

Wheels Keep Turning

Tom MacDonald

And I don't even know no more
Rolling down the strip in my two-door Chevrolet (yeah)
(No one goes with me)
And the wheels keep turning
And I don't even know no more
Rolling up the block in my two-tone black and grey (Yeah)
(No one goes with me)
And the wheels keep turning

I don't even know no more, I swear I don't miss home no more
I swear next time I leave I'll stay away 'til y'all don't phone no more
I'll close up all the open doors and mend all of my broken bones
I'll sew up all the open sores and throw away the gold I own
Tommy was a rapper and his mamma taught him better
Than to have the time of his life on a night he won't remember
But I threw caution to the wind and went to Europe once again
And never put the whiskey down because I wished it wouldn't end
And now the shit that I should treasure is the shit that I forget
And the shit that I remember is the shit that I regret
I just want to leave and where I go, I do not know for sure
I look into the mirror and I swear that I don't know no more

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(No one goes with me)
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Rolling up the block in my two-tone black and grey (Yeah)
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And I don't want to take no pills, or wear these fucking golden grills
I swear I just want children and to build a home in rolling hills
Pay all of my hydro bills, spend all my time rhyming still
With nobody to pressure me about radio or signing deals
Tommy was a rapper and his mamma taught him better
Than to spend all of his time on a girl if they not together
But it went in one ear and out the other, back with the same bitch again
Fighters, buddies, haters, lovers, enemies and best of friends
I swear to God I'm leaving y'all, keeping it a hundred with you
Broken hearts and broken bottles, broke up with a hundred bitches
Broken noses, bloody knuckles buddy I ain't fucking with you
Back and forth before but now I'm bouncing to get back to business

And I don't even know no more
Riding around the city with a blunt in my ashtray
And the weed keeps burning

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(No one goes with me)
And the wheels keep turning
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(No one goes with me)
(And I don't even know no more)
And the wheels keep turning
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(And I don't even know no more)
And the wheels keep turning