

## Lee Brice "I Drive Your Truck"

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Eighty-nine cents in the ashtray  
Half empty bottle of Gatorade  
Rollin' on the floorboard

That dirty Braves cap on the dash  
Dogtags hangin' from the rear view  
Old Skoal can and cowboy boots  
And a "Go Army" shirt folded in the back

This thing burns gas like crazy  
But that's all right  
People got their ways of copin'  
Oh, and I've got mine

I drive your truck  
I roll every window down  
And I burn up  
Every road in this town  
I find a field, I tear it up  
Till all the pain is a cloud of dust  
Yes, sometimes, I drive your truck

I leave that radio playin'  
The same ole country station  
Where you left it

Yeah, man, I crank it up  
You'd probably punch my arm right now  
If you saw this tear rollin' down my face  
Hey, man, I'm tryin' to be tough

And Mama asked me this mornin'  
If I'd been by your grave  
But that flag of stone  
Ain't where I feel you, anyway

I drive you truck  
I roll every window down  
And I burn up  
Every back road in this town  
I find a field, I tear it up  
Till all the pain is a cloud of dust

Yes, sometimes, I drive your truck

I've cussed, I've prayed, I've said goodbye  
I've shook my fist and asked God why  
These days, when I'm missin' you this much

I drive your truck  
I roll every window down  
And I burn up  
Every back road in this town  
I find a field, and I tear it up  
Till all the pain is a cloud of dust  
Yes, sometimes,  
Brother, sometimes, I drive your truck

I drive your truck  
I hope you don't mind  
I hope you don't mind  
I drive your truck

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