

Bobby Bare **"Jogger"**

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Well I've been a trucker more than twenty years
From the Charleston coast to the Jersey piers
Sharin' the road with race car nuts and loggers
Sunday drivers scouts on hikes Hells Angels on Harley
bikes
I never met a roader I didn't like cept them joggers

One day I'm rollin' down 1-0-1
I got 18 wheels under 14-tons
Radio playin' a good ol' country rocker
The day was sure a trucker's dream
The sky was sunny and the air was clean
When up ahead on the road I seen one of them joggers

He was dressed like they do in baby blue
With shortie shorts and a headband too
I yelled Sweetie I bet that you are the hit of the men's
room locker
But I'm a runnin' late with an overload
So get your Adidas off a this road
I'm LA bound and I don't slow down for dead raccoons
or joggers

Well without breakin' stride or losin' poise
He said you and that rig sure make some noise
But I can't talk now cause I'm racin' against the clocker
But it's just nine miles to Forkers Leap
And if you ain't afraid to race that heap
We'll see how that ol' rig holds up against a super
jogger

Race I must be hearin' wrong
The boy's been runnin' in the sun too long
The only place he's racin' to is a doctor's
But before I could say thank you no
That fool yells ready get set go
And the race is on we're off and gone me and that
maniac jogger

Well I could've left him far behind
But I played with him like a fish on a line
And I stayed about a half a mile behind that sucker

Then I pushed her up to forty-five
And he sees me comin' and he starts to fly
So I pushed her to sixty and shift to high and finally
catch that jogger
And it wasn't easy

Now I'm doin' eighty and I turned to check
And he's stayin' right with me neck in neck
His hearts a thumpin' like my engine goin' pop pop
pocker
Then he yells out I hope you're set
Cause I ain't shifted into second yet
Then he unwinds and leaves me behind eaten the dust
of a jogger

Then I see him joggin' up into the sky
And he yells hey thanks for the exercise
I hope that losin' this race was not too shockin'
Ya see my dad says heaven's no place to run
and I try to be an obedient son
So I have to come down to earth to do my joggin'

Well that's my story take it or leave it
My trucker buddies they believe it
So do those race car nuts and Harley hoppers
And I'm still drivin' much the same
Cept I don't call nobody names
And I tip my hat each time I pass one of them good old
joggers

Hey here comes one now... Hey good buddy
How ya doin?
Want some gatorade?

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