

Neal McCoy, Tail On The Tailgate

'74 Ford truck, rusted out an' beat up.
Fire-engine red, been a part of the family for years.
I was sixteen, it was my turn.
Four on the floor an' I had learn,
So my brother took me out to teach me how to shift those gears.
With a tear in his eye, he handed me the keys.
Says: "Truck's got quite a history.
"Over the years it's been really good to me."

"There's been a lotta tail on the tailgate,
"Bumpin' on the bumper,
"Steam on the windows: ain't no wonder,
"There's dents in the hoods, an' the shocks ain't good.
"Swingin' from the rollbars, dancin' in the bed:
"I seen a bunch of gorgeous country corn-fed,
"Girls an' a few other things I can't say:
"There's been a lotta tail on the tailgate,
"Oh, that's right, oh."

Got a grille guard, foglights.
Custom paint an' every Friday night,
I'm trollin' down Main Street showin' off the new chrome wheels.
We take a rough ride (Rough ride.)
Down a dirt road (Down a dirt road.)
To my Grandaddy's farm an' we unload,
An' drove, the doors wide open an' crank up the stero.
It's better than a club or a honky-tonk,
An' we can hang out just as long as we want.
I think I undersand what my brother was talkin' about.

'Cause there's a lotta tail on the tailgate,
Bumpin' on the bumper,
Steam on the windows, ain't no wonder,
There's dents in the hood an' the shocks ain't good.
Swingin' from the rollbars, dancin' in the bed,
There's a bunch of gorgeous country corn-fed,
Girls an' a few other things I can't say:
There's a lotta tail on the tailgate:
Whoo, that's right.

(Oh, show 'em what you got. baby.
(Whoo, hah, let it go boys.)

There's a lotta tail on the tailgate,
Bumpin' on the bumper,
Steam on the windows, ain't no wonder,
There's dents in the hood an' the shocks ain't good.
Swingin' from the rollbars, dancin' in the bed:
There's a bunch of gorgeous country corn-fed,
Girls an' a few other things I can't say:
There's been a lotta tail on the tailgate:
Whoo, yeah, baby.

That ain't what you're thinkin'.
Oh, now some of y'all take that out of your minds.
It ain't that.
That's where people sit!
Hello, do I have to explain it to you?
You think it's way down in the gutter.
Oh yeah.