

ROAD DOG BLUES #1
Lyrics and music © Jack Williams

Windshield wipers crappin' out
Cryin' in the rain
Halfway through Missouri
Think I'm nearly gone insane
Followin' your footsteps,
gotta get back home to you
There's a full moon on the highway
And the pilot's got the Road Dog Blues

I got Conway Twitty singin'
"It's only Make Believe"
I see him on my radio
He's got somethin' up his sleeve
He writes those songs for money, baby
Somethin' 'bout it don't ring true
My speakers sound like thunder
Howlin' with the Road Dog Blues

CHORUS

Well, there's just 900 miles
to the Carolina line
If I had a jet plane (left brain), I'd make it home on time
But I'm an I-tinerant picker
with a guitar in the sack
I left crazy ways behind me, baby,
I'm never turnin' back
Woo-hoo!

I got feathers on the wind-shield
And butterflies on my grill
Love-bugs on my headlights
Now, what else have I killed?
I'm dodgin' mama possums
Raccoons, deer, kangaroo
There's a full moon on the highway
I'm howlin' with the Road Dog Blues

My eyes are getting' heavy
My body feels like lead
I'm weavin' down the freeway wishin'
I was in your bed
Need one more cup of coffee
And a piece of pie will do

Now, caffeine's ridin' shotgun
I'm howlin' with the Road Dog Blues

Well, I used to look for trouble
But that was in my youth
I'd turn around and follow
Any Baby Ruth
I /pass up someone thumbin' cause she
Don't look enough like you
Yeah, Lady Luck is smilin'
The pilot's got the Road Dog Blues
There's a full moon on the highway
I'm howlin' with the Road Dog Blues