

Ry Cooder, The Dying Truck Driver

Well, we made our way up 99 in the springtime of the year
The San Joaquin was all in bloom, and songbirds everywhere
We chanced upon a workingman, lying by the road
I judged him for a truck driver by the clothes he wore

We drew some nearer to him then, inquiren' of his name
Well, here's three little angels come down for to carry me home
Then, bear me up to Jesus now, my Savior I shall see
You ain't no regular angels, boys, but that's alright by me

Then Lefty, stepping forward, addressed the dyin' man
Saying, We're no angels, brother, but we'll do all we can
What cowards set upon you, sir, and dealt the fatal blow?
We'll pull out every workingman from here to Ohio

It was no vigilante gang, nor ranch-boss thugs this time
But the meatloaf special dinner I had on Highway 99
A comely waitress served me there, and she cooled me with her fan
But fatal meatloaf has struck down this old truck drivin' man

Then Lefty reached down in his bag, saying, You ain't dyin', friend
Just take a drink of whiskey now, you'll feel alright again
All through the night we lingered there and passed that bottle round
We hauled aboard at sunrise, lit out for Frisco town

Now, the workingman must be we'll warned whenever headlines scream
"Your rights must yield, the bombs must fall to save democracy"
The flag they fly, their stew of lies served up at votin' time
Like poison under the gravy on Highway 99