

The Road

Aaron Lewis

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D C G

D

There s a thousand miles and eighteen hours I ve got a double drive down
southbound 35

D C G

D

Got the hammer down, detroit made 525 pushing my ass right down that line

Am C G

D

And that smell of burin diesel fuel just tells me that I m back out on the road

D C.

G.

I ve got a full-grown creeping up on my tail, no I won t make bail in this
small town
jail no not

D

round here

D. C.

G.

I ve got the bird dog on, radio cranked, gear jammin , lane changin son of a
bitch, you betcha

D

son

Am. C. G.

D

And that smell of burnin diesel fuel just tells me that I m back out on the
road

D. C. G.

D

Just left the jail with a handful of pills and I won t quit til I hit the coup
in Abiline

D. C.

G. D

I m almost there, there s just a few more miles, I ll make the drop, I ll turn
and burn
I m outta here

Am. C. G.

D

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road

Am. C. G.

D.

And that smell of burnin diesel fuel just tells me that I m back out on the
road