

Anything With Wheels

David Kersh

Cracks in the windshield
Nothin' underneath the hood
A dirt road through a cornfield
That never looked so good
As it does today
She just might run away

She stares out the window
From the back of the house
Wishin' when the wind blows
It would carry her down south
Like a Cadillac
Oh, she'd never look back

If a dream had a motor
An' wishes ran on gasoline
If desire just had tires
She'd be somewhere south of Abilene

She can almost feel the chrome an' steel
If money grew in cornfields
She'd be gone
On anything with wheels

She thinks about her mama's life
An' the boy down the road
She knows he would treat her right
But she can't see gettin' old
Broke down from the strain
An' prayin' for the rain

If a dream had a motor
An' wishes ran on gasoline
If desire just had tires
She'd be somewhere south of Abilene

She can almost feel the chrome an' steel
If money grew in cornfields
She'd be gone
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A slow walk to the highway
Breeze blowin' through her hair
With her best friend's suitcase
An' her thumb in the air
She looks back toward town
An' a car slows down

On anything with wheels
She just might run away