

Rubber Meets The Road

Steven Curtis Chapman

Well, I couldn't reach the pedals, but I could hold on to the wheel

I was driving in the Indy in my Daddy's Oldsmobile

And I took the checkered flag and never took the car out of park

Maybe I was sitting still, but I was driving in my heart

And then one day this young man's dreams came true

Dad threw the keys to me and said let's see what you can do

Fire up your engines, come on let's go

This is where the rubber meets the road

It's time to put in motion everything you know

This is where the rubber meets the road, meets the road

The rubber meets the road

Well, I drove about an hour and finally made it around the block

I was in all of my glory, Dad was in a state of shock

But it didn't take long for me to understand

That the road's a different place when the wheel is in your hand

You can dream and scheme and talk about it, read it in a book

Look where you want to go, but are you going where you've looked?

I've got a Bible on the table, I've got 5 more on my shelf

I've got a head half full of knowledge far from what I'd call a wealth

But I know what I do know, better yet I know who knows me

And He's given us directions and He's throwing us the keys, saying . . .