

# Bobby Bare, Jogger

Well I've been a trucker more than twenty years  
From the Charleston coast to the Jersey piers  
Sharin' the road with race car nuts and loggers  
Sunday drivers scouts on hikes Hells Angels on Harley bikes  
I never met a roader I didn't like cept them joggers

One day I'm rollin' down 1-0-1  
I got 18 wheels under 14-tons  
Radio playin' a good ol' country rocker  
The day was sure a trucker's dream  
The sky was sunny and the air was clean  
When up ahead on the road I seen one of them joggers

He was dressed like they do in baby blue  
With shortie shorts and a headband too  
I yelled Sweetie I bet that you are the hit of the men's room locker  
But I'm a runnin' late with an overload  
So get your Adidas off a this road  
I'm LA bound and I don't slow down for dead raccoons or joggers

Well without breakin' stride or losin' poise  
He said you and that rig sure make some noise  
But I can't talk now cause I'm racin' against the clocker  
But it's just nine miles to Forkers Leap  
And if you ain't afraid to race that heap  
We'll see how that ol' rig holds up against a super jogger

Race I must be hearin' wrong  
The boy's been runnin' in the sun too long  
The only place he's racin' to is a doctor's  
But before I could say thank you no  
That fool yells ready get set go  
And the race is on we're off and gone me and that maniac jogger

Well I could've left him far behind  
But I played with him like a fish on a line  
And I stayed about a half a mile behind that sucker  
Then I pushed her up to forty-five  
And he sees me comin' and he starts to fly  
So I pushed her to sixty and shift to high and finally catch that jogger  
And it wasn't easy

Now I'm doin' eighty and I turned to check  
And he's stayin' right with me neck in neck  
His hearts a thumpin' like my engine goin' pop pop pocker  
Then he yells out I hope you're set  
Cause I ain't shifted into second yet  
Then he unwinds and leaves me behind eaten the dust of a jogger

Then I see him joggin' up into the sky  
And he yells hey thanks for the exercise  
I hope that losin' this race was not too shockin'  
Ya see my dad says heaven's no place to run  
and I try to be an obedient son  
So I have to come down to earth to do my joggin'

Well that's my story take it or leave it  
My trucker buddies they believe it  
So do those race car nuts and Harley hoggers  
And I'm still drivin' much the same  
Cept I don't call nobody names  
And I tip my hat each time I pass one of them good old joggers

Hey here comes one now... Hey good buddy

How ya doin?  
Want some gatorade?