

Highway Chile

Popa Chubby

Yeah, his guitar slung across his back
His dusty boots is his cadillac
Flamin hair just a blowin in the wind
Aint seen a bed in so long its a sin
He left home when he was seventeen
The rest of the world he had longed to see
But everybody knows the boss
A rolling stone who gathers no moss

But youd probably call him a tramp
But it goes a little deeper than that
Hes a highway chile, yeah

Now some people say he had a girl back home
Who messed around and did him pretty wrong
They tell me it kinda hurt him bad
Kinda made him feel pretty sad
I couldnt say what went through his mind
Anyway, he left the world behind
But everybody knows the same old story,
In love and war you cant lose in glory

Now youd probably call him a tramp
But I know it goes a little deeper than that
Hes a highway chile

Walk on brother, yeah
One more brother

His old guitar slung across his back
His dusty boots is his cadillac
Flamin hair just a blowin in the wind
Aint seen a bed in so long its a sin

Now you may call him a tramp
But I know it goes a little deeper than that
Hes a highway chile

Walk on brother
Dont let no one stop you
Highway chile
Yeah yeah yeah
Highway chile
Go on down the highway
Highway chile
Yeah yeah yeah
Highway chile