

Delivery Man

Bruce Springsteen

Well, I'm rumblin' outta town 'cross the west-side tracks
Drivin' my Pa's flatbed with a load of chickens in the back
I'm a little illegal, but I ain't on fire
I got them hens tied down with rope and chicken wire

Up in the cab, me and Wilson, we gotta shout
Between the noise from the engine and them chickens squawkin' a
ll about
There's a low bridge comin' up on 1-0-5
And if we don't make it, man, them feathers' gonna fly
Yeah

I took a hard turn just south of the Kokomo
That rope gave out, my load shifted, we was all over the road
Hens busted on the blacktop, chickens scattered all about
Runnin' hell-bent 'cross the highway, gettin' turned inside-out
By some local commuters at sixty miles per hour
In five minutes it was all over, except for the flowers
Yeah

Well, that flatbed was sideways in a drainage ditch
There was no way she was movin' without a crane and a hitch
When the highway patrol come in and set up a roadblock
We were chasin' some survivors 'cross the parking lot
Well, I stood up and checked my situation at hand
Lord, don't let me spend my life as a delivery man