

# 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  
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