

C.W. McCall

"Windshield Wipers In The Rain"

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(C.W. McCall, Bill Fries, Chip Davis)

It's 4 A.M., and I'm a hundred miles from breakfast in
Wyomin'
I'm not complainin'

I got the radio on, playin' on a station from New
Orleans
An' now it's rainin'

I'm makin' time, tryin' ta keep it rollin'
And I'm all alone

[Chorus]
Windshield wipers in the rain

I hear that country-western music comin' at me,
through the thunder
A flash of lightnin'

I hear the D.J., sayin' "Here's a little tune for all you
truckers.
"I hope you like it."

I'm gettin' tired; my eyes are feelin' sandy
When I'm alone

[Chorus]
Windshield wipers in the rain

I hear a freight train comin' down
I see the headlights flashin' 'round
I feel an earthquake in the ground
An' then he's gone
An' I'm alone
All alone

[Chorus]
Windshield wipers in the rain

I feel a cold Wyomin' chill comin' on me in the mornin'
I need some welcome

I see a sign, says it's only fifty miles to where I'm going
And I hope it's open

I look around, wishin' you was with me
But I'm alone

[Chorus]
Windshield wipers in the rain

I see a distant neon sign
I turn the music way up high
I wipe the lonesome from my eyes
But I'm alone

[Chorus]
Windshield wipers in the rain

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