

Hands on the Wheel

[Jerry Jeff Walker](#)

Billy Callery At 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 go It'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 smoke With 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 boy They'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 moon It'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

Songwriters

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