

### Champion at Keeping the Rolling

I am an old-timer, I travel the road  
I sit in me wagon and lumber me load  
Me hotel is the jungle, a camp me abode  
And I'm well known to Blondie and Mary  
Me liquor is diesel oil laced with strong tea  
And the old Highway Code was me first ABC  
And I cut me eye teeth on an old AEC  
And I'm champion at keeping them rolling

I've sat in the cabin and broiled in the sun  
Been snowed up on chaffs, on the Manchester run  
I've crawled through the fog with me twenty-two ton  
Of fish that was stinking like blazin'  
From London to Glasgow, to the Newcastle quay  
From Liverpool, Preston and Bristol city  
The pillions on the road give the thumb sign to me  
But I'm champion at keeping them rolling

You may sing of your soldiers and sailors so bold  
But there's many and many a hero untold  
Who sits at the wheel in the heat and the cold  
Day after day without sleeping  
So watch out for cops and slow down at the bend  
Check all your gauges and watch your big end  
And zing with your lights when you pass an old friend  
You'll be champion at keeping them rolling

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