

Beyond The Wheel

Soundgarden

Far beyond the road
Between your house and home
There is a churning storm
Of hailing burning bones
Tiny baby cries
Little, tiny pawn
In the profit gain
Tiny baby grows
Mother, who's your man
Is he doing what he can
To make a proper home, home
By overturning other stones, stones

Father, mighty man
Loves his little boys, boys
Shows them how to kill
To save his precious stones, stones
Far beyond the wheel
Spin your life around
By driving flesh and blood
Deep into the ground, ground
Far beyond the wheel
Steers life around
By driving flesh and blood
Deep into the ground, ground

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