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*länk till grammofofonen;*

*[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xC\\_onLPc-0E](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xC_onLPc-0E)*

*By Bill Fries & Chip Davis*

**långtradarchaufförer, de bara ljuger - wolf creek pass**

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"Me an' Earl was haulin' chickens  
On a flatbed outa Wiggins  
And we had spent all night on the uphill side  
Of thirty seven miles of hell called Wolf Crick Pass  
Which was up on the great divide

And we was sittin' there suckin' toothpicks  
And drinkin' Nehi an' onion soup mix  
And I says 'Earl, let's mail a card to mother  
And then send them chickens on down t'other side'  
Yeah, lets give them hens a ride

Wolf Crick Pass way up on the great divide  
Truckin' on down, the other side

Well Earl put down his bottle  
Mashed his foot down on the throttle  
And then a couple of boobs, with a thousand cubes  
In a 1948 Peterbilt screamed to life

We woke up the chickens

We roared up off'n that shoulder  
Sprayin' pine cones rocks 'n boulders  
And put four hundred head of them Road Island Reds  
And a couple of burnt out roosters on the line  
Look out below'cause here we go

Wolf Crick Pass way up on the great divide  
Truckin' on down, the other side

Well we commenced a truckin'  
And them hens commenced a cluckin'  
Then Earl took out a match, and scratched his pants  
And lit up the unused half of a dollar cigar  
And took a puff  
Says 'My ain't this pretty up here'

And I says 'Earl this hill can spill us  
You better slow down or you gonna kill us  
Just make one mistake and it's the pearly gates  
For them eighty five crates  
Of USDA approved cluckers  
You wanna hit second?'

Wolf Crick Pass way up on the great divide  
Truckin' on down, the other side

Well Earl grabbed on the shifter  
And he stabbed her into fifth gear  
And then the chromium plated, fully illuminated  
Genuine accessory shift knob  
Come right off in his hand  
I says 'you wana screw that thing back on Earl ?'

He was tryin' to thread it on there  
When the fire fell off a his cigar  
And dropped on down sorta rolled around  
And lit the cuff of Earls pants  
And burnt a whole in his sock  
Yeah it sorta set him right on fire

I looked on outa the window  
An' I started in a countin' phone poles  
Goin' by at the rate of four to the seventh power  
I put two an' two together  
Added twelve, an' carried five  
Come up with twenty two thousand telephone poles an hour

I looked at Earl an' his eyes was wide  
His lip was curled and his leg was fried  
And his hands was froze to the wheel  
Like a tongue to a sled in the middle of a blizzard  
And I said Earl I'm not the type to complain  
But the time has come for me to explain  
That if you don't apply some brake real soon  
They're gonna have to pick us up with a stick an' a spoon

Well Earl rared back  
Cocked his leg  
Stepped down as hard as he could on the brake  
And the pedal went clear to the floor  
And stayed &ndash; right there on the floor  
Says it's sorta like steppin' on a plum  
Well from there on down it just wasn't real pretty  
It was hairpin county and switchback city  
One of 'em looked like a can full of worms  
Another one looked like malaria germs  
Right in the middle of the whole damn show  
Was a real nice tunnel now wouldn't you know  
Sign says clearance to the twelve foot line  
But them chickens was stacked to thirteen nine  
Well we shot that tunnel at a hundred an' ten  
Like gas through a funnel an' eggs through a hen  
An' we took that top row of chickens off  
Slicker 'n the scum off a Louisiana swamp  
Went down an' around an' around an' down  
An' we run outta ground at the edge of town  
An' bashed on into the side of a feed store  
In downtown Pagosa Springs

Wolf Crick Pass way up on the great divide

Truckin' on down, the other side

Wolf Crick Pass way up on the great divide

Truckin' on down, the other side"

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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