

Terry MacAlmon**"Driver"**

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Wake up alone and find
It's the wheels just rollin in my mind
Cant stop to think or see
Is this really what God cut for me

You think I'd love to see nothing
But the wheels just rollin round and
I throw my head back and I'm blind

You can stop sometime
If you ever do, you'll lose your mind
It's more than a dream to me
Just an alibi for rivalry

You think I'd love to see nothing
But the wheels just bearing down and
I throw my head back and I go blind

When I look back at my life sometimes
I see it all as broken lines
Running over
When you look up to me

Well it's hard to understand sometimes
When I go put mine on the line
And it's hard
As it always used to be

They don't care
(forget this line)

Like the old boys
Runnin in the night
Cross the borders, between their own headlights
Runnin them hard

When I open up and find
There's another part of life sometimes
When you look up at me and find

And I know that it's hard to understand

Who would expect someone to ever give out their hand
To someone like me?

Gotta understand
It's a cold stormy day
Get out there and see

Like the old boys
Runnin in the night
Cross the borders, between their own headlights

Runnin, runnin
Cross that border
Just runnin them hard
And takin em home

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