

## Farewell To The Road

Dave Dudley

Well ol' truck this is our farewell to the road  
I guess we're both out of style  
I could sell ye but I don't need the money  
You sure don't need the miles

That doctor says I gotta get off the road  
He tells me my eyes are sick  
And they won't let you run when you get too old  
That windshield gets too thick

We made many a run together ol' truck  
Sometimes when I had me no help  
I think I slept right behind that wheel  
You just kept driving yourself

Hey we had some swingers ol' timer  
Like that gal from Tennessee  
She rode with us pretty near six hundred miles  
Ha that seat was warm for a week

Oh yeah, I gave that radio on to Jim Smith  
You know that sure was a dandy thing  
I'm gonna miss Ralph and Mike and Bill  
And all them boys

And hearin' them country people sing  
And every time I shave I see that scar that I picked up in Abilene  
That gal was about as pretty as a summer night  
But that boy that was with her he was awful mean

Well ol' timer I gotta be goin'  
And I'll drink to you down at the bar  
You know it's gonna take me a month or two  
To get used to drivin' this car

Now this lot is yours as long as you want it  
And I'll see you every two or three weeks  
And maybe this just ain't the proper thing to say  
But here's hopin' you rust in peace

Farewell to the road, farewell to the road