

Craig Morgan

"More Trucks Than Cars"

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Out here on the backside of that city limit sign where
the world turns two
Lanes
Pretty girl working at the bank and the fella toppin' off
your tank knows
Your name
Water tower, power lines, swimming holes rusty old RC
cola sign
And county fairs, raise your hands up if you've been
there

Where there's biscuits, grits and gravy and the
waitress calls you baby
And the starlight's like a streetlight on a summer night.
We say hell ya and amen, yeehaw, and y'all come back
again
And pray that our boys come home alive
And when Old Glory flies, we still hold our hands over
our hearts
Where there's more trucks than cars.

Well, I've been there on the concrete of them big city
streets
In my Ford truck, traffic jam in the town square
Told my buddies living up there, good luck
Meanwhile back in Tennessee we're raising our babies
and our own green
Beans
Kicking up dust, come on down when you had enough

Where there's biscuits, grits and gravy and the
waitress calls you baby
And the starlight's like a streetlight on a summer night.
We say hell ya and amen, yeehaw, and y'all come back
again
And pray that our boys come home alive
And when Old Glory flies, we still hold our hands over
our hearts
Where there's more trucks than cars.

Where there's biscuits, grits and gravy, your pretty
waitress calls you

Baby
And the starlight's like a streetlight on a summer night.
We say hell ya and amen, yeehaw, and y'all come back
again
And pray that our boys come home alive
And when Old Glory flies, we still hold our hands over
our hearts
Where there's more trucks than cars.
Where there's more trucks than cars.

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