

# Wheels

Nanci Griffith

He took a plane to New York City  
To chase his fortune on the Wall Street plan  
Now he is stranded in Manhattan  
Yet the Southeast Texas coast still calls his name

He said come on wheels, give up a ticket  
Hello thunder, won't you roll him home  
Oh, a needle and thread could mend his heartache  
Old moon give way to the day and hand him the sun  
There is no shelter for the lonely  
And the Northeast women speak of a different tongue  
There are days he cries so loudly  
That the southern rain blows north to ease his heart

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Northern harbor take care of my blue boy  
Let your city give him warmth for his hands  
He will be happy, his heart won't long for  
His home on the Southeast Texas coast again

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