

Billy Bob

Eighteen wheels on fire, rolling down those long dark dusty roads
He is the wipers third companion, your engine and the diesel your on
You might have seen him on a truck stop, or called him on your radio
He is in the wind with which you collide, looking for to rob your soul

If you are a driving man you know his name,
for the rest of you he wait on down the road

If you are a driving man you know his name,
for the rest he is waiting down the road

He is unknown in common circles, a legend among his kind
He's not driving to deliver, he rolls to find his peace of mind
He's been going strong since when he was young hauling rigs on 66
If he'll drive when I burn down? Don't know but probably so

If you are...