

# Wings - Helen Wheels

Tom: <sup>A</sup>

<sup>A</sup>  
Said farewell to my last hotel,  
<sup>A</sup>  
it was never much kind of abode.  
<sup>A</sup>  
Glasgow town never brought me down  
<sup>A</sup>  
when I was heading out on the road.  
<sup>A</sup>  
Carlisle City never looked so pretty  
<sup>A</sup>  
and the kendal freeway's fast.  
<sup>A</sup>  
Slowdown driver, want to stay alive,  
<sup>A</sup>  
I want to make this journey last.  
  
<sup>A</sup>  
Helen, hell on wheels,  
<sup>A</sup>  
ain't nobody else gonna know the way she feels.  
<sup>A</sup>  
Helen, hell on wheels,

<sup>E</sup> and they never gonna take her away. <sup>A</sup>

M6 south down to Liverpool,  
where they play the west coast sound.  
Sailor Sam he came from Birmingham  
but he never will be found.  
Doing fine when a London sign  
greet me like a long lost friend.  
Mister Motor won't you check her out,  
she's got to take me back again.

Helen, Hell On Wheels,?

Got no time for a rum and lime  
I wanna get my right foot down  
shake some dust off of this old bus.  
I gotta get her out of town  
spend the day upon the motorway.  
Where the carburettors blast  
slow down driver, wanna stay alive  
I want to make this journey last.

Helen, Hell On Wheels,?

## Acordes

