I've been sittin' back quietly,
Watchin' as my spirit fades.
As all of my attempts to do rightly
Get treated like some kind of terrorist raids.
Maybe I ask too much from you
Well I ain't gettin' too much in return.
I'm doin' my best to love you baby,
But the wheels are beginning to turn.

When you're cut down to the bone. You bleed but it heals. You hurt still you must carry on.

'Cus the wheels are turnin' - The feeling's burnin' The thrill's returnin'
My soul is yearnin' - my heart is churnin' the wheels are turnin' again.

Maybe I'm actin' irrational Hope I don't hurt your heart This whole problem is only geographical I just need some kind of new start.

And if I can't get inspired 'round here, I'm going out to the world and learn. There's action in my soul tonight. I feel the wheels are beginning to turn.

When you're cut down to the bone. You bleed but it heals. You hurt still you must carry on.

'Cus the wheels are turnin' - The feeling's burnin' The thrill's returnin'
My soul is yearnin' - my heart is churnin' the wheels are turnin' again.

I remember the last time I got on one of these rolls. I learned all about the tolls that it takes. I get something in my mind - it begins to unfold I get out in the cold - I can't do what I'm told I get out of control - I can't hold on to the brakes

When you're cut down to the bone. You bleed but it heals. You hurt still you must carry on.

'Cus the wheels are turnin' - The feeling's burnin' The thrill's returnin'
My soul is yearnin' - my heart is churnin' the wheels are turnin' again.