

# Highway Junkie

Chris Knight

A hundred cups of coffee, five hundred cigarettes  
A thousand miles of highway and I aint forgot her yet  
But I keep on moving, I keep moving down the line  
There aint nothing in my mirror, just a cloud of dust  
and smoke  
But what do you expect when some old truckers heart  
gets broke  
Yeah, truckers hearts gets broke

But them big wheels of rubber are gonna rub her off my  
mind  
Im a highway junkie, I need that old white line

Ten miles out of nashville, I was doing a hundred and  
one  
State boy me over and he said, wheres the fire, son?  
He said, wheres the fire son?  
I said man, there aint no fire, Im just running from a  
flame  
Go on and write your ticket, but I aint the one to  
blame  
That county judge tried to rob me blind.

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So I rolled on down to memphis  
I had nothing left to lose  
I wanted to hear some rock and roll, but all they  
played was blues  
I didnt wanna hear no blues  
So I went to call up elvis and roger miller grabbed the  
phone  
He said drive that 18 wheeler, boy, youre the king of  
the road  
Said I was the king of the road

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