

Rollin' Stone

Drew Parker

Momma drove a Pontiac, daddy drove a truck
Momma drove daddy to drinking
Daddy found a girlfriend a county away
As for momma, she found Jesus
Momma turned gray, daddy turned her that way
For me, I turned straight to Waylon
Now it's a five-piece band in an old white van
Out here picking and singing

I'm just a chip off the old rollin' stone
Like an old rollin' stone I'm a rollin' along
Part redneck hippie, road dog gypsy
The highway is my home
Don't be surprised if you open your eyes
And realize that I'm long gone
I'm just a chip off the old rollin' stone
Like an old rollin' stone
I'm a rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin' along

If you wanna hold this road dog, hold on tight
Cause I drive like I stole it
C'mon and rip the rearview off
And turn the radio on
And get these four wheels a'smoking

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Rollin' along
Yeah, I'm rollin' along

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