

# Jim Croce, Speedball Tucker

I drive a broke-down rig on may-pop tires 40 foot of overload  
Lotta people say that I'm crazy because I don't know how to take it slow  
I got a broomstick on the throttle, I gotta rope it up and head right down  
Non-stop back to Dallas poppin' them west coast turnarounds

And they call me Speedball, Speedball Tucker,  
terror of the highway and all them other truckers  
will tell you that the boy is mad  
to be drivin' in a rig like that

You know the rain may blow, snow may snow, and the turnpikes they may freeze  
But that don't bother ol' Speedball, he goin' any damn way he please  
He got a broomstick on the throttle to keep his throttle foot a-dancin' 'round  
With a cupful of cold, black coffee, and a pocketful of west Coast turnarounds

One day I looked into my rear-view mirror, and comin' up from behind  
Was a Georgia state policeman, and a hundred dollar fine  
Well, he looked me in the eye as he was writin' me up, he said, driver you been flyin'  
And 95 was the route you was on, it was not the speed limit sign