

Guy Clark, Heavy Metal

Somedays I think this old machine is out to get me
Somedays she does what I tell her
It's like dancing with a widow-maker forty hours a week
You know I'm talkin' 'bout a big ol' D-10 caterpillar

Chorus

I don't know why I like to drive 'em like I do
It ain't nothin' but a hundred seventy-five thousand pounds of steel
Could be the money babe could be the power
Could be I love the way it feels
Could be I love the way it feels

But you know she's mighty unforgivin' so you got to pay attention
You know the D-10 can be the death of you
But I get her all fired up and I can feel it in my soul
And it's hard to tell who's drivin' who

I can move Alaska all the way to Beirut
I can bulldoze a beeline from here to Peru
I can push the Rocky Mountains into the sea
You know Heavy metal don't mean rock and roll to me

You know I'm a modern day mule skinner drivin' ten thousand mules
So I got to say a little prayer every day
Lord just let me get her turned around
Without fallin' off this mountain
You know the boss don't like me treatin' his D-10 that way

Chorus