

Chris Moyles "Lorry Driver"

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You're a man
Who knows exactly where he's goin
On the road
With all your eighteen wheels a' rollin

You deliver milk or sand
or pigs or paint across the land
That's what you do
What you do, mister

A workin man
You drive a wagon for a livin
Arrive on time
Cos that's important when deliverin'

Bread or bikes or garden chairs
or sheds or beds or dancing bears
That's what you do
What you do, mister

Lorry driver, lorry, lorry driver
You're a lorry driver
Oh, lorry driver, oh
You're a lorry driver, mister

Horn, get out of
Horn Horn, the way
Lorry driver, lorry driver
Lorry driver

Eating sausage rolls and cornish pasties
crisps and jaffa cakes
Drinking coffee and some red bull
on your scheduled tacho breaks

You work away
For several days
Life on the road
You're a lorry driver

Live behind the wheel
You drive from Devon up to Aberdeen

Pull off at the services
for diesel and nuts magazine

You read the Sun
And have a saggy bum
Everyone can tell
You're a lorry driver

Trucker man
You crunch the miles to make a dollar
It's just a shame
You've got the body of Rik Waller

You should be on Slimfast
you spend your life sat on your ass
But that's the way it is
The way it is mister

Off you go
You've had a kip and had your dinner
And hung up your
New centrefold of Lucy Pinder

You're the greatest driver
fuelled by Yorkie bars and Tizer
That's the way you roll
The way you roll mister
Lorry driver, lorry, lorry driver
You're a lorry driver
Oh, lorry driver, oh
You're a lorry driver, mister

Horn, get out of
Horn Horn, the way
Lorry driver, lorry driver
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And have a saggy bum
Everyone can tell
You're a Lorry Driver

Maybe if I didn't drive a truck for my work
My wife would look like Jordan rather than Pauline
Quirke
And she does a bit, a little bit

Lorry driver, lorry, lorry driver
You're a lorry driver
Oh, lorry driver, oh
You're a lorry driver, mister

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