

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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