

Buck Owens And His Buckaroos

"Highway Man"

Visit "[Highway Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I drove a Jimmy diesel from Mojave, up to the summit
of Cajon,
Headed down the hill to San Bernadino
Pushed by twenty tons of silt and stone,
The warning buzzer sounded, I was low on air,
I checked the pressure gauge and there was no
pressure there,
I looked at the deep and rocky canyon down below,
And I said man, what a way to go.

I saw a red light in my side view mirror,
I knew there was a highway man behind,
I tried to shift her down one but I missed her,
Then she really started to unwind.
Well that patrolman passed me like I was standin' still
His siren started screamin' as he headed down the hill,
That highway man had got a crazy notion I could see,
He was gonna try to clear the road for me.
I read a sign, trucks 30 miles per hour,
I watched the hand go round and hit the peg,
That patrol car was burnin' up the highway,
And I was on him like a license tag,
I started toward the ditch then I lost my nerve,
I side swiped a bob-tail as I straightened the curve,
I opened up my eyes and I was back on level ground,
But it took five more miles to shut her down.

That highway man walked up and put his hand out,
And I reached out and shook it like a man,
He shook me loose and said lets see your license,
And don't get wise with me I'll run you in,
Now Where's your registration, who owns that machine,
He wrote me up a ticket longer than a witches dream,
There's a lot of things in this ole world I don't
understand,
One of them a doggone highway man,
one of them a dog gone highway man.

