

# Chad Mitchell Trio, Mandy Lane

Theres a sundown girl, her name is Mandy Lane  
Shes a free-livin mama on a high-level plane  
Gentleman calls at her front gate  
You can hear him holler both early and late

Keep on truckin mama, truckin till the break of day  
I said keep on truckin mama, truckin till the break of day  
Oh youre the best truck driver this end of town  
And you do your drivin from your hips on down  
Keep on truckin mama, truckin till the break of day, I say  
Truckin till the break of day

Now you keep on doin what you done last night  
They put your yes-yes back in jail  
I said you keep on doin what you done last night  
They put your yes-yes back in jail  
Well you come through the door just a raisin sand  
Tell what you been doin by the way you stand  
Keep on truckin mama, truckin till the break of day, I say  
Truckin till the break of day

Now big industrys come into our town  
We got profit and a progress just a spreadin all around  
We got a big cotton mill and a plastics plant  
And a sign in Mandys window down on Fourth and Grant Says  
If I cant sell it, gonna keep sittin on it  
Never catch me givin it away  
Hey, now if I cant sell it, gonna keep sittin on it  
Never catch me givin it away  
Dont care how keen my competition might be  
I aint givin samples away for free  
If I cant sell it, gonna keep sittin on it  
Never catch me givin it away, I say, never catch me givin it away

Now if I cant move it out on the open market  
Takin all my business back home  
Now if I cant move it out on the open market  
Startin me a little industry at home  
Dont care if your name is Richard, Bill or Tom  
Knock on my door and its, Hello John!  
If I cant sell it, gonna keep sittin on it  
Never catch me givin it away, I say  
Never catch me givin it away, Oh No!  
Never catch me givin it, well, hardly ever  
Never catch me givin it away