

# Runaway Truck

Red Simpson

Well I loaded my truck in old LA and everything was a  
goin' fine  
I was on my way to Bakersfield a headin' down that old  
grey flyin'  
I was drivin' along feelin' mighty good oh I didn't have  
to care  
Till I reached for the breaks and I found out I didn't  
have anywhere  
Runaway I'm a goin' down down down runaway dangerous  
curves all around  
If I'll get out of this truck alive well there's one  
thing for sure  
I ain't a gonna drive this big ole truck no more  
Well I started pickin' up speed as each white line I  
passed by  
And I knew if I did ride alive I'll bet I would have  
surely die  
My head started pumpin' my heart started beatin' I didn't  
know what to do  
And that's when I heard myself a sayin' a prayer or two  
Well I finally reached the bottom boy was I shook up  
I opened the door and I crawled out and walk away from  
that truck  
I cought a ride to the nearest town where I called my  
boss on the phone  
I said if you want that big iron mash she's just sittin'  
out there alone