

## **Freddy Weller**

### **"Roadmaster"**

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(Freddy Weller)

I'm a road master baby, I spend my life on the road  
I'm a travelin' musician carryin' a pretty big load  
I spend my days drivin' down the highway  
And when the show is over, I do things my way.  
Look out honey, 'cause the road master's on the road

Well, I met a little woman down in Nashville, Tennessee  
She said she'd play her harp if I could do a number in C  
Well, when the show was over, I knew her pretty well  
I said I like to hang around and talk a spell  
But tomorrow I'm in Macon and the road master's got  
to go.

Well, one night at a roadhouse, I thought it was the end  
of the line  
I had a pretty waitress but a truck driver hollered,  
"she's mine"  
I told him meet me out in front if he wanted to fight  
And then I snuck around in back like a thief in the night  
I got the four wheels turnin' got the road master on the  
road.

Well I'm a fool for the highway, I never thought of  
settlin' down  
I like to play my music when there's lots of pretty  
women around  
I never noticed any difference 'tween a woman and a  
lady  
I'll take anything from eighteen to eighty  
When the full moon's risin' and the road master's on  
the road.

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