

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