

Ain't No Short Way Home

The Oak Ridge Boys

Monday morning, six AM
Gonna be a hot one again
Put some coffee in my cup
Got my Chevy and I saddled up
And I roll, roll, roll, roll
Got another hundred miles to go
And I roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll

I can taste your kisses, see your face
And the faster I go the longer it takes
Well, this lonely heart is a heavy load
And it's slowing me down and there
Ain't no short way home

Make a stop for some gasoline
Ain't got time to wash the windows clean
Burning highway, burning tires
Burning oil, and burning desire
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And I roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll

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Well, this lonely heart is a heavy load
And it's slowing me down and there
Ain't no short way
Taste your kisses, see your face
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Ain't no short way