

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Diesel on my mind

I just pulled on to the highway in my little foreign car
Well it's raining and the road is really bad
I never saw that big old diesel but I heard him hit the air
I've got a feeling that I might have made him mad

He closed the gap between us, pushed the pedal on the floor
He's makin' ninety in that big old diesel truck
I can hear the names he's calling me above the engine's roar
And the words won't be found in Webster's books

There's a diesel on my tail a-making ninety miles an hour
My reflection in my mirror is mightly pale
I can hear St.Peter calling, I can almost smell the flowers
Can this compact take the impact, there's a diesel on my tail

Well I'm huffin' and puffin' and I'm trying to make the grade
And I wish I had some pedals on this cart
And I'm slippin' and a-slidin' and afraid to touch the brake
For the two of us could never stand the jar

* Refrain

Well I'm slippin' and a-slidin' trying to hold it on the road
And I tell you I just got to win this race
While I'm tremblin' and a-shakin' he is pouring on the coal
So close that I can steal his licence plate

* Refrain