

Life of a Trucka

Dan Bull

You alright, fella?
Yeah, mate, I ent seen you in ages, chap

How's it going mate? What up, mucka?
Me, I'm doing bloody great, I'm a trucker

Ha, pull out the gaffer's yard in a large cab
Ah, that feeling rubber rubbing on the Tarmac
My, my, I see the skyline fly by
Due to my tyre size, I'm sure I'm a mile high
Energy sending me serenity, firefly
A soiled dirty magazine is my private life
So if you see my lorry rocking in a lay-by
It may be quite wise not to knock and say hi
The way I pull up, it's hard to miss it
But if I leave it here I'll have a parking ticket
And if I catch a traffic cop who starts to stick it
I'll tell him where exactly up his arse I'll kick it
When I park like this, then I ooze style, look
Never mind if it's risking a huge pile-up
I park it like it's hot, a used fire truck
You're behind the times, bruv: "Ooh, dial-up"
Man, trucking is the life and I live it
Now I want to pimp my ride, call up Xzibit
Tell him attach some lights and a different trim
Go-faster stripes and some wicked rims
Hypnotised by the strobe of the cat's eyes
And when the rain flows, I am baptised

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Forget that big rig over the road
Racing past him like nobody knows
I'm not overly loaded down with a load of wheels
So many going 'round, it's unreal
I feel appeal in the cab of my truck
So I seal the deal and peel off like a scab, yuk
Call it meals on wheels 'cause I'm delivering
Four tonnes of peas on four tonnes of steel
From city scenery to greenery
This is the epitome of machinery
It's just me and the road, woop woop!
Man, I feel like Toad, poop poop!
My windscreen is an ever-shifting picture
From Carlisle to Calais, Koln, Katowice
I stop off at Rostock before turning
And burning rubber all the way back home to Birmingham

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Life of a trucka
Wouldn't change it for anything, man
Shove your office job up your arse, mate
It's just me and the road now
Me and the road