

**Mccall C.w.****"Convoy"**

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**LEGEND:**

(sung by background singers)

It was the dark of the moon on the sixth of June  
And a Kenworth pullin' logs  
Cab-over Pete with a reefer on  
And a Jimmy haulin' hogs  
We's headin' for bear on Eye-one-oh  
'bout a mile outta Shakeytown  
I says "Pigpen, this here's Rubber Duck"  
"And I'm about to put the hammer down"

('cause we got a little ole convoy rockin' thru the night)  
(Yeah, we got a little ole convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight?)  
(Come on and join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna get in our way)  
(We gonna roll this truckin' convoy 'cross the USA)  
(Convoy)

By the time we got into Tulsa-town we had 85 trucks in all  
But they's a roadblock up on the cloverleaf  
And them bears 's wall-to-wall  
Yeah, them smokeys 's thick as bugs on a bumper  
They even had a bear in the air  
I says "Callin' all trucks, this here's the Duck"  
"We about to go a-huntin' bear"

('cause we got a great big convoy rockin' thru the night)  
(Yeah, we got a great big convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight?)  
(Come on and join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna get in our way)  
(We gonna roll this truckin' convoy 'cross the USA)  
(Convoy)

Well, we rolled up Interstate Forty-Four  
Like a rocket-sled on rails  
We tore up all of our swindle sheets

And left 'em settin' on the scales  
By the time we hit that "Chi-town"  
Them bears was a-gettin smart  
They brought up some reinforcements  
From the "Illinoise" National Guard

There's armored cars and tanks and jeeps  
'n' rigs of ev'ry size  
Yeah, them chicken coops was full of bears  
And choppers filled the skies  
Well, we shot the line, we went for broke  
With a thousand screamin' trucks  
And eleven long-haired friends of Jesus  
In a chartreuse microbus

Well, we laid a strip for the Jersey Shore  
Prepared to cross the line  
I could see the bridge was lined with bears  
But I didn't have a doggone dime  
I says "Pigpen, this here's the Rubber Duck"  
"We just ain't a-gonna pay no toll"  
So we crashed the gate doin' ninety-eight  
I says "let them truckers roll, ten-four"

('cause we got a mighty convoy rockin' thru the night)  
(Yeah, we got a mighty convoy, ain't she a beautiful sight?)  
(Come on and join our convoy, ain't nothin' gonna get in our way)  
(We gonna roll this truckin' convoy 'cross the USA)  
(Convoy)

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