hundred miles  
If he gets a lotta loving  
If he has a lot of smiles

And I asked him if those trucking songs  
Tell about a life like his  
He said, if you want to know the truth about it  
Here's the way it is

All I do is drive, drive, drive  
Try to stay alive  
And keep my mind on my load  
Keep my eye upon the road

I got nothin' in common with any man  
Who's home every day at five  
All I do is drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive

Well, we shared a cup of coffee  
Then I had to warm it up  
And his greasy fingers trembled  
As he held onto the cup

And I said, don't you hear a lot of music  
See a lot of sights  
But if you'll tune into the Grand Ole Opry  
Saturday night

I will dedicate you a trucking song  
To which you can relate  
He said, you just do the singing  
And I'll do the driving mate

All I do is drive, drive, drive  
Try to stay alive  
And keep my mind on my load  
Keep my eye upon the road

I got nothin' in common with any man  
Who's home every day at five  
All I do is drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive

If I can get the fuel  
Fuel