

Lincoln Town

[John Hiatt](#)

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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