

Craig Campbell

"Truck-n-roll"

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Just blew through another red light
But the cop on the corner was sippin his coffee
The speed limit might say 35
But 65 is where he woulda clocked me
On the way picking up my baby
Shes sitting on the front porch waitin
And when I get there dont you know
Gonna get in the truck-n-
Roll like the Mississippi

Slow like sipping on whiskey
Go round the world on a country road
And who knows where we might end up
Lord knows were gonna have a sho nuff
Good time no matter where we go
When we get in the truck-n-roll, roll

Just gimme four wheels and a little two-lane
My babys gonna be my little wildflower
And gimme that radio playin George Strait
Cause I know shell wanna turn it up louder
Where the black top winds through the pastures
Ill be takin those right curves faster
Cause I want that pretty girl sittin real close
When we get in the truck-n-

Roll like the Mississippi
Slow like sipping on whiskey
Go round the world on a country road
And who knows where we might end up
Lord knows were gonna have a sho nuff
Good time no matter where we go
When we get in the truck-n-roll

Somewhere we might pull off
Out there where the whippoorwill calls
Grab a sleepin bag if thats what she wants
And let it unroll while were sippin on whiskey
And take it slow like the Mississippi
When we get in the truck-n-

Roll like the Mississippi
Slow like sipping on whiskey
Go round the world on a country road
And who knows where we might end up
Lord knows were gonna have a sho nuff
Good time no matter where we go
When we get in the truck-n-roll
When we get in the truck-n-roll
Hop up in the truck-n-roll, yeah

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