

# Rollin' Down The Road

Conner Smith

We're just rolling down the road  
Me and my best friends  
Living out a dream  
And a suitcase in my hand  
Just outlaw living  
Country-song picking  
All green lights on the life we're living  
Rolling

Well, I woke up with a headache from a memory I can't trace  
I won't see the sun 'til noon  
Won't know the town 'til I hit stage  
Ain't the life that mamma prayed for, but it sure makes daddy proud  
Got my name spelled wrong on the marquee in some cornfield Midwest town

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Hard to sleep with red roof@ blues and a swat team wake-up call  
Zombie-walk through a parking lot  
Damning dives and alcohol  
But a "10 and 2" white-knuckle mood can drive a man to dream  
Counting miles with a rear-view smile  
Bright as a headlight beam

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Yeah. We're rolling  
Yeah. We're rolling on down the road

Yeah. We'll just keep on rolling down the road  
Me and my best friends  
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Just outlaw living  
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Rolling