

Tombstone Every Mile

Red Simpson

All you big and burly men who roll the trucks along
Better listen you'll be thankful when you hear my song
You have really got it made if you're haulin' goods
That's anyplace on earth but those Hainesville Woods
It's a stretch of road up north in Maine that's never
ever ever seen a smile
If they'd burried all the truckers that's lost in them
woods
There'd be a tombstone every mile

When you're loaded with potatoes and you're headed down
You've got to drive the woods to get to Boston town
When it's winter up in Maine you'd bettter check it over
twice
Cause that Hainesville road is just a ribbon of ice
It's a stretch of road...
[guitar]
When you're talkin' to a trucker that's been haulin'
goods
Down that stretch of road in Maine they call the
Hainesville Woods
He'll tell you that dyin' and goin' down below
Won't be half as bad as drivin' on that ice and snow
It's a stretch of road...
There'd be a tombstone every mile