

A.C. Reed**"Woman In A Pick Up"**

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I was runnin' down the highway, goin' down to New Orleans
Two women passed me, drivin' a big machine
I didn't know what it was but finally I caught up
They gettin' a spendin' ticket and they were drivin' a pick up truck

Two womens in a pick up truck, man them's really tuff
Two womens in a pick up truck, man them is really tuff
Rollin' down the highway drivin' their pick up truck

Said, "Honey where you goin' I want you to make my day"
She said, "I'll do anything just as long as you goin' my way"
She said, "We not dressed up we only got on blue jeans"
"But we feel right fine so we're goin' down to New Orleans"

Two womens in a pick up truck, man them's really tuff
Two womens in a pick up truck, man them's really tuff
Rollin' down the highway drivin' their pick up truck

I was runnin' down the highway drivin' 'bout sixty-five
(Say what, say what?)
I would find them women I was the happiest man alive
(Say what, say what?)
I say "You're doin' good honey, now tell me what more can we do?"
(Say what, say what?)
She said, I'll drive anything and drive an' eighteen wheeler too"
(Say what, say whaaat?)

Two womens in a pick up truck, man them's really tuff
Two womens in a pick up truck, man them's really tuff
Ridin' down the highway, drivin' their pick up truck

Two women's in a pick up truck, man them's really tuff
Two women's in a pick up truck, man them's really tuff

Goin' to New Orleans they were drivin' their pick up
truck

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