

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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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
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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

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
Jenny was a truck drivin' man
Yeah, little Jenny was a truck drivin' man

written by Scott Fant
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