

## **Dave Dudley** **"Pullin' Double"**

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I got sleep in my eyes and my bones ain't tellin' lies  
Wish this rig could drive itself I'd rest a while  
Can't go too fast or slow why I keep drivin' I don't know  
Pullin' double's double trouble turnpike miles  
If I ever start to slide I can kiss this world goodbye  
Must be two miles down that mountain side  
I'm always lookin' up ahead and I think my leg is goin'  
dead  
Pullin' double's double trouble turnpike miles  
Rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' when you're runnin'  
good you gotta keep on goin'  
Always scared the guardrail's gonna get you  
Knowin' if it does your drivin' days are through

You know comin' down from Maine Chicago's all the  
same  
One wrong turnpike will surely change my style  
And those clouds are lookin' sick and I bet up ahead it's  
turnin' slick  
Pullin' double's double trouble turnpike miles  
And this road gets mighty rough and you see some  
curvy stuff  
You know some of it ain't surprisin' by a mile  
But I can't be wastin' time I gotta keep moving on down  
that line  
Pullin' double's double trouble turnpike miles  
Rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'...  
I'm rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'...

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