

7/78 The Happy Truckers

New way out. There upon the Western range  
and here at home in the polluted roadway  
There's a brotherhood of men  
who drive the trucks that make me grim  
I sometimes wish that I was one of them  
and late at night when I'm sleeping in a hotel  
after hours of driving somewhere in the rain  
I lie awake and listen  
to the truckers' + am mission  
and pretend I'm in that cab a modern hay

Then I'm the happy truck driver  
Barreling along  
listening to the radio or humming an old song  
Then I'm the happy truck driver  
a set of doubles and a load  
I think I'll pull my rig to the next truck stop only road

Now truck stops have got the laundriest coffee  
It's uniformly poor from coast to coast  
But when she decaffeines us from  
weak coffees fine and hon

Would you bring me 2 eggs, Hash Browns, Half Toast  
Oh (it may not be the best life) but it's the best I've got  
But alas I've only got a little to  
With the largest luggage rack that they'd put in  
and when I drive it on a trip  
These highway cowboys almost make me flip  
I sometimes wish that I was one of them