

The Wheel (Is Turning Now)

Everything Everything

He held my hand when I died.
He told me all I could ask. The politician bleats so blind with his hard hat on rotating in a circle,
Give me some rosacea,
Nicotine to stain you,
Boys on the altar waiting to be crushed. But as he takes the stage I'm gone.
Oh, what the hell is all this? Is it in the way he calls your name?
Is it in the way he prays for rain?
The wheel is turning now,
It's really turning now. He laid his hands upon me.
He took a hold of my life. The terror and the old blood screeched when you mixed those colours,
Something's going to happen.
I don't want to see them,
I don't want to know them.
We'll spasm on the floor and wait for it to end. But as he throws the crutches down.
Ha!
Eleven thousand knees bend,
Let them know you're coming! Is it in the way he calls your name?
Is it in the way he makes you rain?
The wheel is turning now,
It's really turning now. Do you want to know how far you've come?
Do you want to know how far you've come? Do you have any idea?
Do you have any idea? Do you want to know how far you've come?
Do you want to know how far you've come?

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