Red Simpson, Runaway Truck

Well I loaded my truck in old LA and everything was a goin' fine
I was on my way to Bakersfield a headin' down that old grey flyin'
I was drivin' along feelin' mighty good oh I didn't have to care
Till I reached for the breaks and I found out I didn't have anywhere
Runaway I'm a goin' down down down runaway dangerous curves all around
If I'll get out of this truck alive well there's one thing for sure
I ain't a gonna drive this big ole truck no more
Well I started pickin' up speed as each white line I passed by
And I knew if I did ride alive I'll bet I would have surely die
My head started pumpin' my heart started beatin' I didn't know what to do
And that's when I heard myself a sayin' a prayer or two
Well I finally reached the bottom boy was I shook up
I opened the door and I crawled out and walk away from that truck
I cought a ride to the nearest town where I called my boss on the phone
I said if you want that big iron mash she's just sittin' out there alone