

Ain't No Short Way Home

Lee Roy Parnell

Monday morning six a.m.
Gonna be a hot one again
Put some coffee in my cup
Get in my Chevy and saddle up

And I roll, roll
Got another thousand miles to go
And I roll, roll
Driving down this old four-lane road

I can taste your kisses, see your face
And the faster I go, the longer it takes
And this lonely heart is a heavy load
And it's slowing me down
And there ain't no short way home

Make a stop for gasoline
Ain't got time to wash the window clean
Burning highway, burning tires
Burning oil and burning desire

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