

Dreidel

Don McLean

I feel like a spinning top or a dreidel
The spinning don't stop when you leave the cradle
You just slow down, round and around the world you go
Spinning through the lives of the people you know, we all slow down
How you gonna keep on turning from day to day?
How you gonna keep from turning your life away? No days you can borrow, no time you can buy, no trust in
tomorrow
It's a lie, and I feel like I'm dippin' and a divin'
My sky shoes are spiked with lead heels
I'm lost in this star car I'm a drivin'
But my air sole keeps pushin' big wheels My world is a constant confusion, my mind is prepared to attack
My past, a persuasive illusion, I'm watchin' the future it's black What do you know? You know just what you
perceive
What can you show? Nothing of what you believe
And as you grow, each thread of life that you leave
Will spin around your deeds and dictate your needs As you sell your soul and you sow your seeds
And you wound yourself and your loved one bleeds
And your habits grow, and your conscience feeds
On all that you thought you should be
I never thought this could happen to me I feel like a spinning top or a dreidel
The spinning don't stop when you leave the cradle
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How you gonna keep from turning your life away? Oh I feel like a spinning top or a dreidel
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