

The Wheel

Overkill

I got a real bad feeling about where you're coming form
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 wheelI 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 wheelI 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 wheelTurn 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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