

Dave Dudley, Listen Betty (I'm Singing Your Song)

A friend and I made one shot run to Knoxville one day
We got the apple pie and coffee hungries on the way
We pulled into a little truckstop just outside of town
Pretty soon the waitress came around
She said my name is Betty and I'd know you anywhere
I'd like to have a minute of your time if you don't care
Would you sing a song about me and the waitresses you've met
About the broken promises we get
Now listen Betty I'm singing your song about the drivers that have done you wrong
All I wanna do is lay the blame where it belongs listen Betty I'm singing your song
[piano]

There's a broken heart for every truckstop on the right
There's a lonesome driver for each passing set of lights
Now I can't tell you how to love or tell you how to live all I can do is tell it like it is
There's a million waitresses all up and down the line
I've seen some that were laughin' and I've seen some that were cryin'
I've left some that were happy and I've left some that were blue
If you're a waitress here's a song for you
Now listen Betty...

[piano]
The highway is a part of hell that never caught on fire
The driver is the kinda man that devil wouldn't hire
That's what you're sayin' Betty but you can't stand the heat
Quit that job and let those drivers be
Now listen Betty...
Now listen Betty...