

# Red Simpson, Nitro Express

I was pullin' up a hill that's known as the Devil's Crest,  
haulin' 36 ton on a run called the Nitro Express.  
There was nothin' but curves a runnin' from the top on down,  
and at the bottom of the grade sat a quiet little country town.

Well, I was drivin' off the top when she jarred and the driveshaft broke,  
started pumpin' up the brakes, saw 'em going in a big cloud of smoke.  
To keep 'er upright ...I knew I had to do my best,  
against a runaway bomb they call the Nitro Express.

(Chorus)

There was 36 ton of a detonated steel,  
over 18 tires that smoked and squealed.  
I had to ride her down and I couldn't jump free,  
or there'd be a big hole where that little town used to be.

Well that old trailer leaned each time that I took another curve,  
my hands started sweatin' and I knew I was losin' my nerve.  
And I was cussin' each rock and every inch of the Devil's Crest,  
a fightin' with the wheel of a rig called the Nitro Express.

I side-swipped a mountain so I'd slow her down by rubbin' her side,  
and when the sparks started flyin' man it looked like the 4th of July.  
I finally got her stopped ... but mister I'm a gonna confess,  
that's the last run I'm makin' in a rig called the Nitro Express.

(Chorus)

(Repeat Chorus - change last line to ..Cause there'd be a big  
hole where that little town used to be.