

Wheels of Laredo

The Highwomen

On a winter night in Webb County, Texas
On the north bank of the mighty Rio Grande
I was watching the jungle fires a-burnin'
Across the border of a not-so-distant land

And the echoes of the church bells that were swingin'
Could be heard from Guadalupe Market Square
There was a girl down there in the south side of the river
She had feathers tied into her long black hair

And if I was I was White-Crowned Sparrow
Well I would float upon the southern skies of blue
But I'm stuck inside the wheels of Laredo
Wishing I was rolling back to you

I put on my favorite jacket for Jamboozie
I painted up my eyes and wore my beads
There was a band playing "To God Be the Glory"
There were people dancing all around the street

There were barrels on the sidewalk that were burning
And a fortune-teller readin' people's hands
And I swear, I heard those church bells ringing
'Cross the border of a not-so-distant land

Singing, if I was White-Crowned Sparrow
Well I would float upon the southern skies of blue
But I'm stuck inside the wheels of Laredo
Wishing I was rolling back to you

If I was White-Crowned Sparrow
Well I would float upon the southern skies of blue
But I'm stuck inside the wheels of Laredo
Wishing I was rolling back to you

I'm stuck inside the wheels of Laredo
Wishing I was rolling back to you
Wish I was rolling back, back to you
Wish I was rolling back to you
Wish I was rolling back to you