

All I Do Is Drive

Jason Isbell

Well, I asked an old truck driver
About life out on the road
If he does a lot of singing
When he's bringing in his load
If there's a pretty waitress crying for him
Every hundred miles
If he gets a lot of loving
And if he has a lot of smiles
And I asked him if those trucking songs
Tell about a life like his
He said, if you want to know the truth about it
Here's the way it is

All I do is drive, drive, drive
Try to stay alive
And keep my mind on my load
Keep my eye upon the road
I got nothing in common with any man
Who's home every day at five
All I do is drive, drive, drive, drive, drive

Well, we shared a cup of coffee
Then I had to warm it up
And his greasy fingers trembled
As he held onto the cup
And I said, don't you hear a lot of music
See a lot of sights
But if you'll tune into the Grand Ole Opry
Saturday night
Oh I'll dedicate you a trucking song
To which you can relate
He said, you just do the singing
And I'll do the driving mate

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If I get the fuel
(Fuel)