

# Driving Wheels

Israel Tolbert

Well he's following the broken lines  
Living on borrowed time  
Motel rooms and broken hearts all left behind  
You swear he couldn't close his eyes  
As he shifts into overdrive  
He's been up and down this road so many times

The man of his own  
And searching just keeps him proving  
That only the road  
Can tame the rebel in his soul

It's the rhythm of the highway  
As he rolls on down  
And city lights as they fade from sight  
Drives the man behind the driving wheels

Like a cowboy in a rodeo  
Riding hard but never letting go  
You'll be wand'ring through the twilight of his life  
Waylon Jennings on the radio  
Country music and engines roar  
Like a shooting star across a desert sky  
And he's got a home  
But it's out on the blue horizon  
Heaven only knows  
There's still a rebel in his soul

It's the rhythm of the highway  
As he rolls on down  
And city lights as they fade from sight  
Drives the man behind the driving wheels

And chasing southern lights  
In the distant sky  
And open plains with the mountains high  
Drives the man behind the driving wheels

Well he's thought about settling down  
A little diner on the edge of town

But in this world of push and shove  
He's still got freedom in his blood

It's the rhythm of the highway

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