

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