

The Buck Owen's Buckaroos

"Highway Man"

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I drove a Jimmy Diesel from Mojave
Up to the summit of Cajun
Headed down the hill to San Bernardino
Pushed by twenty tons of silt and stone

The warning buzzer sounded, I was low on air
I checked the pressure gage 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, "Let's 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's a doggone highway man
One of them's a doggone highway man

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