

## Cady Groves

### "Wolf Creek Pass"

Visit "[Wolf Creek Pass](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Me an Earl was haulin' chickens  
ona Flat bed outta' Wiggins  
And we 'as spent all night  
on the uphill side  
of 37 miles o' hell  
called Wolf Creek Pass... Which is up on the Great  
Divide.

We was sittin' there suckin' toothpicks  
Drinkin' Nehis an' onion soup mix,  
An' I says Earl, let's mail a card to mother  
and send them chickens on down t'other side,  
Yeah let's giv'em a ride.

Chorus- Wolf Creek Pass  
way up on the Great Divide  
Truckin' on down the other side.

Well Earl put down his bottle  
An' mashed his foot down on the throttle  
Then a couple of boobs  
and a thousand cubes  
of a 1948 peterbuilt screamed t' life.  
We woke up the chickens.  
We roared on off of that shoulder  
sprayin' pinecones, rocks, and boulders,  
and put 400 head  
of them Rhode Island Red  
and a couple of burned out roosters on the line.  
Look out below cuz here we go.

Chorus

Well we commenced to truckin'  
and them hens commenced to cluckin'.  
Then Earl took out a match,  
scratched his pants  
and lit up the unused half of a dollar cigar  
and took a puff, 'says  
My ain't this pertty up here.  
I says Earl this hill can spill us,  
you better slow down,

you gonna' kill us.  
Just make one mistake  
an' it's the pearly gates  
for them 85 crates o' USDA approved cluckers.  
You wanna' hit second?

Chorus

Well Earl grabed onto the shifter  
and stabbed her into fifth gear.  
Then the chromium-plated  
fully illuminated  
genuine accessory shift knob  
come right off in his hand.  
I says you wanna screw that thing back on Earl?  
Well he was tryin to thread it on there  
when the fire fell off of his cigar  
and dropped on down  
sorta rolled around  
and lit the cuff of Earls pants  
an' burned a hole in his sock.  
Yeah sorta set him right on fire.  
Well I looked on outta the window  
an' started countin' phone poles  
goin' by at the rate of 4 to the 7th power.  
Well I put 2 and 2 together  
and added 12 an' carried 5,  
come up with 22,000 telephone poles an hour.  
I looked at Earl and his eyes was wide  
His lip was curled and his leg was fried  
and his hand was froze to the wheel  
like a tongue to a sled in the middle of a blizzard.  
I says Earl I'm not the type to complain  
but the time has come for me to explain  
that you don't apply some brake real soon,  
their gonna' have to pick us up with a stick and a spoon.  
Well Earl rared back, cocked his leg,  
stepped down as hard as he could on the brake,  
pedal went clear to the floor  
' stayed right there on the floor.  
Said it was kinda like steppin' on a plum.  
Well from there on down it just wasn't real pertty,  
it was hairpin county and switchback city.  
One of 'em looked like a can full of worms,  
another one looked like malaria germs.  
Right in the middle of the whole damn show  
was a real nice tunnel now wouldn't you know.  
The sign said clearance to the 12 foot line  
but them chickens was stacked to 13-9.  
Well we shot that tunnel at a hundred and ten  
like gas through a funnel and eggs through a hen.

We took that top row of chickens off slicker than scum  
off a Louisiana swamp.  
Went down an' around an' around an' down  
we ran outta ground at the edge of town  
and bashed into the side of the feed store  
in downtown Pagosa Springs.

Chrous  
(repeat)

Visit [Cady Groves](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.