Next Best Western (live)

Richard Shindell

It's the middle of the night
Near the Indiana line
I'm pulling in a Christian station
The signal's crystal clear
But I cannot really hear
What he says about the Revelation
I am wretched, I am tired
But the preacher is on fire
And I wish I could believe[Chorus]
Whoever watches over all these truckers
Show a little mercy for a weary sinner
And deliver me ' Lord, deliver me
Deliver me to the next best westernDid he who made the lamb
Put the tremble in the hand
That reaches out to take me quarter
I look him in the eye
But there isn't any time
Just time enough to pass the tender
The highway takes its toll
The green light flashes go
And it's welcome to Ohio[Chorus]At four a.m. on 80 East
It's in the nature of the beast
To wonder if there's something missing
I am wretched, I am tired
But the preacher is on fire
And I wish I could believe(chorus)

Songwriters
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