The Wheel

Bill Callahan

The wheel has turned one full circle
Time for my meal of wood
To make my home, lord
In a stable spoke, lord
Inside a turning wheel would be good
To make my home, lord
In a stable spoke, lord
Inside a turning wheel bound for good

A woodbee tries to find purchase
On a turning spoke
From Memphis to Potomac
Never giving up hope

I'd die in your jails, lord
But you'd die by my laws, lord
I think you got it worse
No rebel I, lord
I follow the river
When I'm lost
When I'm lost

The wheel has turned one more circle
The payload is now immense
So climb aboard all, climb aboard
Because the heavier we get
The heavier we get
The harder we crush 'em
The heavier we get
The heavier we get
The harder we crush 'em

The wagon rolls like an old millstone
Driving bad deeds six feet deep
To make my home, lord
In a stable spoke, lord
Inside a turning wheel would be good
To make my home, lord
In a stable spoke, lord
Inside a turning wheel bound for good

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