Trucker Speed

Fred Eaglesmith

I got her letter in an old mail box

I forgot I had at a little truck stop

And I read it once and then I read it again

I could hardly keep from cryin'

I've been drivin' around the last week or so

With an empty truck, I don't have a load

And I don't care cause to tell you the truth

I think I might be dying

And it's trucker speed, benzedrine

Percocets, amphetamines

Black beauties and west coast turnarounds

When the coast is clear I drive with my knees

I mix it all up like a recipe

Coca-cola and coffee to wash it down

Sometimes I feel like my wheels ain't touchin' the ground

At the side of the road he said you're a mess

When I told him she didn't leave an address

Then he got another call said wait right here

I'll be back in a little while

I put my head across my arms

Slept on the wheel for an hour or more

And I started it up and took off into the night

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Percocets, amphetamines

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I've been high-centered, low throttle

When I couldn't stop I peed in a bottle

I've been so lonesome I made Hank Williams

Look like a party of five

I've been beat up, broke down

Loaded on a truck and driven into town

I always thought she'd be there at the end of the line

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