

The Wheel

Overkill

I got a real bad feeling about where you're coming from
I got a real good sense of evil and it tells me you're the one
And I'd love to sit and have a drink to feel
And I'd love to quit the war and think, but I must grease the wheel
I don't meet what's called you kind everyday
I have sun across the universe, on the funeral highway
And I love to sit, to lick my wounds and heal
Or soar around the blue moon, but I must fix the wheel
I am the wheel, a turbine that is spinning the in night, and
I'm all right
Of stone and steel, yes a reflection what you think about me
Yes but can you live without me, yes I feel, I am the wheel
Turn like a spinning top, burn and you never stop, I
got the fever and the feel for the wheel
Here comes Mr. Wonderful, with his new magnetic deal
There goes Mr. Kiss My Ass with everything he steals
Turn like a spinning top, burn and you never stop, I got a feel for the wheel

Songwriters

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