

[unknown]

Lucinda Williams

Sittin' in the kitchen a house in Macon
Loretta's singing on the radio
Smell of coffee eggs and bacon
Car wheels on a gravel road

Pull the curtains back and look outside
Somebody somewhere don't know
Come on now child we're gonna go for a ride
Car wheels on a gravel road

Car wheels on a gravel road
Car wheels on a gravel road

Can't find a damn thing in this place
Nothing's where I left it before
Set of keys and a dusty suitcase
Car wheels on a gravel road

There goes the screen door slamming shut
You better do what you're told
When I get back this room better be picked-up
Car wheels on a gravel road

Car wheels on a gravel road
Car wheels on a gravel road

Low hum of voices in the front seat
Stories nobody knows
Got folks in Jackson we're going to meet
Car wheels on a gravel road

Cotton fields stretching miles and miles
Hank's voice on the radio
The telephone poles trees and wires fly on by
Car wheels on a gravel road

Car wheels on a gravel road
Car wheels on a gravel road

Broken down shacks engine parts
Could tell a lie but my heart would know
Listen to the dogs barkin' in the yard
Car wheels on a gravel road

Child in the backseat about four or five years
Lookin' out the window
Little bit of dirt mixed with tears
Car wheels on a gravel road

Car wheels on a gravel road
Car wheels on a gravel road
Car wheels on a gravel road
Car wheels on a gravel road