

# White Line Casanova

Brooks & Dunn

I'm dead headin' down from Tulsa  
Goin' back to San Antone  
My baby called me up this morning  
Begging me to come back home  
Haulin' high hopes and thin air  
Losin' money by the mile  
I'll get there a poor man  
She'll make it worth my while

I was a white line casanova  
A love bandit of the road  
I got the one I can't get over  
I miss her more with every load  
I got these eighteen wheels  
Singin' home sweet home  
I been too long gone  
Oh I'm comin' home to ya

I ain't left the fast lane  
Since I hit the last toll gate  
I know she's out there waitin' in that Lone Star state  
She'll be standin' on the front porch  
Reachin' out with open arms  
This woman's out to get me  
Shoot the dog and sell the farm

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I got a white knuckle grip  
On this wheel in my hand  
I'm rollin' down the highway  
Just as fast as I can  
I'm blowin' smoke from both stacks  
Pickin' 'em up, I'm puttin' 'em down  
There won't be no time at all  
'Til I'll be rollin' into town

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Yea I got these eighteen wheels  
Singin' home sweet home  
I been too long gone  
Oh I'm comin' home to ya