

Nanci Griffith, I'm Not Drivin' These Wheels (Bring

From Boston to Southshore in the back of the bus ...
it's the last winter storm of the season and such
And I am lost to the fiction of the book in my lap
the snow makes me drowsy ... while the dreams roll and tumble ...

It's a long way to Texas ... it's a long way back home
it's a three hour flight on the plane when I go
... away from this snow from Boston to Southshore where the
dreams roll and tumble ... and bring the prose to the wheel ...

Bring the prose to the wheel ... I'm not drivin' these wheels
I'm not drivin' these wheels
Bring the prose to the wheel ... I'm not drivin' these wheels
I'm not drivin' these wheels ... (today)

That face in the window ... it's one I should know
but it's never been haloed by New England snow ...
and the child 'cross the isle is sleepin' away
while the soldier behind me lets his dreams roll and tumble
my way ...

Bring the prose to the wheel ... I'm not drivin' these wheels
I'm not drivin' these wheels
Bring the prose to the wheel ... I'm not drivin' these wheels
I'm not drivin' these wheels ... (today)

This cradle of the interstate makes me weary of dreams
the hurt they cause is now ... restless ... it seems
Oh soldier, dear soldier, 'ya keep your dreams to yourself ...
my hearts rolled and tumbled 'till I've put it on the shelf

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