

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 Pittsburg

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....