

# Hands on the Wheel

[Willie Nelson](#)

At a time when the world seems to be spinnin' hopelessly out of control,  
There's deceivers an' believers an' old in-betweeners,  
That seem to have no place to go.  
Well, it's the same old song, it's right an' it's wrong,  
An' livin' is just somethin' that I do.  
An' with no place to hide, I looked in your eyes,  
An' I found myself in you. I looked to the stars, tried all of the bars.  
An' I've nearly gone up in smoke.  
Now my hand's on the wheel of something that's real,  
An' I feel like I'm goin' home. An' in the shade of an oak down by the river,  
Sit an old man an' a boy,  
Settin' sail, spinnin' tales an' fishin' for whales,  
With a lady they both enjoy.  
Well, it's the same damn tune, it's the man in the moon.  
It's the way that I feel about you.  
An' with no place to hide, I looked in your eyes,  
An' I found myself in you. An' I looked to the stars, tried all of the bars.  
An' I've nearly gone up in smoke.  
Now my hand's on the wheel of something that's real,  
An' I feel like I'm goin' home.

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