

White Line Fever
(Haggard)

White Line Fever a sickness born down deep inside my soul
White Line Fever the years keep flying by like a high line pole
The wrinkles in my forehead show the miles I've put behind me
They continue to remind me how fast I'm growing old
Guess I'll die with this fever in my soul
I wonder just what makes a man keep pushing on
Why must I keep on singing this old highway song
I've been from coast to coast a 100 times or more
I haven't found one place that I ain't been before
White Line Fever a sickness born down deep inside my soul
White Line Fever the years keep flying by like a high line pole

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