

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