

## Open All Night

Son Volt

I had the carburetor cleaned and checked  
With her line blown out she's hummin' like a turbojet  
Propped her up in the backyard on concrete blocks  
For a new clutch plate and a new set of shocks  
Took her down to the carwash check the plugs and points  
I'm goin' out tonight, I'm gonna rock this joint

Early north Jersey industrial skyline  
I'm a all set cobra jet creepin' through the nighttime  
Gotta find a gas station gotta find a payphone  
This turnpike sure is spooky at night when you're all alone  
Gotta hit the gas baby I'm runnin' late  
This New Jersey in the mornin' like a lunar landscape

The boss don't dig me so he put me on the nightshift  
It takes me two hours to get back to where my baby lives  
In the wee wee hours your mind gets hazy  
Radio relay towers won't you lead me to my baby  
Underneath the overpass trooper hits his party light switch  
Goodnight good luck one two powershift

I met Wanda when she was employed  
Behind the counter at the route 60 Bob's Big Boy  
Fried Chicken on the front seat she's sittin' in my lap  
We're wipin' our fingers on a Texaco roadmap  
I remember Wanda up on scrap metal hill  
With them big brown eyes that make your heart stand still

5 A.M. oil pressure's sinkin' fast  
I make a pit stop wipe the windshield check the gas  
Gotta call my baby on the telephone  
Let her know that her daddy's comin' on home  
Sit tight little mamma I'm comin' round  
I got 3 more hours but I'm coverin' ground

Your eyes get itchy in the wee wee hours  
Sun's just a red ball risin' over them refinery towers  
Radio's jammed up with gospel stations  
Lost souls callin' long distance salvation  
Hey Mr. DJ won't ya hear my last prayer  
Hey ho rock 'n' roll deliver me from nowhere