

Dave Dudley, Wreck Of The Old Slow Binder

Well they gave him his orders in Richmond Virginia
Sayin' Joe you're away behind time
Now this ain't no big roadranger but an old slow binder
You gotta put her into Memphis on time
He looked over to his ol' shotgun rider sayin' boy you better pray for your soul
For when we reach the top of old Mount Eagle you can see this ol' binder roll
But it's a mighty rough road around Chattanooga there's kerbs on a four mile grade
It was on that grade that Joe lost his average
You should see what a jump that he made
He was goin' down that road makin' ninety miles an hour
When the brakes on that old binder screamed
They were found in the wreck at the bottom of that mountain
Oh man what a terrible scene
[ac.guitar]
Now all you ladies better take their warnin' from now and this time on
Never speak harsh words to your truck drivin' baby
He may leave you and never come home
He was goin' down that road...
He was goin' down that road...