

David**"Anything With Wheels"**

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(W.L. Burnette/Phil Barnhart)

Cracks in the windshield
Nothin underneath the hood
A dirt road through a cornfield
That never looked so good
As it does today
She just might run away

She stares out the window
From the back of the house
Wishin when the wind blows
It would carry her down south
Like a Cadillac
Oh she'd never look back

If a dream had a motor
And wishes ran on gasoline
If desire just had tires
She'd be somewhere south of Abilene
She can almost feel the chrome and steel
If money grew in cornfields
She'd be gone
On anything with wheels

She thinks about her mama's life
Amd the boy down the road
She knows he would treat her right
But she can't see gettin old
Broke down from the strain
And prayin for the rain

If a dream had a motor
And wishes ran on gasoline
If desire just had tires
She'd be somewhere south of Abilene
She can almost feel the chrome and steel
If money grew in cornfields
She'd be gone
On anything with wheels

A slow walk to the highway
Breeze blowin through her hair
With her best friend's suitcase
And her thumb in the air
She looks back toward town
And a car slows down

On anything with wheels
She just might run away...

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