

David Allan Coe "White Line Fever"

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White line fever
A sickness born deep within my soul
White line fever
The years keep flying by like those highway pole

The wrinkles on my forehead
Show the miles I've put behind me
They continue to remind me how fast I'm growing old
Guess I'll die with this fever in my soul

White line fever
A sickness born deep within my soul
White line fever
The years keep flying by like those highway pole

I wonder just what makes a man keep pushing on
Why must I keep singing this old highway song
I've been from coast to coast a 100 times or more
I ain't seen one single place that I ain't been before

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White line

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