

Aaron Tippin, Roll On

Roll on highway, roll on along
Roll on daddy till you get back home
Roll on family, roll on crew
Roll on momma like I asked you to do
And roll on eighteen wheeler roll on, roll on
Well, it's Monday morning
He's kissin' momma goodbye
He's up and gone with the sun
Daddy drives an eighteen wheeler
And he's off on a Midwest run
And three sad faces gather round momma
They ask her when daddy's comin' home
Daddy drives an eighteen wheeler
And they sure miss him when he's gone
Yeah, they do
But he calls them every night
And he tells them that he loves them
He taught them this song to sing
Roll on highway, roll on along
Roll on daddy till you get back home
Roll on family, roll on crew
Roll on momma like I asked you to do
And roll on eighteen wheeler roll on, roll on
Well, it's Wednesday evening
Mamma's waitin' by the phone
It rings but it's not his voice
Seems the highway patrol
Has found a jackknifed rig
In a snow bank in Illinois
But the driver was missin'
And the search had been abandoned
'Cause the weather had everything strong
And they had checked all the houses
And the local motels
When they had some more news they'd call
And she told them when they found him
To tell him that she loved him
And she hung up the phone singin'
Roll on highway, roll on along
Roll on daddy till you get back home
Roll on family, roll on crew
Roll on momma like I asked you to do
And roll on eighteen wheeler roll on
Momma and the children
Will be waiting up all night long
Thinkin' nothing but the words just comin'
With the ringin' of the telephone
Oh, but the Man upstairs was listening
When momma asked him to bring daddy home
And when the call came in it was daddy on the other end
Askin' her if she had been singin' the song, singin'
Roll on highway, roll on along
Roll on daddy till you get back home
Roll on family, roll on crew
Roll on momma like I asked you to do
And roll on eighteen wheeler roll on, roll on
Eighteen wheeler, eighteen wheeler
Eighteen wheeler, eighteen wheeler
Roll on