

John Hiatt, Lincoln Town

What I feel is like an old freight train
Five miles long in the pouring rain
Rolling out of Detroit loaded up with shiny cars
And I'm sitting in a Cadillac smoking on a big cigar
What I feel's like an engine room
Open it up and smell the perfume
I love that diesel burning up the atmosphere
When you hear me blow well honey baby know I'm here

CHORUS:

Well I'm going down to Lincoln town
Turn your pretty little head around
Take the next train outward bound
Carry you out of Lincoln town

Well babe you know my home is with you
There ain't no town or city will do
I need a rolling partner carrying me down the line
and I'm a-comin' into Lincoln town baby right on time
Well love is like an automobile
or maybe a freight train dependin' on how you feel
Big wheels rolling listen to that engine whine
Well rubber or steel honey baby I don't mind

CHORUS

When you see that old black smoke
You know it's time to pack you a coat
Meet me at the station about a quarter to nine
You can ride in my Cadillac honey you can ride the blinds

CHORUS TWICE