

Wheels

Family

I'm holding a bubble no one can believe in
They look through and distort their views
They say it's alright and add with a wink
But the wink has the smile of abuse I'm holding a mirror no one wants to peek in
It's cracked they say with a wearisome moan
But the crack is a path just there for the seeking
Look harder the pavings are shown Losing out slowly I'm trying to make good
But wheels slowly grinding, grind slowly to mud, slowly to mud I wished for the earth, and I got me a piece
My integrity down, my soul for the lease
No one can repeat what my mouth tries to speak
Forsaking the bit, not seeing the leak
(REPEAT VERSE ONE)
(REPEAT CHORUS)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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