

## White Line Fever

David Allan Coe

White line fever  
A sickness born deep within my soul  
White line fever  
The years keep flying by like those highway pole

The wrinkles on my forehead  
Show the miles I've put behind me  
They continue to remind me how fast I'm growing old  
Guess I'll die with this fever in my soul

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I wonder just what makes a man keep pushing on  
Why must I keep singing this old highway song  
I've been from coast to coast a 100 times or more  
I ain't seen one single place that I ain't been before

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