

# Scott Fant, Jenny

Jenny

I used to see her every mornin' fore the sun came up  
truck stop coffee in a styrofoam cup  
Rollin' down interstate 45  
jammin' her rig into overdrive

The other drivers teased Jenny cause she wasn't real big  
she could barely reach the pedals on a semi rig  
But they loved little Jenny, she's a real good hand  
and she could drive a truck good as any man

Jenny was a truck drivin' man  
she had two little kids and a sorry old man  
But you gotta make a livin' any way you can  
and Jenny was a truck drivin' man  
Jenny was a truck drivin' man

When Jenny married Wayne the future looked bright  
he was a real smooth talker and his teeth was white  
Jenny got pregnant and Wayne got mean  
he ran off with that girl at the Dairy Queen

He left her there with nothin' but a cab-over Mack  
two little kids in a shotgun shack  
But I bet he never dreamed she could drive so well  
She got a full tank of diesel and her CDL.

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It was late one evenin' in the hazy sun  
she topped that hill out on 31  
No brake lights on a bus full of kids  
she locked her brakes in a jack-knife skid

They say her rig must've rolled half a dozen times  
when she swerved to save those children's lives  
When they finally got her body cut out of that mess  
she had a picture of her babies clutched tight to her chest

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But you gotta make a livin' any way you can  
and Jenny was a truck drivin' man  
Jenny was a truck drivin' man  
Jenny was a truck drivin' man  
Yeah, little Jenny was a truck drivin' man

written by Scott Fant  
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