

# 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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