

# 10 or 40

## Cool Hand Luke

Singing with the windows down  
I'm driving down the street  
and i hope that i'm the only one  
Who doesn't have a/c  
'Cause my voice is often cracking  
and even sometimes laughing  
As i lift my voice to Jesus  
and fight the friday traffic  
I sing, "amazing love,  
How can it be?"  
My voice flows out the window  
Into the summer heat  
Like the heat my voice is rising  
Breaking through the pink horizon  
Winking at the sun and flying home  
and i don't mind the weather  
'Cause my seats aren't made of leather  
If my car would keep on going  
I could sing this song forever  
Lord, lead this vehicle  
Lord, lead this vehicle  
I can't drive forever  
The song is almost over  
The sun is setting  
The needle approaches empty  
despite the heat  
My feel are getting cold  
From where they've been  
and where they'll go  
They'll go  
Something tells me  
That they should be poised  
and ready to  
Kick the window  
I heard you  
and i found myself  
In a field one day  
I'll stop the car  
In rainwater

I'll go by foot from here

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