

# Randy Travis, Highway Junkie

(Chris Knight/Sam Tate/Annie Tate)

A hundred cups of coffee, five hundred cigarettes  
A thousand miles of highway and I ain't forgot her yet  
But I keep on moving, I keep moving down the line  
There ain't nothing in my mirror, just a cloud of dust and smoke  
But what do you expect when some old trucker's heart gets broke  
Yeah, trucker's hearts gets broke  
But them big wheels of rubber are gonna rub her off my mind  
I'm a highway junkie, I need that old white line  
Ten miles out of nashville, I was doing a hundred and one  
State boy me over and he said, "Where's the fire, son?"  
He said, "Where's the fire son?"  
I said "Man, there ain't no fire, I'm just running from a flame  
Go on and write your ticket, but I ain't the one to blame"  
That county judge tried to rob me blind.  
But them big wheels of rubber are gonna rub her off my mind  
I'm a highway junkie, I need that old white line  
So I rolled on down to Memphis  
I had nothing left to lose  
I wanted to hear some rock and roll, but all they played was blues  
I didn't wanna hear no blues  
So I went to call up Elvis and Roger Miller grabbed the phone  
He said drive that 18 wheeler, boy, you're the king of the road  
Said I was the king of the road  
But them big wheels of rubber are gonna rub her off my mind  
I'm a highway junkie, I need that old white line  
But them big wheels of rubber are gonna rub her off my mind  
I'm a highway junkie, I need that old white line