Pickup man

Hardy

Well, I got my first truck when I was three
Drove a hundred thousand miles on my knees
Hauling marbles and rocks, and thought it twice before
I hauled a Barbie Doll bed for the girl next door
She tried to pay me with a kiss and I began to understand
There's something women like about a pickup man

When I turned sixteen, I saved a few hundred bucks
My first car was a pickup truck
I was cruisin' the town, and the first girl I see
Was Bobbie Jo Gentry, the homecoming queen
She flagged me down, climbed up in the cab, and said
"I never knew you were a pickup man!"

You can set my truck on fire and roll it down a hill
And I still wouldn't trade it for a Coupe DeVille
I got an eight-foot bed that never has to be made
You know, if it weren't for trucks, you wouldn't have tailgates
I met all my wives in traffic jams
There's just something women like about a pickup man

Most Friday nights I can be found
In the bed of my truck on an old chaise lounge
Backed in in my spot at the drive-in show
You know the cargo lights give off a romantic glow
I never have to wait in line at the popcorn stand
'Cause there's something women like about a pickup man

You can set my truck on fire and roll it down a hill
And I still wouldn't trade it for a Coupe DeVille
I got an eight-foot bed that never has to be made
You know, if it weren't for trucks, you wouldn't have tailgates
I met all my wives in traffic jams
There's just something women like about a pickup man

A bucket of rust or a brand-new machine
Once around the block and you'll know what I mean

You can set my truck on fire and roll it down a hill
And I still wouldn't trade it for a Coupe DeVille
I got an eight-foot bed that never has to be made
You know, if it weren't for trucks, you wouldn't have tailgates
I met all my wives in traffic jams
There's just something women like about a pickup man
There's just something women like about a pickup man

Awe, drive that pickup now, boy
That's about it
Ooh