

Lovett Lyle

"The Truck Song"

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Turn down that highway. Turn up that dirt road.
Well, It's over three days since I left Houston.
Ole Black's my truck's name.
She's held together by BF Good tires and bailing wire.

Well, I went to high school and I was not popular.
Now I am older, and it don't matter.
Ole Black's my truck's name.
She's held together.
I've slept inside her when I was tired.

I've been to Paris, and I don't mean Texas.
Well, I met them vendors one time in London.
Ole Black's my truck's name. She's held together.
My lane's the right one when I'm in England.

My baby calls me. She says she loves me.
And when I see her, then I believe her.
Ole Black's my truck's name.
And, oh, she don't say much.
We leave together and lay some rubber.

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