

Red Sovine "Teddy Bear's"

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I was there that day and saw her crying
After mamma Teddy Bear said 10-4 good bye
She turned off the old CB and just looked at me
And I heard the flood and her tears ran free
And the gratitude shone in the face like the sun
For all those things those big tough truckers had done
A hand full of change and a few dollar bills
But most of all a little crippled boys dream fulfilled
I guess I was mamma Teddy Bear's best friend
I lived next door to her and little Teddy Bear since
I don't know when that's why now before my memory
grows old the rest of this story just has to be told
I'd come over and sit with Teddy Bear while his
mamma was away
And play little games to help him pass the day
In the afternoons he'd wheel that chair over to the radio
and go on the air
And one by one he'd break them all
I never knew a trucker not to answer his call
He'd just grin and ask me not to tell his mamma
But I was pretty sure she knew what was going on
But time has a way of taking it's toll and much too fast
mamma Teddy Bear was growing old
I watched as the silver touched her hair and her one
aime in life was Teddy Bear
Then I saw another change take place little Teddy Bear
was slowly losing the race
I knew it and his mamma knew it too
And there is nothing in this whole world either one of us
could do
He'd talk less often on the old CB and there were times
when he'd hardly talk with me
He took to sitting in the window and watching the road
And the big 18 wheelers rolling by with their load
Finally he was too weak to get out of bed and one day
he looked at me and said
Would you turn on the radio and go on the air
Tell all my trucker friends what's happened to Teddy
Bear
Well the hardest thing I've done in my time
Was to pick up that mike and say breaker 1-9

This is for all you truckers who care
I'm calling for your little friend Teddy Bear
He says to tell you he misses you all and he's awful
sorry he can't answer your calls
They all came back and jerked with me
And said they catch him later on the CB
They never did catch Teddy Bear again
Because late one night the angel came
And the last thing he said before he died was
Tell all my trucker friends how I enjoyed the rides
Mamma Teddy Bear couldn't tell them and neither
could I
Because each time we look at that radio
We both started to cry
The funeral was peached at the chaplin and little
Teddy Bear started on his last ride
As the precision round the little city square the sounds
of a hundred engines filled the air
The truckers had dropped their tailers back somewhere
behind
And one by one they fell in line
They all tried to comfort mamma Teddy Bear
And it seems like the warmth of god just filled the air
Slowly they formed a circle around the little grave
And a lot of big men cried that day as they paid their
last respects
On Teddy Bear's last ride

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