

Mcall C W

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

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(Bill Fries, Chip Davis)

Well, Interstate 80, we was cuttin' the fog
Just me an' old Sloan (Old Sloan's 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 we've been every place between here and South
Sioux
And we've seen us a truck-stop waitress or two
But this gal's built like a burlap bag full of bobcats:
She's 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, "What'll 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, I've been thinkin' on a-gettin' up my
courage, and tonight's 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 couldn't refuse
I says, "How'd 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 Pisgah,
to see True Grit
Saw the late, late show; old Sloan hit the sack
And then along about two o'clock 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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