

Calling All Trucks

Tim Hicks

Four by fours, rev 'em on up
A brand new Ford or a bucket of rust
Backroads are calling, calling all trucks

I know a place where ain't no car can go
Just a winding beat-up sweet old stretch of a road
Ain't no stop signs, ain't got no white lines
It's a let's get down, all round, wanna have a good time
So all you thrillbillies living in the hillies
Get loud, come on now, are you with me?

Four by fours, rev 'em on up
A brand new Ford or a bucket of rust
Riding low, black diamond chrome
Jacked up, mud flaps, hands out the window
Pedal down, spinning those tires
Rubber on dirt, hearts on fire
Kicking up, ripping up dust
Backroads are calling, calling all trucks

Damn this front seat, man, one sure looks sweet
You little kitty sitting pretty right next to me
It's gonna get good, this lead foot's ready to go
So buckle on up and crank up the radio
Let's kick it, full throttle, grab a full bottle
Raise 'em on up, everybody holler

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Backroads are calling, calling all trucks
Yeah, calling all trucks

Call up the crew, spread the word
Let's go flying like a free bird

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