

Song Of The Old Water Wheel

Slim Whitman

By the valley road
The lilacs are growin'
 Around the mill
With an old water wheelIn his dusty coat
 The river sits dreamin'
 Of his true love
 The pretty LucilleThe old water wheel
 Keeps turning and turning
 It seems to seize
All the kisses it seesOn the soft summer nights
 When the hearts were alive
 Making love to the sound
 Of the old water wheelIn her eyes of blue
 True heaven made green
 And her hair was brown
As the meadow lark's wingEvery smile revealed
 White pearls, empty dreamin'
 And nature made her lips
 Just to singBut fate was unkind
 She sneaked neathe the lilacs
 This dizzy world
 Keeps moving alongBut the old river seems
 To be lost in his dreams
 While the water wheel turns
 As it's singin' this songLost in the song
 Of the old water wheel(Fade to end)
 The old water wheel
 The old water wheel

Songwriters

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