

Sylvia Tyson, Pepere's Mill

The wheel turns 'round
The corn is brown
There 'll be bread on the table in the morning
And a love may end
The hearts will mend
As sure as the wheel keeps turning

On the river in the middle of my home town
Grandpapa's mill turned all day long
Whenever my world came tumbling down
I'd run to Pepere and sing this song

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I grew up and chased my rainbows
Making mistakes like we all do
I listened to some who said they knew better
Thinking it was better 'cause it was new,
But

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I learned in time to trust myself
To be a good friend when the friends need me
Because what goes 'round always comes around
Like Pepere's old melody

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