

# Johnny Cash

Tracy Byrd

(Watch ya got)

Quit my job flipped off the boss took my name off the payroll  
(You can have it, man)  
Picked up my cell rang my baby's bell said I'm three miles from home  
I said sugar why don't you put on that sundress I like so much  
Wait out by the road I'm comin' to pick you up

(Whoa)

Throw your suitcase in the back

(Whoa)

Done gassed up the Pontiac

(Whoa)

Blastin' out to Johnny Cash, headin' for the highway

Baby, we ain't ever comin' back

It's four hundred and sixty seven miles to the outskirts of Las Vegas

What do you say we go get married by a preacher man that looks like Elvis

(Yeah, momma)

Sugar, don't you worry bout tellin' your momma goodbye  
We'll send her a souvenir postcard from the wild side

(Whoa)

Throw your suitcase in the back

(Whoa)

Done gassed up the Pontiac

(Whoa)

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Baby, we ain't ever comin' back

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(Whoa)

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(Suey!)

Hear that train a comin', rollin' round the bend

(Whoa)

The man in black is gonna rock your ass again

(Woah)