

The Highway Is My Home

Lee Rocker

Rollin down the highway and I'm feelin like I'm dead
A hundred miles further, well I'll stop and find a bed
We've been ridin hard, we been rollin like dice
We could a made it further but the highways filled with
ice

From New York up to Boston, hear the engine moan
Until I make it back, the highway is my home

I took off out of Kansas and the wind and rain blew
The sky was gettin darker but who the hell knew
Cuttin cross the prairie, spinnin like a top
And it sounded like a freight train rollin past the stop
Darker than the night now, hear the wind blow
Until I make back, the highway is my home

The place was packed on Friday
They were knockin down the door
The band was rockin harder, than we ever did before
Folks had come from miles and miles
They lined up down the block
Well just about midnight, we were shut down by the cops
Searchin for the convict, where that bird had flown
Until I make it back, the highway is my home

Rollin down the blacktop well everything's alright
Passed another truck stop well we got a show tonight
Then will all be headin back, and we just can't wait
Just another fourteen hours on the interstate
Back to California, that's where I belong
The road goes on forever, the highway goes too long