

# Big Wheel

Cass McCombs

I dig  
The taste of diesel and the sound of big rigs  
Rubber, metal, oil and stone  
Scoring at truck stops, lot lizards and driving far alone

Garbage trucks lifting cans in the morning Sun  
Behind the wheel of a bulldozer is my idea of fun  
John Deere, Dynapac steamrollers, grain silos & old barns  
Electric storms over lumber yards

Small wheel runs by faith  
Big wheel runs by grace  
A wheel in a wheel go round and round

What does it mean to be a man?  
How you gonna tell me who I am?  
A man is bolts, a man is rust  
For a little while, then the man is dust  
A man with a man- how more manly can you get?  
I may be five-foot-one but you're all wet  
Be a man

I live by my principles, I stick to my guns  
I wake up well before garbage or the Sun  
I die by my honor which I alone define  
My heart is yours, my soul is mine  
Take back your flowers and your fance and priss  
I'm a man because I say I am, now gimme a kiss

Now there's peace in the valley  
No cause for war  
No suspicion, no jealousy  
Let the eagle soar

Let the dog's tail wag  
Let the children sing  
There's peace in the valley  
Let freedom ring