Cool Hand Luke, 10 Or 40

singing with the windows down
i'm driving down the street
and i hope that i'm the only one
who doesn't have a/c
'cause my voice is often cracking
and even sometimes laughing
as i lift my voice to Jesus
and fight the friday traffic
i sing, "amazing love,
how can it be?"
my voice flows out the window
into the summer heat
like the heat my voice is rising
breaking through the pink horizon
winking at the sun and flying home
and i don't mind the weather
'cause my seats aren't made of leather
if my car would keep on going
i could sing this song forever
Lord, lead this vehicle
Lord, lead this vehicle
i can't drive forever
the song is almost over
the sun is setting
the needle approaches empty
despite the heat
my feel are getting cold
from where they've been
and where they'll go
they'll go
something tells me
that they should be poised
and ready to
kick the window
i heard you
and i found myself
in a field one day
i'll stop the car
in rainwater
i'll go by foot from here