

# Hands On the Wheel

**Jerry Jeff Walker**

Billy Callery At a time when my world, seemed to be swinging,  
Reeling out of control  
There were some believers,  
Deceivers, a few in-betweeners  
Who seemed to have no place that they could go It's the same old song,  
It's right when you're wrong  
Living's just something to do,  
With no place to hide,  
I looked into your eyes,  
And I find myself in you  
I've looked to the stars,  
Busted up some bars  
My life nearly went up in smoke With my hands on the wheel,  
Of something so real  
Yeah I feel like I'm heading home  
Now in the shape of an oak, down by the river,  
You see an old man and a boy They're setting sails, spinning tales,  
Probably fishing for whales  
With a lady that they both enjoy  
It's the same old tune,  
It's the man in the moon It's the way that I feel  
Since I found you,  
With no place to hide,  
I looked into your eyes, And I find myself in you  
I've looked to the stars, busted up some bars  
I saw my life as a joke  
With my hands on the wheel, of something so real  
Yeah I feel like I'm heading home  
And I feel like I'm heading home

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