

Farewell To The Road

Dave Dudley

Well ol' truck this is our farewell to the road
I guess we're both out of style
I could sell ye but I don't need the money
You sure don't need the miles

That doctor says I gotta get off the road
He tells me my eyes are sick
And they won't let you run when you get too old
That windshield gets too thick

We made many a run together ol' truck
Sometimes when I had me no help
I think I slept right behind that wheel
You just kept driving yourself

Hey we had some swingers ol' timer
Like that gal from Tennessee
She rode with us pretty near six hundred miles
Ha that seat was warm for a week

Oh yeah, I gave that radio on to Jim Smith
You know that sure was a dandy thing
I'm gonna miss Ralph and Mike and Bill
And all them boys

And hearin' them country people sing
And every time I shave I see that scar that I picked up in Abilene
That gal was about as pretty as a summer night
But that boy that was with her he was awful mean

Well ol' timer I gotta be goin'
And I'll drink to you down at the bar
You know it's gonna take me a month or two
To get used to drivin' this car

Now this lot is yours as long as you want it
And I'll see you every two or three weeks
And maybe this just ain't the proper thing to say
But here's hopin' you rust in peace

Farewell to the road, farewell to the road