

Little House On The Highway

Kellie Pickler

Makin' my way past Tullahoma,
Better pick up the pace.
I'm traveling with a three ring circus,
Headed for Santa Fe.

I finally found a radio station
And it's keepin' me wide awake.
And just when I like what I hear playing
That's when it starts fading away.

We're stacking up miles and slowing down the passing lane
A trucker's tan and dirty RayBans
Looking for a place to top off the propane
Moving on along in this little house on the highway.

The cabinet doors keep swinging open each time I make a left
The only way I know where I'm going is chasing the sun straight
west
We're stacking up miles and slowing down the passing lane
A trucker's tan and dirty RayBans
Looking for a place to top off the propane
Moving on along in this little house on the highway.

Wheels keep rolling into mountain time and the hills are all be
ginning to
Rise
You'll know we finally made it there when the wood is all petri
fied
Well don't use the brakes, pop the clutch and shift those gears
It's no man's land 'til the Rio Grande
Driving through the sand and we're just out here

Stacking up miles and slowing down the passing lane
A trucker's tan and dirty RayBans
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Moving on along in this little house on the highway.
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