

I'm A Truck

Red Simpson

Hello, I'm a Truck
G
You've heard songs about truck drivers
Em
many times their story's told
A
How they pulled out of Pittsburgh
D
for six days on the road
G
'Bout that feather river canyon
Em
and a-climbing' that ol grapevine
A
That old roadhouse down in Texas
D
and the girls they left behind
G
You've heard their tales of daring
Em
and I think that's just fine
C
but if you could spare a minute
D G
well I'd like to tell you mine

Chorus:
G C G
There'd be no truck driver's if it wasn't

for us trucks
D G
no double-clutching gear jammin' coffee

drinking nuts
C G
they'll drive their way to glory and they

have all the luck
C
there'd be no truck drivers if it wasn't
D G
for us trucks
Em
Spoken:

Well there he sits in that cafe drinkin coffee and
tellin lies
Prob'ly telling 'em 'bout that hill we topped ten miles
back
Otta tell'em how he missed a gear and that Volkswagon
bus full of
Hippies passed us like I was sittin' up on jacks
Or how we took that curve over on 66
Hadn'y been for me hangin on the shoulder
We'd a both wound up in the ditch

G
If we're on time he takes the credit
Em
'n if we're late I get the blame
A
Up those hills with shutters open
D
My stacks a-runnin' flame
G
My tach' runnin red-line
Em
sippin' diesel from the tanks
A
I'll take him south and bring him back
D
without a word of thanks
G Em
Well now you've heard my story and I guess

it's my tough luck
C D
There'd be no truck drivers if it wasn't
G
for us trucks

Chorus:

Em
Spoken:

Look at him sippin' coffee and flirting with that
waitress
And where do you think he left me?
That's right, next to a cattle truck (moo)
Why couldn't he have put me over there next to that
little pink Mack?
Gosh she's got pretty mud-flaps
And talk about stacked, they're both chromed
Well he'll be coming out in a minute and he'll get that
bar and he'll go around and beat on my tires
You know for two pints of diesel
I'd have a flat on the inside dual
Ha! Boy that'd fix him
I never did like the way he drives anyhow
Thinks he's God's gift of waitresses
He never gives 'em a tip
Well I know what he's going to do now
Take out that tape cartidge of Buck Owens and play it
again
I don't know why he don't get a Merle Haggard tape....