Highway Junkie

Randy Travis

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

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