ROAD TESTED

I may be long in the tooth and a little bit worse for wear

I’ve lost some tread on the tires and I’m slower stepping up the stairs

But my singing in the shower sounds like Wilson Picket

If i ain’t Buddy Holly I’m a damn good cricket

I hold my own, I hold my own

I walk this world with the people I believe in

The golden rule is enough religion for me

You got a thousand good stories and I’m sure some of them are true

Like the night you met Trudie at the Casa de Rendez Vous

She was like your first martini

She came on slow and then she hit ya ooh wee

She knocked you right to your knees

She said “Boy, you ain’t leavin’”

You said “honey, you got me believin’

That I am just one lucky guy”

I said I’m road tested, I’ve run this car around the track

I’m road tested, and you won’t catch me lookin’ back

Sure I’ve had 3 wives and 5 little children

That cost a pretty penny but I ain’t complainin’

My my, I’m just a lucky guy

We built our own little shack at the end of recreation road

It’s got an in-ground pool and a fully featured outdoor stove

Trudie tends to the taters in the garden

I got a ride-on mower and i beg your pardon

To me that feels like victory

We keep our eyes on the prize and our home fires burnin’

Trudy’s still boppin’ and I’m still yearnin’, ooh wee

How freakin’ lucky are we

We’re road tested, rollin’ with the ups and downs

Road tested, we’re rockin’ til we’re glory bound

We hold hands and we wander in the moonlight

I keep her laughin’ and she keeps me upright

Oooh wee…. oooh wee….