

The highwayman

I'm a man of the highway! I'm the king of a truck!

In front of the windshield there is my luck.

I'm shifting my gears. I shovel my grave,

with every mile that I drive on this lane.

At home there's a wife, a lovely one, man!

And she is waiting to see me again.

But I'm far away, running through the rainy night.

Staring through this window I wish to be back again!

I loved a woman in Phoenix and one in New Orleans.

I have children in Tulsa and a dog in Mobile.

Could this be my life to be a stray cat?

I want to quit now, I want to take my hat!

This is a story 'bout the men on the wheels

They are shifting their gears and they are not out of steel!

} (spoken)

They are all alive and they all have a heart.

But most of all they want to have a real home.