

Croce Jim

"Speedball Tucker"

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I drive a broke-down rig with "may-pop" tires

Forty foot of overload

A lot of people say I'm crazy

Because I don't know how to take it slow

I got a broomstick on the throttle

I got her opened up and head right down

Non-stop down to Dallas

Poppin' them West Coast turnarounds

They call me Speedball

Speedball Tucker

Terror of the highways

And all them other truckers

Will tell you that the boy is mad

To be drivin' a rig like that

You know the rain may blow

The snow may snow

The turnpikes they may freeze

But they don't bother ole Speedball

He goin' any damn way he please

He got a broomstick on the throttle

To keep his throttle foot a-dancin' round

With a cupful of cold black coffee
And a pocketful of West Coast turnarounds
They call me Speedball
Speedball Tucker
Terror of the highways
And all them other truckers
Will tell you that the boy is mad
To be drivin' a rig like that
One day I looke into my rear-view mirror
And a-comin' up from behind
There was a Georgia state policeman
And a hundred dollar fine
Well he look me in the eye as he was writin' me up
And said, "Driver, you been flyin'"
And, "Ninety-five is the route you were on
It was not the speed limit sign."
They call me Speedball
Speedball Tucker
Terror of the highways
And all them other truckers
Will tell you that the boy is mad
To be drivin' a rig like that
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Terror of the highways

And all them other truckers

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To be drivin' a rig like that

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