

# Jimmy Buffett, Truckstop Salvation

Straight-laced leather-faced he rolled in like he owned the two-bit town

Dollar bills bulging from his bell bottomed jeans  
The population they gathered 'round  
Nothing this exciting since a fertilizer truck  
Blew a front tire and landed in the creek

Everybody talkin' everybody strainin'  
Tryin' to get a little peek  
It's just the world they'll never know  
Not a country fair side show  
Reality they'll somehow never see  
He's what they've tried to kill  
With their Bibles and their stills  
But he's not weird just a man that's bein' free

Payin' for the gas he quickly shouted thanks  
And continued on his journey once again  
Just about the time a siren fast approached and  
The pot bellied sheriff he whizzed right in  
With his self inflicted grammar started shoutin'  
Accusations at the long haired greasy looking ape  
While a local DJ from the fifty watt station got the  
whole damn thing on tape

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The holy roller preacher told the eager congregation  
That the devil has passed right through their nest  
But the teenage girls with their locks in curls were  
A talkin' 'bout that hair upon his chest  
Now the kids got their cookies while the preacher  
Saved some souls and the story spread to everyone in sight  
Commotion was the word and everybody heard  
He was gone before the night

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