

Awake at the Wheel

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I have been traveling far
Following gravel and tar,
Skirting the bright yellow line,
Seeking the light from the sign,
Barreling into the rain,
Wiping the windshield in vain.
What is this ache that I feel,
Staying awake at the wheel?

Where is the reason for the chosen way?
When will it bring me to the break of day,
Out of the longing night,
Into the morning light?

I have been lying awake,
Dreams that I'm trying to shake,
Phrases that should have been said
Doing no good in my head.
Too often have I begun
Battles that cannot be won
Why must I keep up the fight?
When will I sleep through the night?

Where is the reason for the chosen way?
When will it bring me to the break of day
Out of the winding night?
Into the blinding light