

Am D  
Well you hate those diesels rollin'  
Am D  
And those Friday nights out bowlin'  
G [F#] [F] E  
When he's off for a twelve hour lay over night

You wish you had a dollar  
For every time he hollered  
That he's leavin'  
And he's never comin' back

But the curtain-laced billow  
And his hands on your pillow  
And his trousers are hangin' on the chair

You're lyin' through your pain, babe  
But you're gonna tell him he's your man  
And you ain't got the courage to leave

He tells you that you're on his mind  
You're the only one he's ever gonna find  
It's kind-a special, understands his complicated soul...

Am D

But the only place a man can breathe

Am D

And collect his thoughts is

G [F#] [F] E

Midnight and flyin' away on the road.

But you've packed and unpacked

So many times you've lost track

And the steam heat is drippin' off the walls

But when you hear his engines

You're lookin' through the window in the kitchen and  
you know

You're always gonna be there when he calls

Am D

('Cause) He's a truck drivin' man

Am D

Stoppin' when he can

**tag 2x**

G [F#] [F] E