

Wheel

Steve Earle

If I took a rollin' wheel
Rolled it ten times 'round
Would it travel far from here
Or would it just go 'round?
'Round and 'round

As a young boy, I helped the old man
Workin' in the fields
And every day, we hauled the hay
To the rollin' of the wheels
Until one day, the tractor laid
The old man down to the ground
And tractor pitched him into a ditch
And left a dusty sound
Of the wheel that kept spinnin' 'round

I never knew my father well, mm
The war called him too soon
They said he was an officer
Saw some pictures in my room
The letter said he was reported dead
Near the front lines he'd been found
A mine blew his Jeep into a twisted heap
And I still hear that sound
Of the wheel that kept spinnin' 'round

Rollin' wheel, rollin' on
And takin' us all on our way, yeah
And rollin' wheel, rollin' on
And takin' back all that they gave
And takin' us all on our way, yeah

My brother chased a dream of wheels
His whole life geared for the race
As soon as he could, he drove off for good
And his whole life was short, quick, and straight
He only lived to spin those wheels
And make that move over ground
Until the steerin' failed and he crashed the rail
And he laid there, still, for the sound
Of the wheel that kept spinnin' 'round

As for me, my life's too short
The wheel has carried my far
Around the world 100 times
By bus, truck, train, bike, or car
And just like the rest, I roll on to my death
On a country road, far from town
I stare by the wheel, just as sure as I feel
That there won't be but one sound
And that's the wheel that keeps spinnin' 'round

A-rollin' wheel (Rollin' wheel), rollin' on
It's takin' us all on our way, yeah
The rollin' wheels (Rollin' wheels), rollin' on
It's takin' us all to the grave
Takin' back all that they save

Takin' us all away