

Brothers of the Highway

George Strait

Diamonds on the windshield, as heaven starts to cry,
In his rearview mirror, his angle waves goodbye,
She knows he's got to go, she knows he's one of them,

Brothers of the highway, children of the wind,
That detroit diesel piarot ship goes rollin out again,
Sailin for that settin sun, freedoms your best friend,
Brothers of the highway, children of the wind.

He putts the peddel to the metal, tring to out run the rain,
Another shot of truck stop coffee, goes runnin through his vain
s,
This country turns on eighteen wheels, thank god we can depend,
on

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Brothers of the highway, children of the wind.

Carolina west to Denver,
Batton Rouge east to Pittsburg,
Portland south to San Diago,
Sail on sail on,
Talahasy north to Boston,
Up to Bangor west to Austin,
Coast to coast. sea to sea,
Sail on sail on, you

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God bless you brothers of the highway, children of the wind.