

# You Held the Wheel

© 2015 Richard Layton

*D A/C# D A/C#*

*D*  
Sitting at the airport a-gain *A/C#* on a cold Indiana

*Am/C*  
morning. *G/B*  
Earlier while driving,

*Gm/Bb*  
the sun lay snoozing, and *D/A*  
the sycamores' black

*Asus4*  
silhou-ette on a pink and powder *A7* *A#dim6*  
blue hor-izon.

*Bm*  
Truckers with manners, *F#m/A*  
like so many other

*G*  
mornings on the road with my *D* *A/C#*  
dad.

*Bm*  
On our way to someplace new, *F#m/A*  
making good time 'cause that's what

*G* *D/F#*  
you do. We made so little *Em* *G#dim*  
time.

And for just *D/A* a moment, Dad, *Asus4*  
at dawn this morning, I held

*A7*  
the map, you held the *Gdim* *D*  
wheel.