

## Oiled

## The Sound

The mechanics of love dream up a war  
And we must fight to the sweet end

Keep the wheels turning  
Keep the wheels turning

Like an industry falling to its knees  
I would fall to mine, if my love ran dry

Keep the wheels turning  
Keep the wheels turning  
Keep the wheels turning  
Keep the wheels turning round

The mechanics of love impose this war  
Which we will fight till the sweet end  
Now we have oiled our piston limbs  
As the final phase of the scheme begins

Keep the wheels turning  
Keep the wheels turning

Like an industry falling to its knees  
I would fall to mine, if my love ran dry

Keep the wheels turning  
Keep the wheels turning round  
Keep the wheels turning  
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