

Marty Stuart

"Truckstop"

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Written by Marty Stuart

At a red hot truck stop with a dirt floor parking lot

A waitress named Shirley

Poured him some coffee and she said

"Hello stranger where're you going?

I see the dust of where you've been

Seems like the fire of trouble

Claims you like the next of kin

You look as new as tomorrow

And the old as where you're from

If I've got it right and I think I might

I believe that you're a Pilgrim"

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