

Truckstop

Marty Stuart

At a red hot truck stop with a dirt floor parking lot
A waitress named Shirley
Poured him some coffee and she said
"Hello stranger where're you going?
I see the dust of where you've been
Seems like the fire of trouble
Claims you like the next of kin
You look as new as tomorrow
And the old as where you're from
If I've got it right and I think I might
I believe that you're a Pilgrim"