

Bobby Bare, World's Last Truck Driving Man

The year is two thousand and eighty
And hardly a highway remains
Gone are the days of the diesel
And songs about wrecks in the rain
The Macs and MacLeans have all rusted away
The Harvesters rot in the sand
And in a deserted truck stop sits Tennessee Thompson
The world's last truck drivin' man

He lit up the world's last Lucky
Got his last cup of coffee refilled
Then he stared at the sky for one final high
Took the world's last little white pill
He said world you are losin' your truckers
And your suckers do not give a damn
You're freightin' in space and there just ain't no place
For a hard ridin' truck drivin' man

The world's last truck drivin' man
His left arm is losin' its tan
The rest all went broke and just went up in smoke
He's the world's last truck drivin' man

Then he sat there and drank to old mem'ries
And Doreen sat there dryin' his tears
Doreen was the world's last truck stoppin' waitress
She was weary and worn with the years
So he put his last dime in the world's last jukebox
For the lady he'd loved for so long
And there in that deserted truck stop they danced
To the world's last truck drivin' song

Then he climbed up inside his ol' semi
And Doreen she crawled up at his side
He shifted it down and the diesel's sad sound
Said this is your last homeward ride
So he whispered 10-4 to her and the Lord
As the microphone fell from his hand
And he came to the exit marked Tennessee Thompson
The world's last truck drivin' man

He was high ballin' straight through them bright pearly gates
When behind in the dust of his rig
Come the wailin' siren of ol' Smokey McKenzie
The world's last interstate pig
Hear 'em roar see 'em fly past the clouds through the sky
On that highway that don't have an end
But you know that's heaven for Tennessee Thompson
The world's last truck drivin' man and Doreen
The world's last truck drivin' man
10-4 and gone