

# Wheels

## Cake

In a wooden boat in the shipping lanes  
With the freighters towering over me  
I can hear the jets flying overhead  
Making lines across the darkening sky  
And when the sun is going down  
I can take a taxi into town  
And the waiter at the restaurant  
Sets a table just for one  
Wheels keep on spinning round  
spinning round, spinning round  
Wheels keep on spinning round  
Spinning round and round  
Okay So I had a plane to take me to  
A place so far away from you  
Eventually we began to see  
That we could be completely free  
And I could get away from you  
And you could get away from me  
And we could live each separately  
In our cities in the sun  
Wheels keep on spinning round  
Spinning round, spinning round  
Wheels keep on spinning round  
Spinning round and round  
Hey hey  
Okay, alright  
In a seedy karaoke bar  
By the banks of the mighty Bosphorus  
Is a Japanese man in a business suit  
Singing, smoke gets in your eyes  
And the muscular cyborg German dudes  
Dance with sexy French-Canadians  
While the overweight Americans  
Wear their patriotic jumpsuits  
Wheels keep on spinning round  
Spinning round, spinning round  
Wheels keep on spinning round  
Spinning round and round  
Alright, hey  
It's alright, hey  
This one right, hey  
Wheels keep on spinning round  
Spinning round, spinning round  
Wheels keep on spinning round  
Spinning round and round  
I don't know  
Why you say you are not in love with me?

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