

## **Blue Blue Highway**

by Rick Lang

He gets up every morning long before the sun, when his wife and his kids are fast asleep

Grabs a cup of coffee and climbs into the cab, of the rig he'll be driving all week  
By the end of the day he'll be a thousand miles away, out on some lonely interstate  
Where the only sound he hears is the shifting of the gears, and the whine that his diesel engine makes

### \*CHORUS

Blue Highway...you're riding on a road that never ends  
Blue highway...a few more miles and you'll be home again

Night out on the highway is a lonesome place to be, in a freightliner far away from home  
And it takes a lot of nerve as you wind around the curves, hoping it won't shift your heavy load

As the white lines flash by tears come to your eyes, when you think about the family you miss so

But when the highway calls you don't hesitate at all, cause the road is in your blood and in your soul

### \*CHORUS

State County lines and City limit signs, after a while they all just look the same  
And as you roll along to the highway's lonely song, your thoughts are 1000 miles away  
And later on tonight you'll be turning out the lights in some motel room all alone  
And you'll lay there on the bed to try and rest your weary head  
But you know it just don't take the place of home