

Del Reeves

"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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