

Chris Knight, Highway Junkie

That county judge tried to rob me blind
Those big wheels of rubber gonna rub her off of my mind
I'm a highway junkie I need that old white line
So I rolled on into Memphis I got nothin left to lose
Wanted to hear some rock & roll but they played was blues
Didn't want to hear no blues
So I tried to call up Elvis but Roger Miller grabbed the phone
He said dang we drive them eighteen wheelers boy you're the king of the road
You're the king of the road
Those big wheels of rubber gonna rub her off of my mind
I'm a highway junkie I need that old white line