

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