

Just Fine

Pat Green

I was born down in San Antone; daddy would leave us all alone
Big rig, rolling thunder on a Dallas bound highway, home
Mama got a job, and she worked real hard
She had two little kids in a trashed out car
Yeah, but me and my brother seemed to get along just fine

Yeah, and you know the highway, just like a river, keeps rollin
g on
And you know it's my way. I was born to sing this song
Have no fear, I ain't going nowhere
Everything is gonna be just fine

So I turn on the TV on a Sunday afternoon
This preacher was saying: "boy, you're gonna meet your doom
If you do to the honky-tonks and drink that ice cold beer."
Well, I've got me some friends, and we're real tight
We stay up drinking and talking in the middle of the night
We talk about Jesus, man; I'll tell you he's one pretty cool du
de

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Lately I've been toying with the notion
Of setting these wheels in motion
Set me out on the highway to see what I can see
Then you came in crying; you were bitching at me
You said your baby or the highway; now what's it gonna' be?
I said well, maybe you don't get it, it's the nature of the bus
iness
And I'm 'bout to be moving on

Yeah, and you know the highway, just like a river, keeps rollin
g on
And you know it's my way. I was born to sing this song
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Everything is gonna be just fine