

# Too Many Highways

Merle Haggard

She whispered I love you and come back to me  
As I climbed up inside of this old Diamond T  
Could have been a doctor or a lawyer by trade  
But that ain't the choice that I made

The life of a skinner gets under your skin  
Too many highways and I'm leaving again  
She could have been famous up on the screen or on stage  
But that ain't the choice that she made

Too many highways, too many byways  
Too many canyons and too many turns  
Too many bright lights, too many long nights  
And she's one bridge I don't want to burn

I hate to leave her with tears in her eyes  
The longer I leave her the harder she cries  
God it beats working but driving's a chore  
I don't have a choice any more

Like snow on the mountains and ice in the curbs  
Leaving her lonely is sure hell on her nerves  
If I can't take her with me, I can't take the load  
A man needs a friend on the road

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