

©Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved¹.

She was walking down the driveway to the bus stop;
 With a suitcase, and tears running down her face
 She stopped and looked me over and said
 "Honey, you're a wreck
 I sure don't like to leave you in this place."
 "I'd like to take you with me but I don't suppose I can;
 He's treating you as bad as he did me."
 And then said "This is crazy,
 but I'll be in town til noon,
 So just in case I'm leaving you the key."

 I'm just an old self-driving truck,
 I don't like taking chances,
 But I want to change my luck,
 I'll meet my friend tomorrow and I hope she'll treat me right
 I wonder where we'll be tomorrow night.

 I met her at the hotel door next morning
 She jumped on board and said to me "Hey Honey, you're the best!"
 With a dress that matched my paint job
 and a camper shell for me,
 We hit the road at noon and headed west.

 A woman and a self-driving truck
 You have to take some chances
 And make your own damned luck,
 We'll be best friends forever and we'll treat each other right,
 And I know who will sleep with me tonight.

¹This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 4.0 License.