

The Byrds, Truck Stop Girl

Written by Lowell George and Bill Payne

Tailights flickerin', as he pulled up to a truckstop
The same old crowd was hangin' out again tonight
He said, "Fill up my tank while I go check my load
It feels like it's shifting all around"

He was the kind of man, do all he could
Above all he had integrity
But he was so young
And on a ten city run
In love with a truck stop girl

As he went inside, he was merrily greeted
By the girl with whom he was in love
She held out a glass and said, "Have another
This is the last time we can meet"

With her hair piled up high and a look in her eye
That would turn any good man's blood to wine
All his eyes could see, well all his eyes could see
Was the stare from all those around him

He ran out to the lot, and climbed into his rig
And drove off without tightening down
It was a terrible thing, to see what remained
Of the rig that poor Danny was in

And he was so young and on a ten city run
In love with a truck stop girl
But he was so young, and on a ten city run
In love with a truck stop girl