

The Road

Aaron Lewis

There's a thousand miles, and 18 hrs,
I got a double drive down southbound 35.
I got the hammer down, Detroit made
525 pushing my ass right down that line.

And that smell of burning diesel fuel,
Just tells me that I'm back out on the road.

I got a full grown creepin' up on my tail,
And I won't make bail in this small town jail,
No, not 'round here.
I got the bird dog on, radio cranked,
Gear jammin', lane changin' son of a bitch,
You betcha son.

And that smell of burning diesel fuel,
Just tells me that I'm back out on the road.

Just left the with a handful of pills,
And I won't quit till I hit the
Well I'm almost there, there's just a few more miles.
I'll make the drop and I'll turn and burn,
I'm outta here.

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