

# Hands On the Wheel

Darden Smith

I could count the minutes  
I could count the days  
What's the use in counting?  
You're gonna go anyway  
Always knew you could Be like the star in a western sky  
Look like you're falling  
But then, just fly on by  
Always knew you would So go with God, take care  
Keep your head out there  
And baby, keep your hands on the wheel  
Keep your hands on the wheel  
I could tell you stories  
Of some things I learnt  
Sing you the songs  
Of bridges I have burnt  
And you'd just laugh You listen  
But you never hear a word I say  
All along, painting pictures in your head  
Some different path So just go with God, here's my love to hold  
If you ever lose control  
And baby, keep your hands on the wheel  
Keep your hands on the wheel  
Keep your hands on the wheel Just listen to your pretty heart  
The road's too dark to see  
Might get lost but then you might get free  
Might get free  
Keep your hands on the wheel  
Keep your hands on the wheel  
Oh, keep your hands on the driver wheel  
Keep your hands on the wheel

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