Terry Allen, Truckload Of Art

Recitation:

Once upon a time

Sometime ago back on the east coast

In New York City, to be exact

A bunch of artists and painters and

sculptors and musicians and

poets and writers and dancers

and architects

Started feeling real superior

to their ego-counter-parts

Out on the West Coasto,

They all got together and decided

They would show those snotty surfer upstarts

A thing or two about the Big Apple

Andhey hired themselves a truck

It was a big, spanking new white-shiny

Chrome-plated cab-over

Peterbilt

With mudflaps, stereo, tv, AM & Comp; FM radio,

Leather seats and a naugahide sleeper

All fresh

With new American Flag decals and "ART ARK"

Printed on the side of the door

With solid 24 karat gold leaf type

And they filled up this truck

With the most significant piles

And influential heaps of Art Work

To ever be assembled in Modern Times,

And it sent it Westo chide

Cajole, humble and humiliatehe Golden Bear.

And this is the true story of that truck

A Truckload of Art

From New York City

Came rollin down the road

Yeah the driver was singing

And the sunset was pretty

But the truck turned over

And she rolled off the road

Yeah a Truckload of Art

is burning near the highway

Precious objects are scattered

All over the ground

And it's a terrible sight

If a person were to see it

But there weren't nobody around

(Yodel)

Yeah the driver went sailing

High in the sky

Landing in the gold lap of the Lord

Who smiled and then said

"Son, you're better off dead

Than haulin a truckload

full of hot avant-garde

(chorus)

Yesn important artwork

Was thrown burning to the ground

Tragically anding in the weeds

And the smoke could be seen

Ahhh for miles all around

Yeah but nobodynows what it means

Yes Truckload of Art

Is burning near the highway

And it's a tough job for the highway patrol

Ahhh they'll soon see the smoke

An come runnin to poke
Then dig a deep ditch
And throw the arts in a hole
(Yodel)
Yeah a Truckload of Art
Is burning near the highway
And it's raging far-out of control
And what the critics have cheered
Is now shattered and queered
And their noble reviews
Have been stewed on the road
(chorus)