

Highway Junkie

Chris Knight

A hundred cups of coffee, five hundred cigarettes
A thousand miles of highway and I aint forgot her yet
But I keep on moving, I keep moving down the line
There aint nothing in my mirror, just a cloud of dust
and smoke
But what do you expect when some old truckers heart
gets broke
Yeah, truckers hearts gets broke

But them big wheels of rubber are gonna rub her off my
mind
Im a highway junkie, I need that old white line

Ten miles out of nashville, I was doing a hundred and
one
State boy me over and he said, wheres the fire, son?
He said, wheres the fire son?
I said man, there aint no fire, Im just running from a
flame
Go on and write your ticket, but I aint the one to
blame
That county judge tried to rob me blind.

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So I rolled on down to memphis
I had nothing left to lose
I wanted to hear some rock and roll, but all they
played was blues
I didnt wanna hear no blues
So I went to call up elvis and roger miller grabbed the
phone
He said drive that 18 wheeler, boy, youre the king of
the road
Said I was the king of the road

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