

All I Do Is Drive

Johnny Cash

Well, I asked an old truck driver
About life out on the road
If he does a lotta singing
When he's bringing in his load

If there's a pretty waitress crying for him
Every hundred miles
If he gets a lotta loving
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 nothin' in common with any man
Who's home every day at five
All I do is drive, drive, 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

I will dedicate you a trucking song
To which you can relate
He said, you just do the singing
And I'll do the driving mate

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 nothin' in common with any man
Who's home every day at five
All I do is drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive

If I can get the fuel
Fuel