

johnny cash

Chicago Farmer

What ya got?

Quit my job, flipped off the boss, took my name off the payroll

Screw you, man

Picked up my cell, rang my baby's bell, said, "I'm three miles from home."

I said, "Sugar, why don't you put on that sun dress I like so much?

Wait out by the road; I'm comin' to pick you up."

[Chorus:]

(Whoa)

Throw your suitcase in the back

(Whoa)

Done gassed up the Pontiac

(Whoa)

Blastin' out to Johnny Cash

Headin' for the highway

Baby, we ain't ever comin' back

It's four hundred and sixty-seven miles to the outskirts of Las Vegas

What do you say we go get married by a preacher man who looks like Elvis?

Yeah, mama

Sugar, don't you worry 'bout tellin' your mama goodbye

We'll send her a souvenir postcard from the wild side

[Chorus x 2]

Suey

(Whoa)

(Whoa)

(Whoa)

Hear that train a-comin', rollin' 'round the bend

(Whoa)

The man in black gonna rock your ass again

(Whoa)

(Whoa)

(Whoa)

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written by RICH, JOHN / CLAWSON, RODNEY / MCGEHEE, VICKY LYNN

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