

Chris Knight

"Highway Junkie"

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One hundred cups of coffee five hundred cigarettes
A thousand miles of highway and I ain't forgot her yet
But I keep on movin keep movin on down the line

Ain't nothin in my rear view just a cloud of dust and
smoke
What do you expect when some old trucker's heart gets
broke
Yeah old truckers' hearts get broke

Those big wheels of rubber gonna rub her off of my
mind
I'm a highway junkie I need that old white line

Ten miles out Nashville doin bout 91
State boy pulled me over said where's the fire son
He said where's the fire son

I said there ain't no fire I'm just runnin 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

Those big wheels of rubber gonna rub her off of my
mind
I'm a highway junkie I need that old white line

So I rolled on into Memphis I got nothin left to lose
Wanted to hear some rock 'n roll but they played was
blues
Didn't want to hear no blues

So I tried to call up Elvis but Roger Miller grabbed the
phone
He said dang we drive them eighteen wheelers boy
you're the king of the road
You're the king of the road

Those big wheels of rubber gonna rub her off of my
mind
I'm a highway junkie I need that old white line

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