

# Diamond Rio, Two Pump Texaco

(Michael Dulaney/Neil Thrasher)

He was wipin' motor oil off her dipstick  
She was pullin' on the hair that got caught in her lipstick  
And with the smell of her perfume he forgot the smell of gasoline  
As he was toppin' off her tank she said, "How far to Abilene?"

He sees 'em come  
He sees 'em go  
From the island of his  
Two pump Texaco

There's a rusted out Rambler up on the rack  
And a pile of bald Goodyear's out in the back  
He meets families on vacation, bikers and businessmen  
He calls 'em "friend" but he'll probably never see 'em again  
No he won't

He sees 'em come  
He sees 'em go  
From the island of his  
Two pump Texaco  
He keeps 'em moving  
On down the road  
Come back real soon  
To his two pump Texaco

He's heard about those big city shop-n-go stations  
With twenty automated self-service machines  
He just feels sorry for them big city people  
They must not know what service really means  
He's got a sign that says

Last chance stop for at least two hundred miles  
Maps, gas, soda pop,  
Lucky Strikes and Moon Pies  
Yeah, he's a third generation filler-up, full service man  
He thanks the Lord for that "star" in the sky and the grease on his hands  
Yeah he does

He sees 'em come  
He sees 'em go  
From the island of his  
Two pump Texaco  
It's like a place we used to know  
Come back real soon  
To his two pump Texaco