

bitch slicker than owl shit!~!~!~!

~!~!~! now gimme a little joe over here,
honey.~!~!~!

~!~!~! hey man, you don't suppose that he had a little
ol' hog waitin' on down the line somewhere, do you ?
~!~!~!

~!~!~! oh, oh, oh, hell, curly, don't you know that
them truckers they got to take up a little filly at every,
every cafe~!~!~! from here to las cruces!

~!~!~! eh, eh. yeah, don't they! ah ah ah ah ah, ah ah
ah ah ah ..~!~!~!

~!~!~! ah ah ah ah ah, he he he he he ...~!~!~!

Now there is a small truck-stop on route 64
If you happen to be passin' by,
But there's a trucker who never stops in anymore
And a waitress who wished she knew why.

~!~!~! i'll make you the corned beef on rye~!~!~!
She sings with a tear in her eye.
And as her dark eyes are glistening
There's someone who's listening
In that highway cafe~!~!~! in the sky.

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