

Foghat, Terraplane Blues

Robert Johnson - Horoscope Music - BMI

Well I feel so lonesome - you'll hear me when I moan,
Yes, I feel so lonesome - you'll hear me when I moan,
Who been drivin' my Terraplane - for you since I been gone.

I'd said I'll flash your lights, mama - and the horn won't even blow,
I even flash my lights, mama - and this horn won't even blow,
I got a short in this connection - way way down below.

The coils ain't even buzzin' - the generator won't get that far.
All in a bad condition, I gotta have the batteries charged.
I'm cryin', please - plea-hease don't do me wrong,
Who been drivin' my Terraplane ...

{Rod - Solo}

Mr. Highway man, please don't block the road,
Mr. Highway man, please, don't block the road,
She ran a cold one hundred, Booked and I got to go.

I'll get deep down in this connection - keep on tanglin' with your wires,
And when I mash down on your starter, your spark plug will give me fire.

I'm crying please, please don't do me wrong,
Who been drivin' my Terraplane ...
I said who?, yeah,

Keep on tanglin' with your wires.
Whoo!