

## **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band**

### **"Queen of the Road"**

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Standing in the doorway with her hand on her hip  
Eyes like the beacons on a rocketship  
Just about the bottom of a bottle of gin  
She baits her hook and she reels'em in

She's got a black leather jacket, with a patch on the  
back  
No imitation cajun gonna get to that  
Got a red bandana and a rose tattoo  
She got a mind of her own, nobody tells her what to do

Diamonds, pearls hey hey hey  
They're for all the other girls  
Some women just don't need'em  
You can keep'em

She goes putt putt, that's my queen  
Putt putt, on her big machine  
Putt putt, when the light turns green  
Putt putt, she's so mean  
Nothin' can stop my queen of the road

Now if you wanna roll the dice, you can try your luck  
She can melt the ice of an ice cream truck  
Can't holler uncle, when you've had enough  
Her own brother won't fight her, cause the girl's so  
tough

Devil of an angel, she's a one of a kind  
She's got a knucklehead harley and a one track mind  
Roadhouse reputation everywhere she goes  
As a big sled rider, she's a queen of the road

From Pamona to Daytona, hey hey  
And every highway in-between  
There's not a one of'em she ain't seen  
Wooh you know what I mean

And.. (Chorus)

Now when the party's over and the lights come on  
Don't have to try to find her cause the girl is gone

She slithered into second and away she goes  
My motorheaded mama is the queen of the road

Chorus

Putt putt.. (Chorus)

Yeah

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