Roll on highway, roll on along Roll on daddy till you get back home Roll on family, roll on crew Roll on momma like I asked you to do And roll on eighteen-wheeler, roll on. (roll on.) Well, it's Monday morning, he's kissin' momma goodbye He's up and gone with the sun Daddy drives an eighteen-wheeler And he's off on a midwest run As three sad faces gather round momma They ask her when daddy's comin' home Daddy drives an eighteen-wheeler And they sure miss him when he's gone (yeah they do) Ah, but he calls them everynight And he tells them that he loves them And he taught them this song to sing. Roll on highway, roll on along Roll on daddy till ya get back home Roll on family, roll on crew Roll on momma like I asked you to do And roll on eighteen-wheeler roll on. (roll on.) Well, it's Wednesday evening, momma's waitin by the phone It rings but it's not his voice Seems the highway patrol has found a jackknifed rig In a snow bank in Illinois But the driver was missin' And the search had been abandoned. 'Cause the weather had everything stalled And they had checked all the houses and the local motels When they had some more news they'd call And she told them when they found him To tell him that she loved him And she hung up the phone singin'. Roll on highway, roll on along Roll on daddy till ya get back home Roll on family, roll on crew Roll on momma like I asked you to do And roll on eighteen-wheeler roll on. Momma and the children will be waiting up all night long Thinkin' nothing but the worst is comin' With the ringin' of the telephone Oh, but the man upstairs was listening When momma asked him to bring daddy home And when the call came in it was daddy on the other end Askin' her if she had been singin' the song, singin'. Roll on highway, roll on along Roll on daddy till ya get back home Roll on family, roll on crew Roll on momma like I asked you to do

And roll on eighteen-wheeler roll on (roll on)

Eighteen-wheeler Eighteen-wheeler Eighteen-wheeler Eighteen-wheeler

Roll on Roll on...