

# White Freightliner Blues

[Lyle Lovett](#)

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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