

White Line Fever

Merle Haggard

White line fever, a sickness born
Down deep within my soul
White line fever, the years keep flyin' by
Like the highline poles

The wrinkles in my forehead
Show the miles I've put behind me
They continue to remind how fast I'm growin' old
Guess I'll die with this fever in my soul

I wonder just what makes a man keep pushing on
What makes me keep on hummin' this old highway song
I've been from coast to coast a hundred times before
I ain't found one single place where I ain't been before

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