

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