

Brooks & Dunn, White Line Casanova

I'm dead headin' down from Tulsa
Goin' back to San Antone
My baby called me up this morning
Begging me to come back home
Haulin' high hopes and thin air
Losin' money by the mile
I'll get there a poor man
She'll make it worth my while

I was a white line casanova
A love bandit of the road
I got the one I can't get over
I miss her more with every load
I got these eighteen wheels
Singin' home sweet home
I been too long gone
Oh I'm comin' home to ya

I ain't left the fast lane
Since I hit the last toll gate
I know she's out there waitin' in that Lone Star state
She'll be standin' on the front porch
Reachin' out with open arms
This woman's out to get me
Shoot the dog and sell the farm

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Singin' home sweet home
I been gone too long
Oh I'm comin' home to ya

I got a white knuckle grip
On this wheel in my hand
I'm rollin' down the highway
Just as fast as I can
I'm blowin' smoke from both stacks
Pickin' 'em up, I'm puttin' 'em down
There won't be no time at all
'Til I'll be rollin' into town

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Singin' home sweet home
I been gone too long
Oh I'm comin' home to ya

Yea I got these eighteen wheels
Singin' home sweet home
I been too long gone
Oh I'm comin' home to ya