

PICKUP MAN

Well, I got my first truck when I was three,
Drove a hundred thousand miles on my knees.
Hauled marbles and rocks and thought twice before,
I hauled a Barbie doll bed for the girl next door.
She tried to pay me with a kiss and I began to understand,
There's somethin' **stop** women like about a pick up man.

When I turned sixteen, I'd saved a few hundred bucks; my first car was a pick up truck.
I was cruisin' the town and the first girl I see, was Bobby Joe Gentry, the home coming
Queen.

She flagged me down and climbed up in the cab and said:
"I never knew you were a pick-up man."

You can set my truck on fire and roll it down a hill,
And I still wouldn't trade it for a Coupe de Ville.
I've got an eight-foot bed that never has to be made.
You know, if it weren't for trucks we wouldn't have tail gates.
I met all my wives in traffic jams,
There's just somethin' women like about a pick-up man.

Most Friday nights I can be found,
in the bed of my truck on an old chaise lounge.
Backed into my spot at the drive-in show.
You know, a cargo-light gives off a romantic glow.
I never have to wait in line at the popcorn stand,
'Cause theres somethin' women like about a pick-up man.

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Instrumental Break:

A bucket of rust or a brand new machine,
Once around the block and you'll know what I mean.

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You know, if it weren't for trucks we wouldn't have tail gates.
I met all my wives in traffic jams,
There's just somethin' women like about a pick-up man. Yeah, there's somethin' women
like about a pick-up man. Aw, drive that truck.