

C.W. Mccall

"Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On A-Truckin'..."

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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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