

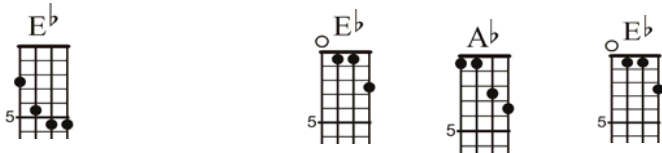
Walker Behind the Wheel
by Bill Staines

Walker Behind the Wheel

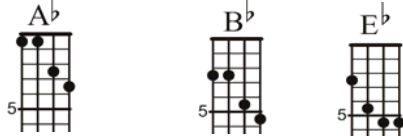
by Bill Staines

mandolin chord arrangement by John Tauxe 8 Mar 2024: mando.tauxe.net

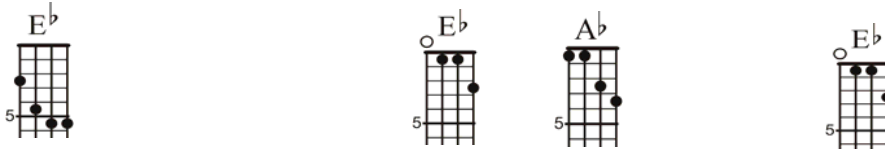
VERSE (*italicized text is spoken*)



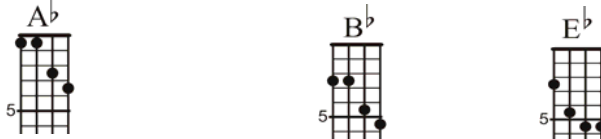
It was the middle of Montana on a cold winter night



When our van pulled up outside the door.



We'd been on the road for three months, four-hundred miles that day;



We were tired, but we loaded our stuff out onto the floor.



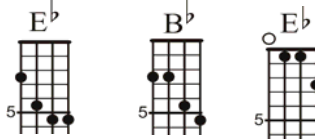
There was Jack on the guitar and Bill on the bass,



Tom on the lonesome steel,



And I played the fiddle around the place,



And there was Walker behind the wheel.

VERSE

*Well, the crowd was with us that night dancers stepped up high and around.
And we played like we hadn't played in awhile.
At the end of the evening, you know, even the management was pleased,
So afterwards we all hit the bar with a smile.
When this guy full of whiskey comes over to me
And says with a look in his eye:
I can tell by your tags you're from Texas, boys.
Brother, well so am I...
Tell me...*

CHORUS [same melody and chords as sung verse]

*Do the bluebonnets carpet the fields in the spring?
Does the Brazos still run to the sea?
Does the sun still shine down on those Texas girls?
Once one gave her love to me.*

VERSE

*You see, son, there was a time when my song was just as sweet as yours,
And I traveled and I worked with the best.
But day after day got to be year after year,
And the road gives you no time to rest.
The runaway dreams put a rope to my soul.
The nights took my company.
The whiskey got the lyrics to most of my songs,
And the age took my memory.
But tell me...*

CHORUS

VERSE

*So I guess I see a lot of myself in you and your friends here.
I see the poet, and I see the clown, sometimes the king.
So just you take care of yourself and try not to end up like me,
With a whole lot of empty dreams and no songs to sing.
Well, I didn't mean to go preachin' to ya, let me buy you a beer.
I guess I spend much too much time talkin' alone.
You really are pretty good on that fiddle, from what I can hear.
You paint me a picture of home...
Tell me...*

CHORUS × 2

CLOSE

*Now it's Jack on the guitar and Bill on the bass,
And Tom on the lonesome steel,
And I played the fiddle around the place,
And it's Walker behind the wheel.*