

Whitehorse

"Peterbilt Coalmine"

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I been eyeing up a coal mine baby
I been eyeing up a Peterbilt truck and
I been listening to the radio sometimes
And it's making my backbone wilt

I been dreaming of the mighty mighty Red
And a thatch roof hut that I'd put on it
You got a figure there's a local 'round the bend
With a shiny red barstool and my name's on it

Oh, has the record stopped spinning?
Has the other boot dropped, is my punk flame burning
out?

Keep my eye upon the Bluejay flying
From your collar to your hipbone baby
I don't expect it to be on you always
But surprise me with it one day, maybe
The way you did when I came in from the cold
Nothing on you but a devil-wide grin
And I don't imagine I could tire of the act
But what a lonely lonely road it's been

Has the record stopped spinning?
Has the other boot dropped, is my punk flame burning
out?
And has the band moved on and left me on the farm?
Is my rock'n'roll nerve all spent,
just a flaming heart on an old man's arm?

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