

Queen of the Road

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

Standing in the doorway with her hand on her hip
Eyes like the beacons on a rocketship
Just about the bottom of a bottle of gin
She baits her hook and she reels'em in
She's got a black leather jacket, with a patch on the back
No imitation cajun gonna get to that
Got a red bandana and a rose tattoo
She got a mind of her own, nobody tells her what to do
Diamonds, pearls hey hey hey
They're for all the other girls
Some women just don't need'em
You can keep'em
She goes putt putt, that's my queen
Putt putt, on her big machine
Putt putt, when the light turns green
Putt putt, she's so mean
Nothin' can stop my queen of the road
Now if you wanna roll the dice, you can try your luck
She can melt the ice of an ice cream truck
Can't holler uncle, when you've had enough
Her own brother won't fight her, cause the girl's so tough
Devil of an angel, she's a one of a kind
She's got a knucklehead harley and a one track mind
Roadhouse reputation everywhere she goes
As a big sled rider, she's a queen of the road
From Pamona to Daytona, hey hey
And every highway in-between
There's not a one of'em she ain't seen
Wooh you know what I mean
And.. (Chorus)
Now when the party's over and the lights come on
Don't have to try to find her cause the girl is gone
She slithered into second and away she goes
My motorheaded mama is the queen of the road
Chorus
Putt putt.. (Chorus)
Yeah

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