

Used Cars, Whiskey Rock-A-Roller

(B. Powell/E. King/R. Van Zant)

I'm headed down a highway got a suitcase by my side
Blue skies hangin' over my head I got 500 miles to ride
I'm goin' down to Memphis town to play a latenight show
I hope the people are ready there 'cause the boys are all ready to go

CHORUS:

Well, I'm a whiskey rock-a-roller
That's what I am
Women, whiskey and miles of travellin'
Is all I understand

I was born a travellin' man and my feet do burn the ground
I don't care for fancy music if your shoes can't shuffle around
I got a 100 women or more and there's no place I call home
The only time I'm satisfied is when I'm on the road

CHORUS

Sometimes I wonder where will we go
Lord don't take my whiskey, rock and roll

Take me down to Memphis town, busdriver get me there
I got me a queenie she got longbrown curly hair
She likes to drink Old Grandad and her shoes do shuffle around
And everytime I see that gal Lord she wants to take me down

CHORUS