

# John Mellencamp, Human Wheels

This land today, shall draw its last breath  
And take into its ancient depths  
This frail reminder of its giant, dreaming self.  
While I, with human-hindered eyes  
Unequal to the sweeping curve of life,  
Stand on this single print of time.

Human wheels spin round and round  
While the clock keeps the pace.  
Human wheels spin round and round  
Help the light to my face.

That time, today, no triumph gains  
At this short success of age.  
This pale reflection of its brave and  
Blundering deed.  
For I, descend from this vault,  
Now dreams beyond my earthly fault  
Knowledge, sure, from the seed.

Human wheels spin round and round  
While the clock keeps the pace.  
Human wheels spin round and round  
Help the light to my face.

This land, today, my tears shall taste  
And take into its dark embrace.  
This love, who in my beating heart endures,  
Assured, by every sun that burns,  
The dust to which this flesh shall return.  
It is the ancient, dreaming dust of God.

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