

Fred Eaglesmith

"Wate Rin The Fuel"

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Darlin', I'm a'comin' down
Route number sixty-seven
I just got off the turnpike
Avoiding the Ohio State inspection
Johnny Law followed me up the road
Then he turned off and he let me go
I guess this old truck ain't worth shuttin' down
Your voice last night on the telephone
Said you wouldn't be there when I got home
So when I get to Cleveland
I'm gonna head back south
The light keeps comin' on
I got water in the fuel
My brakes are gone
I got a left front tire throwin' thread
By tomorrow morning I could be dead
Baby, maybe, you've been right all along
You said you couldn't stay
With a man who was always gone away
All you wanted to do was to settle down
You wanted to buy that little trailer
Out on the edge with the money you'd saved
It had a carport, a colour TV
And no place to turn around
The light keeps comin' on
I got water in the fuel
My brakes are gone
I got a left front tire throwin' thread
By tomorrow morning I could be dead
Baby, maybe, you've been right all along
Remember that winter when the lake froze over
We drove out there after we'd unloaded
We revved that truck and we spun it 'round and 'round
Then we left it idlin' out on that ice
Crawled in the sleeper and I held you tight
Baby, I'm sure on thin ice now
The light keeps comin' on
I got water in the fuel
My brakes are gone
I got on left front tire throwin' thread
By tomorrow morning I could be dead

Baby, maybe, you've been right all along
Baby, maybe, you've been right all along

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