

# Gene Clark, Roadmaster

I'm a roadmaster baby and I spent my life on the road  
I'm a travelin' musician and I'm carryin' a pretty big load  
I've spend my days drivin' down the highway  
When the show is over I gotta do it my way  
So look out honey 'cause a roadmaster's on the road

I met a pretty woman down in Nashville, Tennessee  
She said she'd blew the harp if I could blow a number and see  
The evenin' was nice, I knew her pretty well  
She said she'd like to stick around and talk for a spell  
But tomorrow I'll be wakin' and a roadmaster's got to move on

One evenin' at a truck stop when I was on the way to a gig somewhere  
Some slick-back truck drivers started givin' me some shit about my long hair  
I just smiled, I told them they were right  
And I snuck out the door like a thief in the night  
Got the four wheels a-turnin', got the roadmaster back on the road

I'm a fool for the highway, I never thought of settlin' down  
I like to play my music when there's lots of pretty women around  
Never noticed any difference between a woman and a lady  
I love 'em all from sixteen to eighty  
When the moon is shinin' and the roadmaster's on the road

I'm a roadmaster baby and I spent my life in the road  
I'm a travelin' guitar picker and I feel I got a big load  
I've spend my days driving down the highway  
When the show is over I gotta do it my way  
So look out honey 'cause a roadmaster's on the road