

Looking At The World Through A Windshield

Son Volt

One, two, one
Well, when I was just a little bitty kid
I remember one time Mommy said
"Daddy sends you all his love from 'Frisco Bay"
Well I didn't understand till I was grown
Why my Daddy didn't spend a little time at home
Instead of running round the country that way
Woh, I'm looking at the world through a windshield
Seeing everything in a little bit different light
I got a sweet little thing that I'm dying to see in Nashville
And I'm down around Dallas and roll on south tonight
Well, long strips of rubber that you see
Were burnt off of this rig by the likes of me
And they'll rot along the highways in this land
I'm gonna write my name in this diesel smoke
And let the ones that come along behind me choke
And try to keep this pace I'm setting anytime that they can
Woh, I'm looking at the world through a windshield
Watching it fly by me on the right
I got a sweet little thing that I'm dying to see in Nashville
And I'm down around Dallas and roll on south tonight
Well, I push this rig through the sleet and rain
And I've driven through the rough terrain
Of the rockies to the docks of old L.A.
On down that old Pacific shore
I swing north and head for Baltimore
Or some place 'bout 2000 miles away
Woh, I'm looking at the world through a windshield
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