

Adam Brand "Uncle Pete"

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My Uncle Pete was a trucker
Riding that Nullarbor Plain
Ten split gears and an overdrive
Chrome stacks shooting out flames

He'd throw me up into the cab
My little hands would grip the wheel
I would dream about the day
I could drive that rig for real

Rolling, rolling, rolling around the world
Ten years old and ten feet tall, waving goodbye to
The girl next door
Rolling, rolling, today I'm the king of my street,
I got my sleeves rolled up and my arm hanging out
As I drive off with Uncle Pete
As I drive off with Uncle Pete

Heading west on highway one
My eyes are glued to the road
The two-way always in my hand
"Little Buddy" that's my code

We pull into Micks for a pie and chips
Not a brussel sprout in sight
Some yarns to spin as we listen to
Slim Then we drive into the night

If I had one wish I'd wanna be,
If I had one wish I'd wanna be,
If I had one wish I'd wanna be like my Uncle Pete

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