

Cake, Wheels

In a wooden boat in the shipping lanes
With the freighters towering over me
I can hear the jets flying overhead
Making lines across the darkening sky
And when the sun is going down I can take a taxi into town
And the waiter at the restaurant sets a table just for one

(Chorus) Wheels keep on spinning round
spinning round spinning round
Wheels keep on spinning round
spinning round and round
(okay)

So I had a plane to take me to a place so far away from you
Eventually we began to see that we could be completely free
And I could get away from you
And you could get away from me
And we could live each separately in our cities in the sun
CHORUS...

In a seedy karaoke bar By the banks of the mighty Bosphorus
Is a Japanese man in a business suit singing [[Platters:Smoke Gets In Your Eyes|Smoke Gets In Y
And the muscular cyborg German dudes dance with sexy French Canadians
While the overweight Americans wear their patriotic jumpsuits
CHORUS X2

Why you say you are not in love with me X3
Why you say you (music stops) are not in love with me