

Clifford T. Ward, Water-wheel

This water-wheel keeps turning round

I must have told it a thousands times

There is no point in turning round

I'm on my own

Water-wheel.

This water-wheel who laughs at me

And seems to say scornfully

She's never coming back again

She's gone away

Water-wheel.

INSTRUMENTAL

But water-wheel you know we were

Kind to you and I was kind to her

But still you turn and laugh at me

Why don't you stop

Water-wheel, water-wheel

Water-wheel, water-wheel . . .