

James Taylor, Brother Trucker

Breaker number nine, big buddy, put your ears on me now.
This trucker got to have a big line tonight.
Come on sucker, come back brother trucker.
I keep seeing double unless I close one eye.

And I've got to roll, roll, roll brother trucker, sure enough a shame about the shape I'm in.
Roll, roll, roll brother trucker, I'm back on my wheels again.
Roll, roll, roll brother trucker, someone to love the truck driving man.
Roll, roll, roll brother trucker, I'm back on my wheels again.

I'm a driving fool, I make my own rules.
One part man and one part mule, one part fossil fuel,
I got the heart of steel, I pull eighteen wheels.
Mister nine to five in his Coup de Ville, no, never know how it feels.

To really roll, roll, roll brother trucker, holding my own just the best as I can.
Roll, roll, roll brother trucker, I'm back on my wheels again.
Roll, roll, roll brother trucker, outward bound from South Bend.
Roll, roll, roll brother trucker, I'm back on my wheels again.

Moon over New Jersey, big state police.
Well, I'm in a hurry, could you let me go in peace?
I'm an independent, I don't make no teamster dough.
Cause the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. still don't own the road.
And the only man telling me where to go is the man who owns my load.

And he says roll, roll, roll brother trucker, I say where and you say when.
Roll, roll, roll brother trucker, get back on your wheels again.
Turn the goddamn thing around and do it again
Roll, roll, roll brother trucker, I'm back on my wheels again.
Fat bucket, I'm back on my wheels again