

## **John Hiatt**

### **"Lincoln Town"**

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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 my door get a whiff of perfume  
Look at that diesel burning up the atmosphere  
Oh, when you hear me blow honey baby, know I'm near

I'm going down to Lincoln town  
To turn your pretty little head around  
Take the next train outward bound  
Carry you out of Lincoln town, oh

I'm gettin' on my home is with you  
There ain't no town or city will do  
I need a rolling partner to carry me down the line  
And I'm a-comin' into Lincoln town baby, right on time

Because love is like an automobile  
Or maybe a freight train depends on how you feel  
Big wheels rolling baby, 'til that engine whines  
On rubber or steel honey baby, I don't mind

'Cause 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  
We're comin' to get you baby, alright

Oh, now when you see that old black smoke  
You know it's time to pack you a poke  
Meet me at the station about a quarter to nine  
While you can ride in my Cadillac or baby you can rack  
the blinds  
I don't mind

'Cause I'm going down to Lincoln town  
Turn your pretty little head around  
Take the next train southward bound  
Carry you out of Lincoln town

I said, "I'm going down to Lincoln town  
Turn your pretty little head around  
Take the next train southward bound  
Carry you out of Lincoln town"

Oh, I'm comin' to get you baby, oh

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