



JACKS TRUCK STOP & CAFE DALE WATSON

Drinking weren't allowed in the barn where we danced
But you could buy a coke at the store up front
The old man wore a path in that dirt road parking lot
From the back door of that barn to their trunk

That's the way it was on a Tennessee Saturday night
Just shooting the bull and dancing the night away
We sure had fun on a Tennessee Saturday night
Down at Jack's truck stop and cafe

It sure got hot in the sleepy southern town
The night got as thick as the day
We'd open up them garage doors and we'd plug the shop fan in
You could hear that band pickin' thirty blocks away

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