

# 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