

Anderson John "Chicken Truck"

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It was mornin' when I left Alabama
I must a been around in mid July
Well I got behind a chicken truck from Georgia
And the feathers were a fallin' like snow out of the sky

I couldn't get up speed enough to pass him
And a funny smell was a gettin' close to me
Somethin' keeps on messin' up my windshield
And the further I go the harder it gets to see

Chicken Truck, Chicken Truck, behind it I'm stuck
Chicken Truck, Chicken Truck, ain't it just my luck
Chicken Truck on Highway 65
Well the hens are a squawkin', the roosters are a
crowin'
He's a slowin' me down when I need to keep goin'
Chicken Truck on Highway 65
He slowed down and I finally got around him
On a big long hill just south of Tennessee
He had a box of Colonial Sanders on his dashboard
He was eatin' fried chicken and throwin' the bones on
me

Chicken Truck, Chicken Truck, behind it I'm stuck
Chicken Truck, Chicken Truck, ain't it just my luck
Chicken Truck on Highway 65
Well the hens are a squawkin', the roosters are a
crowin'
He's a slowin' me down when I need to keep goin'
Chicken Truck on Highway 65

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