

# Rheostatics, Delta 88

Dave Bidini and Janet Morassutti

Home is where I sleep at night  
Where the highway lies outside.  
In my dreams I drive.  
Home is where the tractor crawled  
On the fields that turned to clay.  
Roll the hurricanes. (Oh, well!)  
Who's out drinking?  
And who's staying up late?  
I am wondering. Fields are thundering.  
I'm not hiding. Delta 88.

Home is in the parking lot,  
Stop to check my map.  
Highway calls me back.  
Home is on the radio.  
Bell, George for four!  
Pedal to the floor. (Oh, well!)  
Who's out drinking.  
And who's staying up late?  
I am wondering. Fields are thundering.  
I'm not hiding. Delta 88.  
(Who's driving anyway?)

They're not sure about that turn in the bend, and uh...  
I lean over to you.  
These days I drive at the moon overhead, and uh...  
Hold the wheel in your hands, let it spin.