## Truckstop Salvation Jimmy Buffett

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#-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the#
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research.#
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Date: Fri, 24 Apr 1998 20:21:22 -0700 (PDT)
From: Archon I <archonian@yahoo.com>
Subject: b/buffett_jimmy/truckstop_salvation.crd
Truckstop Salvation (Jimmy Buffett)
Words and Music by Jimmy Buffett
>From the Album "Before the Beach"
Intro:
G
   G/C
         (repeat)
Verse 1:
[tab]Am
Straight-laced leather-faced[/tab]
[tab]B/G
                                                G
                                                      G/C
He rolled in like he owned the two bit town[/tab]
[tab]Am
Dollar bills bulging from his bell bottomed jeans[/tab]
[tab]
         B/G
The population they gathered round[/tab]
[tab]Em
Nothing this exciting since a fertilizer truck blew a[/tab]
[tab]Am
                                           D/G6 D
                                                          D/G6
Front tire and landed in the creek[/tab]
[tab]Am
Everybody talkin everybody strainin [/tab]
[tab]B/G
                                        G/C
Tryin to get a little peek[/tab]
Chorus:
[tab]
                   Am
It s just the word they ll never know[/tab]
            B/G
Not a country fair sideshow[/tab]
      Am
                                        D
A reality they ll somehow never see[/tab]
[tab]
          Αm
He s what they tried to kill[/tab]
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[tab] B/G D With their Bibles and their stills[/tab]

Am C D D/G6

[tab]D D/G6

But he s not weird just a man that s bein free[/tab]

Repeat Intro.

Verse 2:

Payin for the gas he wickedly shouted thanks
And continued on his journey once again
Just about that time a siren fast approachin and
The pot bellied sheriff he whizzed right in
With his self inflicted grammar started shoutin
Accusations at the long haired greasy looking ape
While a local D.J. from the fifty watt station got
The whole damn thing on tape

Repeat Chorus

Repeat Intro.

Verse 3:

The holy roller preacher told the eager congregation
That the devil has passed right through their nest
But the teenage girls with their locks in curls were
Talkin bout that hair upon his chest
Now the kids got their cookie while the preacher saved some souls
And the story spread to everyone in sight
Commotion was the word and everybody heard
He was gone before the night

Repeat Chorus

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Please send comments or corrections to Archonian@yahoo.com