White Freightliner Blues

Joe Ely

I'm going out on the highway
And listen to them big trucks wind
I'm going out on the highway
And listen to them big trucks wind
Oh, white freightliner, won't you steal away my mind
Well, New Mexico ain't bad, Lord
The people here, they treat you kind
Well, New Mexico ain't bad, Lord
The people here, they treat you kind
Oh, white freightliner, won't you steal away my mind

Well, it's bad news from Houston
Half my friends are dying
Well, it's bad news from Houston
Half my friends are dying
Oh, white freightliner, won't you steal away my mind
Lordy, Lord I'm gonna ramble
Till I get back to where I came
Lordy, Lord I'm gonna ramble
Till I get back to where I came
Till that white freightliner's gonna haul away my brain

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