

# Walker Behind The Wheel

Brian Burns

It was the middle of Montana on a cold winter night  
When our van pulled up outside the door.  
We'd been on the road for three months, four-hundred miles that day;  
We were tired, but we loaded our stuff out onto the floor.  
There was Mad Jack on the fiddle and old Bill on the bass,  
Tom played the lonesome steel,  
I played the guitar around the place,  
And it was Walker behind the wheel.

Well, the crowd was with us that night right up till closin',  
And we played like we hadn't played in awhile.  
When we were through even the management was pleased,  
So we all hit the bar with a smile,  
When this old man full of whiskey comes over to me  
And says with a look in his eye,  
"I can tell by your songs you're from Texas, boys,  
Brother, well so am I... tell me..."

"Do the bluebonnets carpet the fields in the spring?  
Does the Brazos still run to the sea?  
Does the sun still shine down on those Texas girls?  
Once one gave her love to me."

He said, "you see, son, there was a time when my song was just as sweet as  
Yours,  
And I traveled and I worked with the best.  
But day after day got to be year after year,  
And the road gives you no time to rest.  
The runaway dreams put a rope to my soul,  
The nights took my company,  
The whiskey got the lyrics to most of my songs,  
And the age took my memory... tell me..."

"So you see, I see a lot of myself in you and your friends here,  
I see the poet, the clown, and sometimes the king.  
So just you take care of yourself and try not to end up like me,  
With a bunch of broken dreams and no song left to sing.  
Aw, I didn't mean to go preachin' at ya, let me buy you a beer,  
I guess I spend too much time talkin' alone.  
But you write pretty good songs from what I can hear,  
And you paint me a picture of home... tell me..."

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And it was Walker behind the wheel.