

# Truckload Of Art

Terry Allen

Once upon a time  
Sometime ago back on the east coast  
In New York City, to be exact  
A bunch of artists and painters and  
Sculptors and musicians and  
Poets and writers and dancers  
And architects  
Started feeling real superior  
To their ego counter parts  
Out on the West Coast,  
They all got together and decided  
They would show those snotty surfer upstarts  
A thing or two about the Big Apple  
And they hired themselves a truck  
It was a big spanking new white-shiny  
Chrome-plated cab-over  
Peterbilt  
With mud flaps, stereo, TV, AM & FM radio,  
Leather seats and a naugahide sleeper  
All fresh  
With new American Flag decals and "ART ARK"  
Printed on the side of the door  
With solid 24 karat gold leaf type  
And they filled up this truck  
With the most significant piles  
And influential heaps of Art Work  
To ever be assembled in Modern Times,  
And it sent it West no chide  
Cajole, humble and humiliated the Golden Bear.  
And this is the true story of that truck  
A Truckload of Art  
From New York City  
Came rollin down the road  
Yeah the driver was singing  
And the sunset was pretty  
But the truck turned over  
And she rolled off the road  
Yeah a Truckload of Art  
Is burning near the highway  
Precious objects are scattered  
All over the ground  
And it's a terrible sight  
If a person were to see it  
But there weren't nobody around

Yeah the driver went sailing  
High in the sky  
Landing in the gold lap of the Lord  
Who smiled and then said  
"Son, you're better off dead  
Than haulin a truckload  
Full of hot avant-garde  
Yes...an important artwork  
Was thrown burning to the ground  
Tragically...landing in the weeds  
And the smoke could be seen  
Ahhh for miles all around

Yeah but nobody... knows what it means  
Yes... a Truckload of Art  
Is burning near the highway  
And it's a tough job for the highway patrol  
Ahhh they'll soon see the smoke  
An come runnin to poke  
Then dig a deep ditch  
And throw the arts in a hole

Yeah a Truckload of Art  
Is burning near the highway  
And it's raging far-out of control  
And what the critics have cheered  
Is now shattered and queered  
And their noble reviews  
Have been stewed on the road