

## Human Wheels

John Mellencamp

This land today, shall draw its last breath  
And take into its ancient depths  
This frail reminder of its giant, dreaming self  
While I, with human-hindered eyes  
Unequal to the sweeping curve of life  
Stand on this single print of time

Human wheels spin round and round  
While the clock keeps the pace  
Human wheels spin round and round  
Help the light to my face

That time, today, no triumph gains  
At this short success of age  
This pale reflection of its brave and  
Blundering deed  
For I, descend from this vault  
Now dreams beyond my earthly fault  
Knowledge, sure, from the seed

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While the clock keeps the pace  
Human wheels spin round and round  
Help the light to my face

This land, today, my tears shall taste  
And take into its dark embrace  
This love, who in my beating heart endures  
Assured, by every sun that burns  
The dust to which this flesh shall return  
It is the ancient, dreaming dust of God

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