

# 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