

Craig Morgan, International Harvester

I'm the son of a third generation farmer
I've been married ten years to the farmer's daughter
I'm a God fearin' hard workin' combine driver
Hoggin' up the road on my p-p-p-p-plower
Chug a lug a luggin' five miles an hour
On my International Harvester

Three miles of cars layin' on their horns
Fallin' on deaf ears of corn
Lined up behind me like a big parade
Of late to work road raged jerks
Shoutin' obscene words
flippin' me the bird

Well you may be on a state paved road
But that blacktop runs through my payload
Excuse me for tryin' to do my job
But this year ain't been no bumper crop
If you don't like the way I'm a drivin'
Get back on the interstate
Otherwise sit tight and be nice
And quit yer honkin' at me that way

'Cause I'm the son of a third generation farmer
I've been married ten years to the farmer's daughter
I got two boys in the county 4-H
I'm a lifetime sponsor of the F.F.A.
Hey!
That's a what I make
I make a lotta hay for a little pay

But I'm proud to say

I'm a God fearin' hard workin' combine driver
Hoggin' up the road on my p-p-p-p-plower
Chug a lug a luggin' five miles an hour
On my International Harvester

Well I know you got your own deadlines
But cussin' at me won't save you no time, hoss
This big-wheeled wide load ain't goin' any faster
So just smile and wave and tip your hat
To the man up on the tractor

'Cause I'm the son of a third generation farmer
I've been married ten years to the farmer's daughter
I got two boys in the county 4-H
I'm a lifetime sponsor of the F.F.A.
Hey!
That's a what I make
I make a lotta hay for a little pay

But I'm proud to say

I'm a God fearin' hard workin' combine driver
Hoggin' up the road on my p-p-p-p-plower
Chug a lug a luggin' five miles an hour
On my International Harvester

I'm a God fearin' hard workin' combine driver
Hoggin' up the road on my p-p-p-p-plower
Chug a lug a luggin' five miles an hour
On my International Harvester