

[Runaway](#) song lyrics

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From Big Savage mountain ridge,
Downward to that North Branch bridge,
A steep and winding road you won't believe.

It's just five miles of blacktop road,
But it's the subject of this little ode,
A warning song to drivers near and far.

That rugged old mountain side,
Ruined many a trucker's pride,
Brakes getting hot as we speak.

I see the speed limit signs,
But they ain't seen me drive,
That's what them flat-landers think.

Take it down in first gear,
Ain't what they wanna hear,
So down the mountain they streak.

They all learn way too late,
You cain't trust no air brake,
Not on that long, long descent.

Roar'n down the mountain side,
To the left and right they slide,
Learnin' to pray as they go.

God keep me on this road,
I've got a heavy load,
They beg as the drums start to glow.

Smoke billows from each wheel,
Pads no longer rubbing steel,
It's way too late for heel and toe.

Roaring past a family car,
The bottom can't be all that far,
Don't let me kill anyone today.

Some make the board yard curve,
As back and forth they swerve,
But none make that church turn below.

My ole truck hits eighty-five,
Oh God, keep me alive,
And clear the road ahead as I go.

Houses now are flashing by,
Looks like it's do or die,
And a little white church looms ahead.

Dear Lord, I'm gonna crash,
Wish I hadn't been so rash,
And I'm way too young to be dead.

Think of my family,
My kids, my wife, I want to see,
Let me be with them after tonight.

I turn the steering wheel,
all the tires they start to squeal,
and the trailer skids out to the right.

Now trucks don't do sideways well,
Dear God let me live to tell,
What a giant mistake I have made.

The truck rolls over on its side,
The church stops the awful slide,
As the cab breaks free from the frame.

I guess this ride ain't over yet.
Now up against a tree I set,
As the rest of my load tumbles by.

I stagger to the ground,
Surprised that I'm still around,
I stare at the smoking truck frame.

I guess there's a lesson here,
Heed them signs that say first gear,
Or better yet, take the long way around.

Stay away from Wellersburg,
That's the lesson I want heard,
Cause five miles is a long-ways down.
Five miles is a whole lot of down...