Silver Wheels

Bruce Cockburn

High speed drift on a prairie road Hot tires sing like a string being bowed Sudden town rears up then explodes Fragments resolve into white line code Whirl on silver wheels

Black earth energy receptor fields Undulate under a grey cloud shield We outrun a river color brick red mud That cleaves apart hills soil rich as blood

Highway squeeze in construction steam Stop caution hard hat yellow insect machines Silver steel towers stalk rolling land Toward distant stacks that shout "Feed on demand"

One hundred miles later the sky has changed Urban anticipation, we get 4 lanes Red orange furnace sphere notches down Throws up silhouette skyline in brown

Sun dogs flare on windshield glass Sudden swoop skyward iron horse overpass Pass a man walking like the man in the moon Walking like his head's full of Irish fiddle tunes

The skin around every city looks the same Miles of flat neon spelling well-known names Used trucks dirty donuts you you're the one Fat wheeled cars squeal into the sun

Radio speakers gargle top 40 trash Muzak soundtrack to slow collapse Planet engines pulsate in sidereal time If you listen close you can hear the whine