

[8 bar guitar and drum rim intro]

[broke down thru first chorus]

<C>One hundred cups of coffee five hundred cigarettes
A thousand miles of highway and I ain't forgot her yet
But I keep on <F>movin' I keep a-movin down the <C>line
Aint nothin in my mirror just a cloud of dust and smoke
Whatd you expect when some ol truckers heart gets broke <F>
yeah a truckers heart gets <C>broke

--Chorus--

Those <G>big wheels of rubber gonna rub her off my mind
<F>I'm a highway junkie I need that old white <C>line

[all in]Was ten miles outta' Nashville I was doin bout 91
State boy pulled me over he said where's the fire son <F>
He said where's that fire <C>son
I said man there ain't no fire I'm just runnin from a flame
Go on an write your ticket, but I aint the one to blame <F>
That county judge tried to rob me <C>blind

(chorus)

[solo: 6 bar guitar, 6 bar steel]

F C . . . G . . . F . . . C

<C>So I rolled on down to Memphis I had nothin left lose
Wanted to hear some rock n roll
But all they played was blues <F>
I didn't wanna hear no <C>blues
I went to call up Elvis but Roger Miller grabbed the phone
He said <C>[ring]dang me drive them 18 wheelers boy
You're the king of the [drums]rooooooad [in]<F>
You're the king of the <C>road

(chorus)

<G>I'm a highway junkie lord I <F>need that old white <C>line
F C . . . G . . . F . . . C

[stay on C, lay back for band intro, turn it up for finale]