## Lee Kernaghan, Gettin' Gone

Truck stop on the edge of the highway Two pumps and a Golden Fleece Well I'm out here wipin' bugs of the windscreen Dirt and diesel and elbow grease

Out here on this dot on the road map Just a blink and you've passed on Spare a thought for the boy by the bowser Livin' in the lignum, dreamin' 'bout gettin' gone

Well I've heard about the girls on the beaches And some day I'm gonna get me one (but wait a minute) The bell rings and I'm back in the real world Check the oil and fill 'er up son

Out here on this dot on the road map Just a blink and you've passed on Spare a thought for the boy by the bowser Livin' in the lignum, dreamin' 'bout gettin' gone

I've got a three-fifty-one ticket to freedom With a cracked head out the back on blocks And just as soon as I knock it together I'll be gone in a cloud of dust

But I'm out here on this dot on the road map Just a blink and you've passed on Spare a thought for the boy by the bowser Livin' in the lignum, dreamin' 'bout gettin' gone