

## Del McCoury

### "Diesel On My Tail"

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I just pulled onto the highway in my little foreign car  
Well it's rainin' and the road is really bad  
Never saw that big ole diesel but I heard him hit the air  
I got a feeling that I might have made him mad

There's a diesel on my tail a making ninety miles an  
hour  
And my reflection in my mirror is mighty pale  
I can hear St Peter calling I can almost smell the flowers  
Can this compact take the impact there's a diesel on  
my tail

Well he closed the gap between us pushed the pedal  
on the floor  
He's makin' ninety in that big ole diesel truck  
Hear the names he's callin' me above the engine's roar  
And the words won't be found in Webster's book

There's a diesel on my tail...

Well I'm huffin' and a puffin' as I try to make the grade  
And I wish I had some pedals on this car  
Then I'm slippin' and a slidin' and afraid to touch the  
brake  
For this doodle bug could never stand the jar

There's a diesel on my tail...

Well I'm slippin' and a slidin' tryin' to hold it in the road  
And I tell you I just got to win this race  
While I'm tremblin' and a shakin' he's a pourin' on the  
coal  
So close that I can steal his licence plate

There's a diesel on my tail...

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