Passing Lane

Charlie Daniels Band

Well, I was born in Carolina, way back in the swamp
I was a happy country boy 'til television came along
It showed them far away places and it sho' was a bitch
'Cause every time I'd quit my traveling, well, my feet would start to itchSo I borrowed my daddy's suitcase and picked up my guitar
I walked up the highway and I flagged down a car
I hitchhiked out to Kansas City just as far as I could
My life was all before me and that highway sure looked goodGimme that highway, better go my way
Crank up the big wheels, let 'em roll on
I'm movin' like a fast train, gimme that passing lane
And I'm gone, I'm packin' my load a little further down the roadI moved on down to Dallas soon as I got the chance
I was playin' funky music for them city folks to dance
And I had money in my pocket, I had fun in my bed
But I've been here a year now and it's gettin' to my head'Cause I've been rocked into ruin, I've been discoed to death
I've been funk rocked and punk rocked 'til I can't catch my breath
I've been ragged 'til I'm ragged, I've been new waved 'til I'm blind
But I've got a solution for my funky state of mindGimme that highway, better go my way
Crank up the big wheels, let 'em roll on
I've movin' like a fast train, gimme that passing lane
And I'll be gone, no more blues just as long as I can moveGimme that highway, better go my way
Crank up the big wheels, let 'em roll on
I've movin' like a fast train, gimme that passing lane
And I'm gone, I'm packin' my load a little further down the road

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