

## Son Volt

# "Looking At The World Through A Windshield"

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One, two, one

Well, when I was just a little bitty kid  
I remember one time Mommy said  
"Daddy sends you all his love from 'Frisco Bay"

Well I didn't understand till I was grown  
Why my Daddy didn't spend a little time at home  
Instead of running round the country that way

Woh, I'm looking at the world through a windshield  
Seeing everything in a little bit different light  
I got a sweet little thing that I'm dying to see in  
Nashville  
And I'm down around Dallas and roll on south tonight

Well, long strips of rubber that you see  
Were burnt off of this rig by the likes of me  
And they'll rot along the highways in this land

I'm gonna write my name in this diesel smoke  
And let the ones that come along behind me choke  
And try to keep this pace I'm setting anytime that they  
can

Woh, I'm looking at the world through a windshield  
Watching it fly by me on the right  
I got a sweet little thing that I'm dying to see in  
Nashville  
And I'm down around Dallas and roll on south tonight

Well, I push this rig through the sleet and rain  
And I've driven through the rough terrain  
Of the rockies to the docks of old L.A.

On down that old Pacific shore  
I swing north and head for Baltimore  
Or some place 'bout 2000 miles away

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