

Gene Clark, Roadmaster

I'm a roadmaster baby and I spent my life on the road
I'm a travelin' musician and I'm carryin' a pretty big load
I've spend my days drivin' down the highway
When the show is over I gotta do it my way
So look out honey 'cause a roadmaster's on the road

I met a pretty woman down in Nashville, Tennessee
She said she'd blew the harp if I could blow a number and see
The evenin' was nice, I knew her pretty well
She said she'd like to stick around and talk for a spell
But tomorrow I'll be wakin' and a roadmaster's got to move on

One evenin' at a truck stop when I was on the way to a gig somewhere
Some slick-back truck drivers started givin' me some shit about my long hair
I just smiled, I told them they were right
And I snuck out the door like a thief in the night
Got the four wheels a-turnin', got the roadmaster back on the road

I'm a fool for the highway, I never thought of settlin' down
I like to play my music when there's lots of pretty women around
Never noticed any difference between a woman and a lady
I love 'em all from sixteen to eighty
When the moon is shinin' and the roadmaster's on the road

I'm a roadmaster baby and I spent my life in the road
I'm a travelin' guitar picker and I feel I got a big load
I've spend my days driving down the highway
When the show is over I gotta do it my way
So look out honey 'cause a roadmaster's on the road