

Truckload Of Art

Cracker

A truckload of art from New York City
Was hauling a weighty load
The driver was singing,
the sunset was pretty
But the truck turned over and it rolled off the road

CHORUS:

Yeah the truckload of art, it's burning by the highway
Precious objects are scattered all over the ground
It's a terrible sight,
if a person were to see it
But there weren't nobody around

Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo

The driver went sailing high in the sky
Landed in the cold lap of the Lord
Who smiled and then said:
"Son, you're better off dead
Than hauling a truckload full of hot avant garde"

REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT HOOS

Yeah some important artwork was thrown to the ground
Tragically landing in the weeds
And the smoke could be seen
from miles all around
But nobody knows what it means

CHORUS:

Yeah the truckload of art is burning near the highway
And a tough job for the highway patrol
Who'll soon see the smoke,
come running to poke
Dig an empty ditch throw the arts in a hole

REPEAT HOOS

CHORUS:

Yeah the truckload of art is burning near the highway
And it's raging far out of control
What the critics had cheered
is now shattered and queered
And theres no more reviews as it's strewed? on the road

CHORUS:

Yeah the truckload of art, it's burning by the highway
Precious objects are scattered all over the ground
It's a terrible sight,
if a person were to see it
But there weren't nobody around