Human Wheels

John Mellencamp

This land today, shall draw its last breath
And take into its ancient depths
This frail reminder of its giant, dreaming self
While I, with human-hindered eyes
Unequal to the sweeping curve of life
Stand on this single print of timeHuman wheels spin round and round
While the clock keeps the pace
Human wheels spin round and round
Help the light to my faceThat time today, no triumph gains
At this short success of age
This pale reflection of its brave and blundering deed
For I descend from this vault
Now dreams beyond my earthly fault
Knowledge, sure, from the seedHuman wheels spin round and round
While the clock keeps the pace
Human wheels spin round and round
Help the light to my faceThis land today, my tears shall taste
And take into its dark embrace
This love, who in my beating heart endures
Assured by every sun that burns
The dust to which this flesh shall return
It is the ancient, dreaming dust of GodHuman wheels spin round and round
While the clock keeps the pace
Human wheels spin round and round
Help the light to my faceHuman wheels spin round and round
While the clock keeps the pace
Human wheels spin round and round
Help the light to my face.

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