

Big Bertha, The Truck Driving Queen

Gary Stewart

I was ridin' my thumb out across the States
When a truck pulled up and hit them big air brakes
Right outside of Abilene
I met Big Bertha the truck driving queen

She shook my hand put her gloves back on
Jumped on them gears like a dog on a bone
With a wad of chew tobacco bulgin' in her mouth
She grabbed a handful of wheel whipped that big truck South

Oh, big Bertha Bertha the truck driving queen
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At eighty miles an hour I was really gettin' scared
It's hard to believe but she was still grabbin' gears
Speed-o-metter read a hundred and three
She missed the stick and grabbed my knee

Well, I closed my eyes afraid to look
Prayin' for the minute I'd climb outta that truck
She led out a howl said lookee here Shoog
I'm gonna knock the ears off that dog on the hood

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She had one arm up against my chin
She showed so hard she cut off my wind
She said little feller I'm lookin' for a man
And I'm gonna hit him anyway that I can

Then the truck gotta spittin' and it came to a stop
I jumped to the ground started yellin' for a cop
I wanted him to save me from the lovin' charms
Of this man-sized woman with man-sized arms

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