

**Rolling Thunder, D. Wooley, S. Robertson**  
**Cotton States Music Publishing, BMI**

Wheels a turning, blue light burning, riding through the night  
Tequila feelings, I got my reasons, dreamed everything's alright

Rolling thunder, now you wonder, but there's not room enough for you  
Get off my cloud, Find your own crowd, I'm flying to the moon

Rolling thunder, now you wonder, why there's not room enough for two  
Got my reasons, Tequila feelings, I dreamed everything's alright

On the highway, going my way, riding to the moon

Rolling thunder, catch me if you can  
I got my reasons, Tequila feelings, on the highway to the moon

On the highway, going my way, riding through the night  
Tequila feelings, I got my reasons, I dreamed everything's alright

Catch your own groove, shake it if it moves  
On the highway, going my way, riding to the moon

Find your own crowd, get off my cloud, I'm flying to the moon

Rolling thunder, in F dw sr

Rolling thunder, now you wonder, where I'm headed for to tonight,  
lost all reason, tequila feelings, and I'm flyin down the road outta sight,

Rolling thunder, got my number, catch me if you can,  
red light toking, wheels a smoking, and I'm flying to the moon...

*Get off of my cloud, find your own crowd, you can't walk in my shoes*  
*Get your own groove, find your own move, I'm flying to the moon (2)*

> bk

Rolling thunder, watch and wonder, ain't room on this ride for two.  
lost all reason, it's my season, rolling miles between me and you,

Wheels a turning, blue light burning, down a blacktop to the light,  
reefer feelings, lost all reason, ya know I own this highway tonight.

*Get off of my cloud, find your own crowd, you can't walk in my shoes*  
*Get your own groove, find your own move, I'm flying to the moon (2)*

➤ bk

I go on my way, I see ya someday, but I hope it's not gonna be soon,  
tequila feeling, lost all reason, and I'm flying to the moon...

Wheels a smoking, red light toking, my head screwed on real tight.  
lost all reason, tequila feeling, I'm the king of the highway tonight

*Get off of my cloud, find your own crowd, you can't walk in my shoes*  
*Get your own groove, find your own move, I'm flying to the moon (2)*