

Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep on A-Truckin' Cafe

C.W. McCall

(bill fries, chip davis)Well, interstate 80, we was cuttin' the fog
Just me an' old sloan (old sloan's my dog)
We had an eighteen-wheeler with ten on the floor and stereo layin' a strip
Now we spied a sign, says eat gas now
We decided to whip in and pick up some chow
At the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' cafe[chorus]
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin'
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' (a-lookin' for mavis)
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' cafeNow we've been every place between here
and south sioux
And we've seen us a truck-stop waitress or two
But this gal's built like a burlap bag full of bobcats:
She's got it to-gether
Well, she filled my tank; I said thank you, honey.
Her name was mavis, I gave her the money
Old sloan just set there, watchin' and waggin' and wishin'.
I says, you wait in the truck, boy. Then I went inside. she says, what'll it be?
I says a cup of your best and a number three.
She come back with an order to go and a quart of hot c and a bone for sloan.
I said, much obliged; old sloan gave a bark
I left her a buck and he left his heart
At the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' cafe[chorus]
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin'
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin'
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' cafe
Well, saturday night we was truckin' along
Yeah, me and old sloan was a-gettin' it on
I said, sloan, I've been thinkin' on a-gettin' up my courage, and tonight's the night
Well, I popped the clutch, gave the tranny a spin
Took the beebeetown ramp and slid on in
To the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' cafe[chorus]
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin'
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' (it never closes)
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' cafeWell, I got me a stool, took a load off my
shoes,
Made mavis an offer that she couldn't refuse
I says, how'd ya like to go for a ride with me and old sloan? I just had my truck warshed.
She allowed as how it sounded like a whole lot of fun
But we was gonna have ta wait until the dishes was done
And was it all right with me if she brought along her mother as a chaperone?

I said, why not? Well, we geared that tranny into super-low
And the four of us went to see a picture show
Yeah, I took 'em to the drive-in the-a-ter over by pishgah, to see true grit
Saw the late, late show; old sloan hit the sack
And then along about two o'clock I hauled 'em all back
To the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' cafe [chorus]
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin'
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin'
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' cafe (eight stools and a promise)
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin'
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin'
Oh, the old home filler-up an' keep on a-truckin' cafe (they got a real nice place there)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>