

The Mystery Of Life

Johnny Cash

Peterbilt drivers don't pick up low riders
They don't slow for the curves in the road
They hate to keep logs, they hate riders on hogs
Watch out for a shift in your load

When I was young, I had Gene Autry guns
But I never had a Lionel train
Now I've got a truck, if I keep payments up
And it weighs thirty tons in the rain

I wear Frisco jeans with riveted seams
My money is chained to my belt
I wear a Cat cap just like my pap
He drove till it ruined his health

Now, Georgia Bill Smith wore thick glasses and boots
He could see 'bout as far as he could walk
He came up too fast on that bridge overpass
Lord, the preacher sure gave a fine talk

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I've read a few lines from the poets
And sometimes, I might cross the line
I don't know the answer to the mystery of life
But a woman sure helps pass the time

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