

White Line Fever

written by Merle Haggard

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D G A F#m A D

White Line Fever a sickness born down deep inside my soul

D G A F#m A 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 G/F# Em G G/F# A

They continue to remind me how fast I'm growing old

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 A D

White Line Fever a sickness born down deep inside my soul

D G A F#m A D

White Line Fever the years keep flying by like a high line pole

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