

(to the tune of "Cruising Down the River")

Cruising down the highway in our classic GMC
We're on our way to fun and play, lots of friends to see.
The wheels they are a singing a rhythmic melody
As we go down the highway in our classic GMC.
We cruise to rallies there to see some other GMCs
The friendly folks all gather 'round to share their expertise.
The open road still calls us, there's so much more to see
As we go down the highway in our classic GMC.

Cruising to conventions we come from all around,
New York and Texas, Florida - even Puget Sound.
We gather in Nebraska and South Dakota's hills,
A jackpot in Las Vegas is sure to give us thrills.
We come to learn and come to teach and come to show and tell,
But most of all we come to eat - we do that very well!
Our dear old friends meet with us and new friends join the fun
And we salute them all with joy and a hug for everyone.

Time together passes, we make each day a hit;
The men kick tires all day long and swap the latest tips.
The ladies find a Wal*Mart for crafty things to do;
With purple shirts and red, red hats, and a cup of tea or two.
The seminars inform us and they keep us on our toes
The Vendors peak our interest as we go down their rows.
Too soon the week is over, that's all there is to see
So we'll head down the highway in our classic GMC.

By
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