Hands On the Wheel

Jerry Jeff Walker

Billy CalleryAt 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 goIt'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 smokeWith 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 boyThey'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 moonIt'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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