

Pacific Coast Highway

Kavinsky

Diesel power, eighteen wheels to rollin'*
As I pull it on to the interstate
I've got thirteen hours to make my destination
And I don't want to stop to check my weight
Won't be no sleep for me tonight, no
Gotta be hittin' Tulsa by first mornin' light
Call me a prisoner of the highway
Driven on by my restless soul
I'm a prisoner of the highway
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah
I've run freight out of Wheeling West Virginia
And U.S. Steel from Bethlehem
And I've rolled tobacco out of the Carolinas
California winds into Birmingham
Some people work just to survive
But up here in this cab
Is the only time I'm alive
I'm a prisoner of the highway
Driven on by my restless soul
Call me a prisoner of the highway
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah
I've got a wife livin' back in Tennessee
Ronnie, she tries to understand the way I feel (Lord, have mercy)
Now I could give my hand to another line of work
But my heart would always be behind the wheel
Call me a prisoner of the highway
Driven on by my restless soul
I'm a prisoner of the highway
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah
Don't ya know
I'm a prisoner of the highway
Driven on by my restless soul
Call me a prisoner of the highway
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road, yeah
We're prisoners of the highway (that's right)
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road
Yeah, we are prisoners of the highway (one more time)
Imprisoned by the freedom of the road