

Give Me the Highway

Vince Gill

Give me the highway
Lord knows I love to roam
Give me the highway
Well, I can hear the lonesome whistle moan

White lines, neon signs
Have always been my home
Give me the highway
'Cause I was born a rollin' stone

Down every road I travel
Lord, to you might look the same
But maybe you might tell me
Every town's got a different name

I'd like to find a woman
That won't hell-bent to tie me down
Someone to be content
To go anywhere I'm bound

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