

Hell On 18 Wheels

Bleu Edmondson

Well it's Saturday night, I've been up since Thursday
Another pack of cigarettes, some coffee to go
My boots need new heels My shirt smells like diesel
And I bet you don't know just how far I've got to go

I was runnin' low on gas so I stopped into Fort Worth
Ran into this sweet angel said she was from St. Lou
Well I thought I had it made until I heard some voice
say
Hey boy, that's my wife and just who the hell are you

And I've taken my share of those little white pills
I throw'd 'er down into overdrive in the California
hills
I fly from coast to coast I've got to find out how it
feels
To be heaven in the sack and hell on 18 wheels

If I only had a dollar for every tire I've blown
By now I'd be a rich man, I wouldn't haul this load
And I ain't even seen no cheap motel in hours
And I feel about as worn down As the old lines on the
road

There's some station up ahead, if it's open I can't
tell
There's some basement AM station playing old Lefty
Frizzell
"Always Late With Your Kisses" don't we know how that
feels
Lord, it's heaven on the airwaves and hell on 18 wheels

Yeah there's fifty states in all, I've seen almost
every one
Tried every kind of waitress and every kind of beer
And over time I've been written almost every kind of
warning
I'm still dodging weigh stations but at least I'm still
here

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hills
I fly from coast to coast I've got to find out how it
feels
To be heaven in the sack and hell on 18 wheels