

Check Cashin' Country

Midland

Rolling down the road in the heart of Texas
Driving band playing, country western
Driving all night trying to make the next gig
Sure ain't getting any rested

With the highway below and the Lord above me
On the telephone saying, don't cry honey
Trying to make enough to keep the motor running
Sure ain't in it for the money

This ain't check cashin' country
Ain't check cashin' country

Nights are getting long and the miles are showing
Life of a country rock and roll band
Looking out for the highway patrol man
Love to stick around, we got to go man

Wake up to the sound of the tires on the highway
Pull into a truck stop, poured me a coffee
Lord knows the miles that have gone behind me
Sure ain't in it for the money

This ain't check cashin' country
Ain't check cashin' country, naw-ha

I hear that tip jars got a jingle
Cause we ain't got a single, on the radio
We may go dancing around wherever we go
Trying to turn a nickel, to solid country gold

It goes T for Texas and Tennessee
We got miles to cover and places to be
The highways the only kind of life for me
Sure ain't in it for the money

This ain't check cashin' country
Ain't check cashin' country, naw-ha (no it ain't)

I hear that tip jars got a jingle
Cause we ain't got a single, on the radio
We may go dancing around wherever we go
Trying to turn a nickel, to solid country gold

It goes T for Texas and Tennessee
We got miles to cover and places to be
If y'all don't two-step, then we don't eat
Sure ain't out here for the money

This ain't check cashin' country
Ain't check cashin' country
Country
Country, ohh

Ain't check cashin' country
No it ain't
Tiskáno z www.txp.cz