

These Old Wheels

Mandolin Orange

Silence is golden some may say, some may say
Well I say silence is an aimless time to kill
It's a restless feeling pounding on my brain both night and day
And these old wheels of mine spin louder as it builds

Yes the sky would surely fall if my dear eardrum did fail
To beat a single time, in time or out
Some may make it out all right and some may have never known
But these old wheels spin far too loud, far too loud

For I love to hear a chorus from the morning bird choir
And the sounds of coffee boiling on the pot
How I love to hear I love you in a dry morning tone
And just assume that if I can't these wheels would stop

Yes happy is the day I lay my poor head down
With neither trial nor trouble to compete
With the chirp of summer crickets nor a tree frog's croak
And these old wheels slow down enough so that I may sleep

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