

# 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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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

Rollin' along  
Yeah, I'm rollin' along

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Rollin' along  
Yeah, I'm rollin' along