



Big Rigs A' Rollin'

Big rig's a' rollin' breaker, breaker 1-9,

This is Fried Dirt comeback,

We got a load of dynamite and we gotta get from Red Lion,
Pennsylvania,

To Hope Mills, N.C., overnight.

Keep the bears off your bumper and put the hammer down.

(Chorus)

Got your ears on, got your ears on,

Big rig's a' rollin', got your ears on,

We got a load of freight and it cannot wait.

Smokey's on our tail we gotta get away.

We hop in our rig with a load o' dynamite.

We gotta go fast to get to Hope Mills overnight.

We wave goodbye to our friends in Red Lion.

And our wives and our 10 kids cryin'.

Big rig's a' rollin', you got your ears on.

(chorus)

We cross the state line into West Virginy,

Wave to all the slack-jawed hillbillies.

Miles of trailers with their satellite dishes,

Millions of mountain folk with millions of wishes.

Big rig's a' rollin', you got your ears on.

(chorus)

The state police chased us through Richmond,
But we put the pedal to the metal and we did not see 'em.
We were driving so fast we lost the paint on the side,
We told the po'lice to go run and hide.

Big rig's a' rollin', you got your ears on.
you got your ears on, you got your ears on,
This big rig's a' rollin' you got your ears on.
This rig's now in Hope Mills and we're dropping off our freight.
Our bellies are empty so it's time we ate.
Big rig's a' rollin', you got your ears on.