

# A Few Good Rides Away

Brooks & Dunn

I was sittin' in a truckstop  
Watchin' tumbleweeds roll by  
Tryin' to read the menu  
When the waitress caught my eye  
She pulled a pencil from her hair  
And leaned across the bar  
I did my best not to stare  
But man, she made it hard

I asked that trucker next to me  
Hey, what looks good today  
He said I know what's on your mind  
And boy, there ain't no way  
Get yourself some apple pie  
And something cool to drink  
I know you want the special  
And I like the way you think

But you can't have the waitress  
Boy, everybody's tried  
There's a cowboy down in Abilene  
Who keeps her satisfied  
They got a hundred acre dream  
That's gettin' closer every day  
Just a few more plates of ham and eggs  
And a few good rides away

Hard times hit West Texas  
Damn near everything's for sale  
But there's somethings we hold sacred  
When everything else fails  
When we're down to nothing  
Out here, everybody shares  
Most of us have lost our dreams  
So we bought into theirs

I've seen her walk a hundred miles  
Up and down this floor  
I've never seen her fail to smile  
When he limps through that door  
So when you're done, you leave a tip  
And make it nice and fat  
And feel lucky you can own a piece  
Of something like that

But you can't have the waitress  
Boy, everybody's tried  
There's a cowboy down in Abilene  
Who keeps her satisfied  
They got a hundred acre dream  
That's gettin' closer every day  
Just a few more plates of ham and eggs  
And a few good rides away

But you can't have the waitress  
Boy, everybody's tried  
There's a cowboy down in Abilene

Who keeps her satisfied  
They got a hundred acre dream  
That's gettin' closer every day  
Just a few more plates of ham and eggs  
And a few good rides away

Just a few more plates of ham and eggs  
And a few good rides away