Brooks % Dunn
"A Few Good Rides Away"

I was sittin' in a truckstop
Watchin' tumbleweeds roll by
Tryin' to read the menu
When the waitress caught my eye
She pulled a pencil from her hair
And leaned across the bar
I did my best not to stare
But man, she made it hard

I asked that trucker next to me
Hey, what looks good today
He said I know what's on your mind
And boy, there ain't no way
Get yourself some apple pie
And something cool to drink
I know you want the special
And I like the way you think

But you can't have the waitress
Boy, everybody's tried
There's a cowboy down in Abilene
Who keeps her satisfied
They got a hundred acre dream
That's gettin' closer every day
Just a few more plates of ham and eggs
And a few good rides away

Hard times hit West Texas
Damn near everything's for sale
But there's somethings we hold sacred
When everything else fails
When we're down to nothing
Out here, everybody shares
Most of us have lost our dreams
So we bought into theirs

I've seen her walk a hundred miles
Up and down this floor
I've never seen her fail to smile
When he limps through that door
So when you're done, you leave a tip

And make it nice and fat
And feel lucky you can own a piece
Of something like that

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