

Sweet Melinda

John Denver

Pulled out of Denton, Texas two days and nights ago,
I been living on pills and burgies, the whites of my eyes don't
show.

The south bound headlights are making me blind, I'm too damn ti
red to blink.

My toes are numb and my brain's gone dumb, I can just barely th
ink.

Lo de looou, sweet Melinda, my wife.

The lonesome moan of this eighteen-
wheeler cuts through me like a knife.

Except for you, sweet Melinda, my wife, I been riding on empty
most all of my life.

Two more hours till daylight, starting to rain again.

A sign up ahead says welcome to Paradise, Population Ten.

Me and this truck and that old white line stumbling on and on,
Like three old drinking buddies coming home at dawn.

Singing ooooo, sweet Melinda, my wife.

The lonesome moan of this eighteen-
wheeler cuts through me like a knife.

Except for you, sweet Melinda, my wife, I been riding on empty
most all of my life.

Except for you, sweet Melinda, my wife.

The lonesome moan of this eighteen-
wheeler cuts through me like a knife.

Except for you, sweet Melinda, my wife, I been riding on empty
most all of my life.

I been riding on empty most all of my life