

# Clouds, Wichita Lineman

I am the lineman for the county  
And I drive the main roads  
Searching in the sun for another overload  
I hear you singing on the wire  
I hear your voice through the whine  
And the Wichita lineman  
Is still on the line

I know I'll need a small vacation  
But it don't look like rain  
But if there's snow that stretch down south  
Won't ever stand the strain

And I need you more than want you  
And I want you for all time  
And the Wichita lineman  
Is still on the line