

Terry Allen "Night Cafe"

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Yeah, the truck drivin' man
He gonna understand
When he pulls into the night cafe
He gonna walk right in

Where there's too many men
Wantin' hamburgers right away
When he finally finds a booth
He calls to waitress Ruth, he says
"Gimme the special, ah, the day", hot beef

Yeah, but Ruth gets goosed
At the opposite booth
An' she runs off the other way
But he don't care 'cause

That old jukebox is playing his love song
An the coffee is hot in the cup
And there's a light in the night that spells cafe
Where the big trucks are all pullin' up

Yeah, truck drivin' man
He got a mouth full of sin
But his heart looks the other way
An though they hot-eye Ruth
Well, they know the truth is

Sweet gal down the way
So they cuss an' they grin
They fill their thermos again
And they listen to the music play

They got a heavy load
Waitin' out on the road
An' a home still two days away
But they can wait for it 'cause

That old jukebox is playing his love song
An the coffee is hot in the cup
And there's a light in the night that spells cafe
Where the big trucks are all pullin' up

Yeah, the truck drivin' man
He gonna understand
When he leaves that night cafe
He gonna dance a jig out beside his rig

Just to shake the cold away
He gonna slam the door
An' let the diesel roar
Down the dark highway

But he has no fears
While he's shiftin' gears
To that next night cafe
'Cause he knows glowin' there
Like a diamond in the tar pit

That old jukebox is playing his love song
An the coffee is hot in the cup
And there's a light in the night that spells cafe
Where the big trucks are all pullin' up

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