

Hank Williams Sr., Lowdown Truck Driver

Well I'm a lowdown truck driver
Eighteen wheels and an easy rider
Lord have mercy -
Lord have mercy on my weary soul
Well I'm a burnin' down this highway baby
And I'm pullin' on a heavy load

You know those high winds, those high grades
I'm pullin' freight, and I'm gettin' paid
Lord, them chicken coops ain't open
and I'm in high gear, hammer down in the hammer lane
I'm gonna blow right past those smokies
I got friends on the inside pullin' strings

I've been to Detroit, L.A., New York, Mississipp-i-a
Grand Canyon, Hoover Dam, East Texas and Viet Nam
Lord have mercy -
Lord have mercy on my weary soul
Well I'm a burnin' down this highway baby
and I'm pullin' on a heavy load

I've taken little white pills
I'm seein' white lines
You know that log book, she's way behind
Well this 18-wheeler's runnin'
just like 18 tons of fallin' lead
Well I can see the lights of home baby
'cause Austin's just 20 more miles ahead

I've been to Detroit, L.A., New York, Mississipp-i-a
Grand Canyon, Hoover Dam, East Texas and Vietnam
Lord have mercy -
Lord have mercy on my weary soul
Well I'm a gearin' on down boys
'Cause I can finally see the lights of home