

Merle Haggard, I'm A Lonesome Fugitive

Down every road there's always one more city
I'm on the run, the highway is my home
I raised a lot of cane back in my younger days
While Mama used to pray my crops would fail
I'm a hunted fugitive with just two ways:
Outrun the law or spend my life in jail
I'd like to settle down but they won't let me
A fugitive must be a rolling stone
Down every road there's always one more city
I'm on the run, the highway is my home
I'm lonely but I can't afford the luxury
Of having one I love to come along
She'd only slow me down and they'd catch up with me
For he who travels fastest goes alone
I'd like to settle down but they won't let me
A fugitive must be a rolling stone
Down every road there's always one more city
I'm on the run, the highway is my home
I'm on the run, the highway is my home