

# Del Reeves, Phantom 309

I was out on the west coast trying to make a buck  
Things didn't work out I was kinda down on my luck  
Got tired of roaming and bumming around  
So I started thumbing back east toward my hometown  
Made a lot of miles the first two days  
I figured I'd be home in a week if my luck held this way  
But the third night I got stranded way outside of town  
At a cold lonely crossroad rain was pouring down  
I was hungry and I was freezing done caught a chill  
When the lights of a big semi topped the hill  
Lord I was sure glad to hear them air brakes come on  
And I climbed in that cab where I knew it would be warm  
At the wheel there sat a big man he weighed about 2-10  
He stuck out his hand and said with a grin  
Big Joe's the name I told him mine  
He said the name of my rig's Phantom 309  
I asked him why he called his rig such a name  
He said son this old Mack can put 'em all to shame  
There ain't no driver or a rig running any line  
That's seen nothing but tail lights from Phantom 309  
We rode and talked the best part of the night  
When the lights of a truck stop came in sight  
He said I'm sorry son this is as far as you go  
Cause I gotta make another turn just on up the road  
He tossed me a dime as he pulled her in low  
And said have yourself a hot cup old Big Joe  
When Joe and his rig roared out in the night  
In nothing flat he was clean out of sight  
I went inside and ordered me a cup  
Told the waiter Big Joe was setting me up  
You could've heard a pin drop  
It got deathly quiet and the waiter face turned kinda white  
Did I say something wrong I said with a half way grin  
He said no this happens every now and then  
Every driver in here knows Big Joe  
But son let me tell you what happened bout ten years ago  
At the crossroads tonight where you flagged him down  
There was a bus full of kids a comin' from town  
They were right in the middle when Joe tapped the hill  
It could have been slaughter but he turned his wheels  
Joe lost control went into a skid  
Gave his own life to save that bunch of kids  
And there at the crossroads was the end of the line  
For Big Joe and Phantom 309  
But every now and then some higher'll come by  
And like you Big Joe'll give 'em a ride  
Here have another cup and forget about that dime  
Keep it as a souvenir from Big Joe and Phantom 309