

The Truck Song

Lyle Lovett

Turn down that highway, turn up that dirt road
Well, It's over three days since I left Houston
Ole Black's my truck's name
She's held together by BF Good tires and bailing wire

Well, I went to high school and I was not popular
Now I am older, and it don't matter
Ole Black's my truck's name
She's held together
I've slept inside her when I was tired

I've been to Paris, and I don't mean Texas
Well, I met them vendors one time in London
Ole Black's my truck's name. She's held together
My lane's the right one when I'm in England

My baby calls me, she says she loves me
And when I see her, then I believe her
Ole Black's my truck's name
And, oh, she don't say much
We leave together and lay some rubber

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