

## Cooder Ry "The Dying Truck Driver"

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Well, we made our way up 99 in the springtime of the year

The San Joaquin was all in bloom, and songbirds everywhere

We chanced upon a workingman, lying by the road  
I judged him for a truck driver by the clothes he wore

We drew some nearer to him then, inquiren' of his name

Well, here's three little angels come down for to carry me home

Then, bear me up to Jesus now, my Savior I shall see  
You ain't no regular angels, boys, but that's alright by me

Then Lefty, stepping forward, addressed the dyin' man  
Saying, We're no angels, brother, but we'll do all we can

What cowards set upon you, sir, and dealt the fatal blow?

We'll pull out every workingman from here to Ohio

It was no vigilante gang, nor ranch-boss thugs this time  
But the meatloaf special dinner I had on Highway 99  
A comely waitress served me there, and she cooled me with her fan

But fatal meatloaf has struck down this old truck drivin' man

Then Lefty reached down in his bag, saying, You ain't dyin', friend

Just take a drink of whiskey now, you'll feel alright again

All through the night we lingered there and passed that bottle round

We hauled aboard at sunrise, lit out for Frisco town

Now, the workingman must be we'll warned whenever headlines scream

"Your rights must yield, the bombs must fall to save democracy"

The flag they fly, their stew of lies served up at votin'

time

Like poison under the gravy on Highway 99

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