

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

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