

Willie Nelson, Hands On The Wheel

At a time when the world seems to be spinnin' hopelessly out of control,
There's deceivers an' believers an' old in-betweeners,
That seem to have no place to go.
Well, it's the same old song, it's right an' it's wrong,
An' livin' is just somethin' that I do.
An' with no place to hide, I looked in your eyes,
An' I found myself in you.

I looked to the stars, tried all of the bars.
An' I've nearly gone up in smoke.
Now my hand's on the wheel, I've something that's real,
An' I feel like I'm goin' home.

An' in the shade of an oak down by the river,
Sit an old man an' a boy,
Settin' sail, spinnin' tales an' fishin' for whales,
With a lady they both enjoy.
Well, it's the same damn tune, it's the man in the moon.
It's the way that I feel about you.
An' with no place to hide, I looked in your eyes,
An' I found myself in you.

An' I looked to the stars, tried all of the bars.
An' I've nearly gone up in smoke.
Now my hand's on the wheel, I've something that's real,
An' I feel like I'm goin' home.

Instrumental break.