

## Windshield Wipers in the Rain

C.W. McCall

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 truck  
ers.

"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