

# Prisoner Of The Highway

Mark Wills

Diesel power, eighteen wheels to rollin'  
As I pull it on to the interstate  
I've got thirteen hours to make my destination  
And I don't want to stop to check my weight  
Won't be no sleep for me tonight, no  
Gotta be hittin' Tulsa by first mornin' light.

Call me a prisoner of the highway  
Driven on by my restless soul  
I'm a prisoner of the highway  
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah.

I've run freight out of Wheeling West Virginia  
And U.S. Steel from Bethlehem  
And I've rolled tobacco out of the Carolinas  
California winds into Birmingham  
Some people work just to survive  
But up here in this cab  
Is the only time I'm alive.

I'm a prisoner of the highway  
Driven on by my restless soul  
Call me a prisoner of the highway  
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah.

I've got a wife livin' back in Tennessee  
Ronnie, she tries to understand the way I feel (Lord, have mercy)  
Now I could give my hand to another line of work  
But my heart would always be behind the wheel.

Call me a prisoner of the highway  
Driven on by my restless soul  
I'm a prisoner of the highway  
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah.

Don't ya know.

I'm a prisoner of the highway  
Driven on by my restless soul  
Call me a prisoner of the highway  
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah.

We're prisoners of the highway (that's right)  
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road  
Yeah, we are prisoners of the highway (one more time)  
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road...