

John Anderson, Chicken Truck

Well it was mornin' when I left Alabama
It must have been around in Mid July
I got behind a chicken truck from Georgia
And the feathers were a flyin' like snow out of the sky

I couldn't get up the speed enough to pass him
And a funny smell was a gettin' close to me
And somethin' keeps on messing up my windsheild
And the farther I go the harder it get's to see

Chicken truck chicken truck behind it I'm stuck
Chicken truck chicken truck it's just my luck chicken truck on Highway 65
Well the hens are a sqaukin' and the roosters are a crowin'
Slowin' me down when I need to get goin' chicken truck on Highway 65
[guitar]
He slowed down and I tried to drive around him
On a big long hill just south of Tennessee
He had a box of Colonel Sander's on his dashboard
And he was eatin' fried chicken and throwin' his bones on me

Chicken truck chicken truck...
Chicken truck chicken truck...