

Roll On

Alabama

R1: Roll On highway, Roll On a-long.
Roll On daddy till you get back home.
Roll on fam'ly, Roll On crew.
Roll On mama like I asked you to do.
And Roll On Eighteen Wheeler, Roll On.

1. Well it's Monday mornin', he's kissin' mama goodbye.
He's up and gone with the sun.
Daddy drives an eighteen wheeler,
and he's off on a midwest run.

And three sad faces gather 'round mama.
They ask her when daddy's comin' home.
Daddy drives an eighteen wheeler,
and they sure miss him when he's gone.

Ah, but he calls 'em ev'ry night and tells 'em
that he loves them.
He taught 'em this song to sing:

R1: Roll On highway...

2. Well it's Wednesday evening.
Mama's waitin' by the phone.
It rings but it's not his voice.
Seems the high-way patrol has found a jack-knifed rig
in a snowbank in Illinois.

But the driver was missin',
and the search had been abandoned
'cause the weather had ev'rything stalled.
And they had checked all the houses and the local motels;
when they had some more news they'd call.

And she told them when they found him to tell him
that she loved him.
And she hung up the phone singin':

R2: Roll On highway, Roll On a-long.
Roll On daddy till you get back home.
Roll on fam'ly, Roll On crew.
Roll On mama like I asked you to do.
And Roll On Eighteen Wheeler, Roll On.

*: Mama and the children will be waiting up all night long,
thinkin' nothin' but the worst is comin'
with the ring-in' of the telephone.
Oh, but the Man upstairs was list'nin'
when Mama asked him to bring Daddy home.
And when the call came in, it was Daddy on the other end,
askin' her if she had been a-singin' the song, singin':

R2: Roll On highway...

Eighteen whee-ler
Eighteen whee-ler
Eighteen whee-ler
Eighteen whee-ler----(hold until finally "roll on!")
Roll On!