

# 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 alpines 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 alpines 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