

Mark Wills

"Prisoner Of The Highway"

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Diesel power, eighteen wheels to rollin'
As I pull it on to the interstate
I've got thirteen hours to make my destination
And I don't want to stop to check my weight
It won't be no sleep for me tonight, no
I gotta be hittin' Tulsa by first mornin' light

Call me a prisoner of the highway
Driven on by my restless soul
I'm a prisoner of the highway
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah

I've run freight out of Wheeling West Virginia
And U.S. Steel from Bethlehem
And I've rolled tobacco out of the Carolinas
California wines in the Birmingham
Some people work just to survive
But up here in this cab, it's the only time I'm alive

I'm a prisoner of the highway
Driven on by my restless soul
Call me a prisoner of the highway
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah, yeah,
yeah

I've got a wife livin' back in Tennessee
Ronnie, she tries to understand the way I feel
Now I could give my hands to another line of work
But my heart would always be behind the wheel

Call me a prisoner of the highway
Driven on by my restless soul
I'm a prisoner of the highway
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road

I'm a prisoner of the highway
Driven on by my restless soul
Call me a prisoner of the highway
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah, yeah

We're prisoners of the highway
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road

Yeah, we are prisoners of the highway
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road

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