

Truck I Grew Up In

Craig Campbell

It was a six on the floor '91 ram
Fifth wheel dually yosemite sam
Mud flaps gun rack couple wasn't me dad
Back fender base ball dents
Under a half inch of mud
On that truck I grew up in

From AC/DC to A J songs
Me and dad and that lab parked by Clifton pond
Fresh bait on a tail gate slim jims and gatorades
Filling up a bucket of brim
To take home to momma
In the truck I grew up in

I see a boy standin' up on camo seat covers
One hand on the wheel super man in the other
Then turning sixteen turning the key
Turning down river road just my boys and me
Turning them alpine all the way to ten
Passing out waking up in that truck I grew up in

Now I've got rear view memories of adolescent years
First kiss first ticket first of a bunch of beers
Break ups and make ups huntin' trips and spit cups
Wish I could take one more spin
And leave a trail of dust in that truck I grew up in

And be that boy standin' up on camo seat covers
One hand on the wheel hot wheel in the other
Then turning eighteen turning the key
Turning down river road just my girl and me
Turning that boy I was into man
Lotta life lotta love in the truck I grew up in

Wish I could go back to 16 again
I'd turn them alpine all the way to ten
Take one more trip around the sun
In that truck I grew up in
In that truck I grew up in