**SONG OF THE 18 WHEELER**

Firing up the rig now

Blowing north slope coal

3 AM. Bills are due

time to take a roll

pull a load to frisco

try to duck the toll

watch the man look about

try to save my soul

rolling down that white line

curves and hills and holes

life should be so real fine

rolling down the road

learned to throw a shovel

pick and groan and load

now I jam an 18 wheeler

from a sheepskin throne

watch the country day and night

flow by and unfold

in my mirrors a loudly sight

those who fuss and scold

Had A Wife A 9 To Five

Kids And Car And Bed

Woke One Morning Dead Alive.

Cobwebs In My Head.

Old Mans Old Song Why Oh Why.

What Else To Be Said.

Before My Eyes My Own Sad Life

A Path Of Toll And Dread.

Tried To Take My Guns Away

Tried To Catch My Dog

Hopped A Freight Got Away

The Rest Is Just A Fog

Tried To Drink The Bottles Dry

Smoke Up All The Rope

Broke Some Heads. Kissed The Sky

Never Gave Up Hope

Did A Bit In Question

Same Old Story Told

When Ever Someone Takes A Fall

Where Land Is Bought And Sold

Now I Mark The Milks And Try

To Forget Just To Cope

To Let The World Slowly By

Let The Memory Flow

Mama Said Don’t Get Them Winters

They’ll Addle Your Brain

Mama Knew But For Sure Tonight

Ill Hit That Run Out Lane

Rain To Cleanse This Poor Old Hermit

Road To Soothe My Mind

Fire Her Up The Music Starts

Leave The Hurt Behind

Fire Her Up The Curtain Parts

Take Looking For The Signs

Fire Her Up Let Her Out

Got To Keep On Trying

*PHILLIP PAUL. 07/07-12/1999*

*Joe and Phyllis’s*

*Copyright C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*