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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