

Kinky Friedman, Wheels

(chris hillman, gram parsons)

We've all got wheels to take ourselves away,
We've got telephones to say what we can't say.
We get higher and higher every day,
Come on wheels, take this boy away.

We're not afraid to ride,
We're not afraid to die.
Come on, wheels, take me home today,
Come on wheels, take this boy away.

And when I feel my time is almost done
And destiny is in my right hand,
I turn to him who made my life so strong.
Come on, wheels, make this boy a man.

We're not afraid to ride,
We're not afraid to die.
Come on, wheels, take me home today,
Come on wheels, take this boy away.
Oh, come on, wheels, this boy away.