

Twenty-First Century Breakup Song 1

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D G
My wife left me early Monday morning,
D A
Packed her bags and walked right out the door
D
Sayin' "You don't treat me better
G
Than that wreck you call a truck.
D A D
I've had it and I won't take any more".
Now I spent the evening drinking, feeling sorry for myself
I guess that maybe what she said was true
But just as I was thinking
That things couldn't get much worse
My pickup truck drove off and left me too

D D5 G
Don't ever buy a self-driving truck
D
If it decides to leave you
A
You'll be clean out of luck
D G D
But if you ever get one, be sure to treat it right,
A D
I wonder who'll be riding her tonight

I went in to town next morning on my tractor
The road was dusty and it took me half a day
I went into the bar and
asked if anyone had seen
A truck without a driver pass that way.

Don't ever buy a self-driving truck
If it decides to leave you
You'll be clean out of luck
But if you ever get one, be sure to treat it right,
I wonder who'll be riding her tonight

Everybody laughed at me and said "it serves you right"
My pickup met my wife at her hotel;
They both cleaned up real pretty
And they took off headed west
With a red dress and a brand new camper shell

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Twenty-First Century Breakup Song 2

Don't ever buy a self-driving truck
It might run off with your wife and then
You'll be clean out of luck
I've just myself to blame because I didn't treat them right,
I wonder where they're gonna be tonight.