

Lyle Lovett

"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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