

I'm starting to hate all these cigarettes
And this lonely town
And I'm starting to fade like the lines on route 143
Sometimes I feel like I might wont get off this ride
As my bedroom rolls down this long highway at 75

And this highway ain't no place home for lovers and drifters li
ke me
All the hotels and bars
Rides in stretch cars ain't for me

I'm tired of missing the moments I'll never get back
And I'm tired of missing the smiles on my little girl's face
Sometimes I feel like I might wont get off this ride
As my bedroom rolls down this long highway at 75

And this highway ain't no place home for lovers and drifters li
ke me
All the hotels and bars
Rides in stretch cars ain't for me

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