The Wheel

PJ Harvey

A revolving wheel of metal chairs
Hung on chains, squealing
Four little children flying out
A blind man sings in ArabicHey little children don't disappear
(I heard it was twenty-eigth thousand)
Lost upon a revolving wheel
(I heard it was twenty-eight thousand)Now you see them, now you don't
Children vanish 'hind vehicle
Now you see them, now you don't
Faces, limbs, a bouncing skullHey little children don't disappear
(I heard it was twenty-eight thousand)
All that's left after a year
(I heard it was twenty-eight thousand)
A faded face, the trace of an ear
(I heard it was twenty-eight thousand)A tableau of the missing
Tied to the government building
Eight thousand sun-bleached photographs
Faded with the rosesHey little children don't disappear
(I heard it was twenty-eigth thousand)
Lost upon a revolving wheel
(I heard it was twenty-eight thousand)
All that's left after a year
(I heard it was twenty-eight thousand)
A faded face, the trace of an ear
(I heard it was twenty-eight thousand)And watch them fade out
And watch them fade out
And watch them fade out
And watch them fade out
And watch them fade out
And watch them fade out
And watch them fade out
And watch them fade out
And watch them fade out
And watch them fade out
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And watch them fade out
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And watch them fade out
And watch them fade out
And watch them fade

Songwriters
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