

Shane Macgowan And The Popes

"Truck Drivin' Man"

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Where the howling wind sings a lonesome tune
You can hardly see the moon
Twilight error is my CB name
Drive a big Mack truck I got a truck stop dame

Got some bear on my trail
I pull over I think of jail
I said my name is Forrest Gump
Then I blew his arm off with my twelve gauge pump

I blew his guts out thru his back
Heard his spine make a sickening crack
He's still wriggling, he ain't dead
Put the gun to his mouth, blew off his head

There's a lynching on highway nine
3 Niggers messin with white mans kind
Step on the gas, I'm just in time
To see them swingin while the cold wind whines

Shoot that shit boy, shoot that speed
Whip that bitch boy until she bleeds
Give some moonshine some more morphine
Another fix of Methedrine

Truck drivin man is what I am
Just give me pussy junk and gin
I'll pray to God to forgive my sins
Truck drivin man in the howling wind

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