

Truck Full of Money

Donovan Woods

Part of the thrill
Is you think you might die up there
You think he might keel over sideways
Wouldn't it be something to see

And any guy here
Could learn to sing like this
And she might love you
But not like she loves me

See I wasn't straight when I wrote that
I was carving a name
And I was praying that no one
Was ever gonna love me again

And I was late for something
Every hour of every day
And completely alone somewhere
Out on the prairie
In a truck full of money

When I got home
Or even halfway love
I had to call you
To figure out where my apartment was

And though I know
Most of my job ain't right
But you sure don't mind
Going out every night

See I wasn't straight when I wrote that
I was carving a name
And I was praying that no one
Was ever gonna love me again

And I was late for something
Every hour of every day
And completely alone somewhere
Out on the prairie
In a truck full of money

Maybe someday we'll be
Closer to what our fathers had
Plenty of love never been in
Some truck full of money