Joe Diffie, Pickup Man

Well I got my first truck, when I was three, Drove a hundred thousand miles on my knees Hauled marbles and rocks, and thought twice before I hauled a Barbie Doll bed for the girl next door she tried to pay me with a kiss I began to understand, There's just something women like about a PickUp Man

When I turned sixteen, I saved a few hundred bucks My first car was a Pickup Truck Started cruisin' the town and the first girl I seen Was Bobbie Jo Gentry the homecoming queen She flagged me down and climbed up in the cab, and said "I never knew you were a Pickup Man!"

You can set my truck on fire, roll it down a hill But I still wouldn't trade it for a Coupe DeVille It's got an eight foot bed that never has to be made You know if it weren't for trucks we wouldn't have tailgates I met all my wives in traffic jams, You know there's something women like about a Pickup Man

Most Friday nights, I can be found
In the back of my truck on an old chaise lounge
Backed into my spot at the drive-in show
You know a cargo light gives off a romantic glow
I never have to wait in line at the popcorn stand,
There's just something women like about a pickup Man

You can set my truck on fire, roll it down a hill But I still wouldn't trade it for a Coupe DeVille It's got an eight foot bed that never has to be made You know if it weren't for trucks we wouldn't have tailgates I met all my wives in traffic jams, You know there's something women like about a Pickup Man

A bucket of rust, or a brand new machine Once around the block and you'll know what I mean

You can set my truck on fire, roll it down a hill But I still wouldn't trade it for a Coupe DeVille It's got an eight foot bed that never has to be made You know if it weren't for trucks we wouldn't have tailgates I met all my wives in traffic jams, You know there's something women like about a Pickup Man