

Truckers and Troubadours

Mary Gauthier

Truckers and troubadours, black coffee and metaphors
Steering wheels late nights and songs wake up in the morning, we're gone

On the stage on the road, pack it up, pull the load
Thousands of miles left to do, always just passing through

Truckers and troubadours, our other half walking the floors
Can't wait to make it back home, counting the days till we're gone

Gear jammers rhymers not made for these timers
In love with the strange and the new, always just passing through

Interstate headlights and stars in our eyes
Packing our bags as we must
Sometimes it's heaven, sometimes it's hell
Slaves to the old wanderlust, wanderlust

Truckers and troubadours, we're better off not keeping score
White lines and rearview towns it's too late to turn back now
Dashboards and dials, feeling the miles
Missing old friends we knew, always just passing through

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