

## White Line Fever

The Fall

White line fever  
A sickness bored deep into my soul  
White line fever  
The past keeps going down like the tele' poles  
The wrinkles in my forehead show the miles I've put behind me  
And continue to remind me, the fact I'm growing old  
I've still got that fever in my soul

I wonder what keeps a man pushing on  
I wonder what keeps me singing this old highway song  
I've been from coast to coast  
Many miles I've gone  
And there ain't one town I haven't seen before

White line fever  
A sickness bored deep into my soul  
White line fever  
The past keeps going on like the telephone poles  
The ghost of the airwaves shows the miles I've put behind me  
They continue to remind me, the fact I'm getting old

White line fever  
White line fever  
For throwing things out of the car  
It's a 50 pound, hundred dollar fine  
The lines I've put behind me  
And the ghosts I've put behind me  
They continue to remind me  
The fact I'm growing old