

Del Reeves, Trucker's Paradise

There's a place called Trucker's Paradise just south of San Berdo
And the drivers all stop in there for a laugh and a cup or two
There's a woman waitin' tables and I'll tell you boys she's nice
They call her the fallen angel at the Trucker's Paradise

She knows about the roads and the overloads
And feelin' out the phony logs
And the story bout the time when tire caught fire
And burned up a truckload of hogs
If coffee goes up to a dollar a cup I suppose we'll pay the price
Just to be with the fallen angel at Trucker's Paradise

No need to ask what her name is she won't say
She's better off than most of us in tips and take home pay
She used to be Miss Washington almost Miss USA
Then a big producer from Hollywood led her astray
It turned out he was married and her heart turned cold as ice
And that's why they call her the fallen angel of Trucker's Paradise
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No need to ask what her name is...
And that's why they call her the fallen angel of Trucker's Paradise