

Jim Croce

"Speedball Tucker"

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I drive a broke down rig on 'May-Pop' tires
Forty foot of overload
A lot of people say that I'm crazy
Because I don't know how to take it slow

I got a broomstick on the throttle
I got her opened up and head right down
Nonstop back to Dallas
Poppin' them West Coast turn-arounds

And they call me Speedball
Speedball Tucker
Terror of the highways
And all them other truckers
Will tell you that the boy is mad
To be drivin' in a rig like that

You know the rain may blow
The snow may snow
And the turnpikes, they may freeze
But they don't bother ol' Speedball
He goin' any damn way he please

He got a broomstick on the throttle
To keep his throttle foot a-dancin' 'round
With a cupful of cold black coffee
And a pocketful of West Coast turn-arounds

And they call me Speedball
Speedball Tucker
Terror of the highways
And all them other truckers
Will tell you that the boy is mad
To be drivin' in a rig like that

One day I looked into my rear view mirror
And a-comin' up from behind
There was a Georgia State policeman
And a hundred dollar fine

Well, he looked me in the eye as he was writin' me up
And said, "Driver, you've been flyin'

And ninety five was the route you were on
It was not the speed limit sign"

And they call me Speedball
Speedball Tucker
Terror of the highways
And all them other truckers
Will tell you that the boy is mad
To be drivin' in a rig like that

Yeah, they call me Speedball
Speedball Tucker
Terror of the highways
And all them other truckers
Will tell you that the boy is mad
To be drivin' in a rig like that

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