

## **Bobby Bare**

### **"The Jogger"**

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(Shel Silverstein)

Well, I've been a trucker now for 20 years,  
From the Charleston coast to the Jersey piers  
An' sharin' the road with the 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 101, I got 18 wheels and a 14-  
ton  
Radio playin' a good ol' country rocker  
The day was surely 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  
Well, I'm a runnin' late with an overload, so get your  
Adidas off a this road  
I'm L.A. 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 a racin' to is a doctor  
But before I could say "Hey, thank ya, no", that fool  
yells  
"Ready, get set, go."

And the race is on and we're off and gone; me and that  
maniac jogger.

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 kicked 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 an engine goin' poo poon  
pucker prooon!!  
Then he yelled out, " I hope you're set, cuz I ain't  
shifted into second yet."  
Then he unwinds and leaves me behind, eaten the dust  
of a jogger.

Then I see him a joggin' up into the sky and he yells,  
"Hey, thanks for the exercise'  
And I hope that losin' the race was not too shockin'  
Ya see, my Dad says, 'Heaven ain't no place to run' ,  
I try to be an obedient son,  
So I got to come down to earth to do my joggin'."

Well, that's the story, take it or leave it, my trucker  
buddies, they believe it.  
So do them race car nuts and Harley hoggers  
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, there's one now  
Hey, everybody hangin' in there  
It wasn't...

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