

# White Line Fever.....Merle Haggard

D G A D

D G A F#m A7 D  
White line fever, a sickness born down deep within my soul

G A F#m A7 D  
White line fever, the years keep flying by like a high line pole

G A D  
The wrinkles in my forehead, show the miles I've put behind me

G Em G A  
They continue to remind me, how fast I'm growing old

A7 D  
Guess I'll die with this fever in my soul

D A D  
I wonder just what makes a man keep pushing on

A D  
Why must I keep on singing this old highway song?

G A D  
I've been from coast to coast a 100 times or more

G A D  
I haven't found one place that I ain't been before

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G A D