

Nanci Griffith, Wheels

He took a plane to New York City
To chase his fortune on the Wall Street plan
Now he is stranded in Manhattan
Yet the Southeast Texas coast still calls his name

He said come on wheels, give up a ticket
Hello thunder, won't you roll him home
Oh a needle and thread could mend his heartache
Old moon give way to the day and hand him the sun
There is no shelter for the lonely
And the Northeast women speak of a different tongue
There are days he cries so loudly
That the southern rain blows north to ease his heart

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Northern harbor take care of my blue boy
Let your city give him warmth for his hands
He will be happy, his heart won't long for
His home on the Southeast Texas coast again

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