

I Drive Your Truck

Lee Brice

Eighty-nine cents in the ashtray
Half empty bottle of Gatorade
Rollin' in the floorboard That dirty Braves cap on the dash
Dogtags hangin' from the rear view
Old Skoal can and cowboy boots
And a "Go Army" shirt folded in the back This thing burns gas like crazy
But that's all right
People got their ways of copin'
Oh, and I've got mine
I drive your truck
I roll every window down
And I burn up
Every back road in this town
I find a field, I tear it up
Til' all the pain is a cloud of dust
Yes, sometimes, I drive your truck I leave that radio playin'
The same ole country station
Where you left it Yeah, man, I crank it up
You'd probably punch my arm right now
If you saw this tear rollin' down my face
Hey, man, I'm tryin' to be tough And Mama asked me this mornin'
If I'd been by your grave
But that flag of stone
Ain't where I feel you, anyway
I drive you truck
I roll every window down
And I burn up
Every back road in this town
I find a field, I tear it up
Til' all the pain is a cloud of dust
Yes, sometimes, I drive your truck I've cussed, I've prayed, I've said goodbye
I've shook my fist and asked God why
These days, when I'm missin' you this much I drive your truck
I roll every window down
And I burn up
Every back road in this town
I find a field, and I tear it up
Til' all the pain is a cloud of dust sometimes,
Brother, sometimes, I drive your truck I drive your truck
I hope you don't mind
I hope you don't mind
I drive your truck

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>