

Truckload Of Art

Terry Allen

Once upon a time
Sometime ago back on the east coast
In New York City, to be exact
A bunch of artists and painters and
Sculptors and musicians and
Poets and writers and dancers
And architects
Started feeling real superior
To their ego counter parts
Out on the West Coast,
They all got together and decided
They would show those snotty surfer upstarts
A thing or two about the Big Apple
And they hired themselves a truck
It was a big spanking new white-shiny
Chrome-plated cab-over
Peterbilt
With mud flaps, stereo, TV, AM & FM radio,
Leather seats and a naugahide sleeper
All fresh
With new American Flag decals and "ART ARK"
Printed on the side of the door
With solid 24 karat gold leaf type
And they filled up this truck
With the most significant piles
And influential heaps of Art Work
To ever be assembled in Modern Times,
And it sent it West no chide
Cajole, humble and humiliated the Golden Bear.
And this is the true story of that truck
A Truckload of Art
From New York City
Came rollin down the road
Yeah the driver was singing
And the sunset was pretty
But the truck turned over
And she rolled off the road
Yeah a Truckload of Art
Is burning near the highway
Precious objects are scattered
All over the ground
And it's a terrible sight
If a person were to see it
But there weren't nobody around

Yeah the driver went sailing
High in the sky
Landing in the gold lap of the Lord
Who smiled and then said
"Son, you're better off dead
Than haulin a truckload
Full of hot avant-garde
Yes...an important artwork
Was thrown burning to the ground
Tragically...landing in the weeds
And the smoke could be seen
Ahhh for miles all around

Yeah but nobody... knows what it means
Yes... a Truckload of Art
Is burning near the highway
And it's a tough job for the highway patrol
Ahhh they'll soon see the smoke
An come runnin to poke
Then dig a deep ditch
And throw the arts in a hole

Yeah a Truckload of Art
Is burning near the highway
And it's raging far-out of control
And what the critics have cheered
Is now shattered and queered
And their noble reviews
Have been stewed on the road