Patty Loveless, Nothing But The Wheel

Well, I'm past the boulevard,
Out here underneath the stars.
I've been flying past the houses, farms and fields.
Leaving all I know back there,
Rushing through the cold night air,
And holding onto nothing but the wheel.

Stay clear of the interstate.
I'm seeking out those old two lanes,
Trying to explain the way I feel.
'Til all at once it's half past three,
And it's down to just the trucks and me,
And I'm holding onto nothing but the wheel.

I've been trying to drive you off my mind,
Maybe that way maybe, I can leave it all behind.
And 41 goes on and on,
And the lights go winding in the dawn,
And the sky's the color now of polished steel.
And the only thing I know for sure,
Is that if you don't want me anymore
Then I'm holding onto nothing but the wheel.

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Is that if you don't want me anymore,
Then I'm holding onto nothing but the wheel.
I'm holding onto nothing but the wheel.