

Driving Home

Cheryl Wheeler

I was drivin' home by the river side
Richard Thompson on and the day so fine
Pennsylvania towns sort of slip right by
In a soft line south, under purple skies

I was drivin' home through the Sunday bells
Through the trailer towns, through the rolling hills
From behind some cloud the sun still shines
And the streams run down the mountain sides

Slow down, what's the hurry
There's no rush today
There won't be too many
Days like today

I was driving' home on the black top tar
Up and down this road, like a cartoon car
Mason Dixon line slips behind me now
Golden fields go by, golden sun goes down

Slow down, what's the hurry
There's no rush today
There won't be too many
Days like today

Drivin' home, drivin' home