

Nanci Griffith "I'm Not Drivin' These Wheels"

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Boston to Southshore in the back of the bus
It's the last winter storm of the season and such
And I am lost to the fiction of the book in my lap
The snow makes me drowsy, while the dreams roll and
tumble

And it's a long way to Texas, it's a long way back home
It's a three hour flight on the plane when I go
Away from this snow from Boston to Southshore where
the
Dreams roll and tumble, and bring the prose to the
wheel

Bring the prose to the wheel, I'm not drivin' these
wheels
I'm not drivin' these wheels
Bring the prose to the wheel, I'm not drivin' these
wheels
I'm not drivin' these wheels

That face in the window, it's one I should know
But it's never been haloed by New England snow
And the child 'cross the isle is sleepin' away
While the soldier behind me lets his dreams roll and
tumble my way

Bring the prose to the wheel, I'm not drivin' these
wheels
I'm not drivin' these wheels
Bring the prose to the wheel, I'm not drivin' these
wheels
I'm not drivin' these wheels, today

This cradle of the interstate makes me weary of
dreams
The hurt they cause is now, restless, it seems
Oh soldier, dear soldier, ya keep your dreams to
yourself
My hearts rolled and tumbled 'till I've put it on the shelf

Bring the prose to the wheel, I'm not drivin' these
wheels

I'm not drivin' these wheels
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