

Roll Truck Roll

Laura Cantrell

Roll truck roll; bring my baby back to me
I'm getting tired of waiting and I'm much too lonely
Use those 18 wheels and all the speed that you can muster
Roll him on home

I used to think it was your fault that he would leave me
But I can see he loves us both completely
So instead of getting angry I decided
I'll entrust my man to you and that's why I say...

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My baby's not like other men on the road
He calls me every single night, you bet, he's alone
So gear it up and lay it down, honey, I know what,
If he's comin' home to me, to keep on drivin'

I try to while away the hours
I try to occupy my time
I watch the clock and know he's watching too
There is simply nothing more that we can do so...

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