

Well, I was born in a town called Audubon  
Southwest Iowa, right where it oughta been  
Twenty-three houses, fourteen saloons,  
And a feed mill in nineteen-thirty.  
Had a neon sign, said "Squealer Feeds"  
And the bus came through when they felt the need  
And they stopped at a place there in town called The Old Home Cafe  
Now my daddy was a music lovin' man  
He stood six-foot-seven, had big ol' hands  
He'd lost two fingers in a chainsaw but he could still play the violin  
And Mom played piana, just the keys in the middle  
And Dad played a storm on his three-fingered fiddle  
'Cause that's all there was to do back there folks, except ta go downtown an  
d watch haircuts  
So I was raised on Dust Bowl tunes, you see  
Had a six-tube radio an' no TV  
It was so dog-  
goned hot I had to wet the bed in the summer just to keep cool.  
Yeah, many's a night I'd lay awake  
A-waitin' for a distant station break  
Just a-settin' and a-wettin' an' a-lettin' that radio fry.  
Well, I listened to Nashville and Tulsa and Dallas  
And Oklahoma City gave my ear a callus  
And I'll never forget them announcers at three A.M.  
They'd come on an' say "Friends, there's many a soul who needs us  
"So send them letters an' cards ta Jesus  
"That's J-E-S-U-S friends, in care a' Del Rio, Texas."  
But the place I remember, on the edge a' town  
Was the place where you really got the hard-core sound  
Yeah, a place where the truckers used ta stop on their way to Dees Moines  
There was signs all over them windowsills  
Like "If the Devil don't get ya, then Roosevelt will"  
And "The bank don't sell no beer, and we don't cash no checks."  
Now them truckers never talked about nothin' but haulin'  
And the four-letter words was really appallin'  
They thought them home-town gals was nothin' but toys for their amusement.  
Rode Chevys and Macks and big ol' stacks  
They's always complainin' 'bout their livers an' backs  
But they was fast-livin', strung-out, truck-drivin' son of a guns  
Now the gal waitin' tables was really classy  
Had a rebuilt motor on a fairly new chassis  
And she knew how to handle them truckers; name was Mavis Davis  
Yeah, she'd pour 'em a coffee, then she'd bat her eyes  
Then she'd listen to 'em tell 'er some big fat lies  
Then she'd ask 'em how the wife and kids was, back there in Joplin?  
Now Mavis had all of her ducks in a row  
Weighed ninety-eight pounds; put on quite a show  
Remind ya of a couple a' Cub Scouts tryin' ta set up a Sears, Roebuck pup te  
nt  
There's no proposition that she couldn't handle  
Next ta her, nothin' could hold a candle  
Not a hell of a lot upstairs, but from there on down, Disneyland!  
Now the truckers, on the other hand, was really crass  
They remind ya of fingernails a-scratchin' on glass  
A-stompin' on in, leavin' tracks all over the Montgomery Ward linoleum  
Yeah, they'd pound them counters and kick them stools  
They's always pickin' fights with the local fools

But one look at Mavis, and they'd turn into a bunch a' tomcats  
Well, I'll never forget them days gone by  
I's just a kid, 'bout four foot high  
But I never forgot that lesson an' pickin' and singin', the country way  
Yeah, them walkin', talkin' truck stop blues  
Came back ta life in seventy-two  
As "The Old Home Filler-up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe"  
Oh, the Old Home Filler-up An' Keep On A-Truckin'  
Oh, the Old Home Filler-up An' Keep On A-Truckin'  
Oh, the Old Home Filler-up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe  
Oh, the Old Home Filler-up An' Keep On A-Truckin'  
Oh, the Old Home Filler-up An' Keep On A-Truckin'  
Oh, the Old Home Filler-up An' Keep On A-Truckin' Cafe