

Beyond the Wheel

Soundgarden

Far beyond the road
Between your house and home
There is a churning storm
Of hailing burning bones

Tiny baby cries
Little, tiny pawn
In the profit gain
Tiny baby grows

Mother, who's your man
Is he doing what he can
To make a proper home, home
By overturning other stones, stones
Father, mighty man
Loves his little boys, boys
Shows them how to kill
To save his precious stones, stones

Far beyond the wheel
It steers your life around
We're driving flesh and blood
Deep into the ground, ground

Far beyond the wheel
It steers your life around
We're driving flesh and blood
Deep into the ground, ground