

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