

More Trucks Than Cars

Craig Morgan

Out here on the backside of that city limit sign where the world turns two lanes
Pretty girl working at the bank and the fella toppin' off your tank knows your name
Water tower, power lines, swimming holes rusty old RC cola sign
And county fairs, raise your hands up if you've been there Where there's biscuits, grits and gravy
and the waitress calls you baby
And the starlight's like a streetlight on a summer night.
We say hell ya and amen, yeehaw, and y'all come back again
And pray that our boys come home alive
And when Old Glory flies, we still hold our hands over our hearts
Where there's more trucks than cars.
Well, I've been there on the concrete of them big city streets
In my Ford truck, traffic jam in the town square
Told my buddies living up there, good luck
Meanwhile back in Tennessee we're raising our babies and our own green beans
Kicking up dust, come on down when you had enough Where there's biscuits, grits and gravy
and the waitress calls you baby
And the starlight's like a streetlight on a summer night.
We say hell ya and amen, yeehaw, and y'all come back again
And pray that our boys come home alive
And when Old Glory flies, we still hold our hands over our hearts
Where there's more trucks than cars.
Where there's biscuits, grits and gravy, your pretty waitress calls you baby
And the starlight's like a streetlight on a summer night.
We say hell ya and amen, yeehaw, and y'all come back again
And pray that our boys come home alive
And when Old Glory flies, we still hold our hands over our hearts
Where there's more trucks than cars.
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