

Gary Allan, Highway Junkie

Album: Black Dog (Original Soundtrack) (MCA) 1998

Track 4

A hundred cups of coffee,
Five hundred cigarettes
A thousand miles of highway
And I ain't forgot her yet
But I keep on movin',
I keep movin' down the line

There ain't nothin' in my mirror
Just a cloud of dust and smoke
What do you expect
When some ole trucker's heart gets broke
Yeah, a trucker's heart gets broke

But them big wheels of rubber
Gonna rub her off my mind
Well I'm a highway junkie
And I need that old white line

Ten miles outta' Nashville
I was doin' a hundred and one
State boy pulled me over
He said Where's the fire son?
Said Where's the fire son?

I said man there ain't no fire
I'm just runnin' from a flame
So go on an write your ticket, man,
But I aint the one to blame
That county judge tried to rob me blind

But them big wheels of rubber
Gonna rub her off my mind
Well I'm a highway junkie
And I need that old white line

--- Instrumental ---

So I rolled on down to Memphis,
I had nothin' left to loose
Wanted to hear some rock n' roll
But all they played was blues
I didn't wanna hear no blues

So I went to call up Elvis
But Roger Miller grabbed the phone
He said drive that eighteen wheeler boy
You're the king of the road
Said I was the king of the road

But them big wheels of rubber
Gonna rub her off my mind
Well I'm a highway junkie
And I need that old white line

I said I'm a highway junkie, man,
And I need that old white line...