

# Little House On The Highway

Kellie Pickler

Makin' my way past Tullahoma,  
Better pick up the pace.  
I'm traveling with a three ring circus,  
Headed for Santa Fe.

I finally found a radio station  
And it's keepin' me wide awake.  
And just when I like what I hear playing  
That's when it starts fading away.

We're stacking up miles and slowing down the passing lane  
A trucker's tan and dirty RayBans  
Looking for a place to top off the propane  
Moving on along in this little house on the highway.

The cabinet doors keep swinging open each time I make a left  
The only way I know where I'm going is chasing the sun straight  
west  
We're stacking up miles and slowing down the passing lane  
A trucker's tan and dirty RayBans  
Looking for a place to top off the propane  
Moving on along in this little house on the highway.

Wheels keep rolling into mountain time and the hills are all be  
ginning to  
Rise  
You'll know we finally made it there when the wood is all petri  
fied  
Well don't use the brakes, pop the clutch and shift those gears  
It's no man's land 'til the Rio Grande  
Driving through the sand and we're just out here

Stacking up miles and slowing down the passing lane  
A trucker's tan and dirty RayBans  
Looking for a place to top off the propane  
Moving on along in this little house on the highway.  
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