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

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

D A D A D G A 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