

Dave Dudley, Pullin' Double

I got sleep in my eyes and my bones ain't tellin' lies
Wish this rig could drive itself I'd rest a while
Can't go too fast or slow why I keep drivin' I don't know
Pullin' double's double trouble turnpike miles
If I ever start to slide I can kiss this world goodbye
Must be two miles down that mountain side
I'm always lookin' up ahead and I think my leg is goin' dead
Pullin' double's double trouble turnpike miles
Rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' when you're runnin' good you gotta keep on goin'
Always scared the guardrail's gonna get you
Knowin' if it does your drivin' days are through

You know comin' down from Maine Chicago's all the same
One wrong turnpike will surely change my style
And those clouds are lookin' sick and I bet up ahead it's turnin' slick
Pullin' double's double trouble turnpike miles
And this road gets mighty rough and you see some curvy stuff
You know some of it ain't surprisin' by a mile
But I can't be wastin' time I gotta keep moving on down that line
Pullin' double's double trouble turnpike miles
Rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'...
I'm rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'...