

**C.W. McCall****"Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'&hellip"**

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(bill fries, chip davis)

Well, interstate 80, we was cuttin the fog  
Just me an old sloan (old sloans my dog)  
We had an eighteen-wheeler with ten on the floor and  
stereo layin a strip  
Now we spied a sign, says eat gas now  
We decided to whip in and pick up some chow  
At the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin cafe

[chorus]

Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin (a-lookin  
for mavis)  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin cafe

Now weve been every place between here and south  
sioux  
And weve seen us a truck-stop waitress or two  
But this gals built like a burlap bag full of bobcats:  
Shes got it to-gether

Well, she filled my tank; I said thank you, honey.  
Her name was mavis, I gave her the money  
Old sloan just set there, watchin and waggin and  
wishin.  
I says, you wait in the truck, boy.

Then I went inside. she says, whatll it be?  
I says a cup of your best and a number three.  
She come back with an order to go and a quart of hot c  
and a bone for sloan.  
I said, much obliged; old sloan gave a bark  
I left her a buck and he left his heart  
At the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin cafe

[chorus]

Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin cafe

Well, saturday night we was truckin along  
Yeah, me and old sloan was a-gettin it on  
I said, sloan, Ive been thinkin on a-gettin up my  
courage, and tonights the night  
Well, I popped the clutch, gave the tranny a spin  
Took the beebeetown ramp and slid on in  
To the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin cafe

[chorus]

Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin (it never  
closes)  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin cafe

Well, I got me a stool, took a load off my shoes,  
Made mavis an offer that she couldnt refuse  
I says, howd ya like to go for a ride with me and old  
sloan? I just had my truck warshed.  
She allowed as how it sounded like a whole lot of fun  
But we was gonna have ta wait until the dishes was  
done  
And was it all right with me if she brought along her  
mother as a chaperone?  
I said, why not?

Well, we geared that tranny into super-low  
And the four of us went to see a picture show  
Yeah, I took em to the drive-in the-a-ter over by pishah,  
to see true grit  
Saw the late, late show; old sloan hit the sack  
And then along about two oclock I hauled em all back  
To the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin cafe

[chorus]

Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin cafe  
(eight stools and a promise)  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin  
Oh, the old home filler-up an keep on a-truckin cafe  
(they got a real nice place there)

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