Water In The Fuel

Kasey Chambers

Well, darling, I'm a coming down old route number sixty-seven.
I just got off the turnpike avoiding the Ohio state inspection.
Johnny law followed me up the road, but then he turned off and he let me go.
I guess this old truck ain't worth shutting down.
And 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 going to head back south.
Chorus:
The light keeps coming on, I've got water in the fuel.
My brakes are gone, I've got a left front tire throwing thread.
By tomorrow morning, I could be dead. Baby, maybe you were right all along.
You said you couldn't stay with a man who was always going away,

And all you wanted to do was settle down.
You wanted to buy that little trailer, out on the edge with the money you saved.
It had a carport, a colour TV and no place to turn around.
(Chorus)
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 idling out on that ice,
Crawled in the sleeper and I held you tight.
Baby, I'm sure on thin ice now.
(Chorus)

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