

# The Byrds, This Wheel's On Fire

Words by Bob Dylan  
Music by Rick Danko

If your memory serves you well  
We were going to meet again and wait  
So I'm going to unpack all my things  
And sit before it gets too late  
No man alive will comfort you  
With another tale to tell  
But you know that we shall meet again  
If your memory serves you well  
This wheel's on fire  
Rolling down the road  
Best notify my next of kin  
This wheel shall explode

If your memory serves you well  
I was going to confiscate your lace  
and wrap it up in a sailor's knot  
And hide it in your case  
If I knew for sure that it was yours  
But it was oh so hard to tell  
But you knew that we would meet again  
If your memory serves you well  
This wheel's on fire  
Rolling down the road  
Best notify my next of kin  
This wheel shall explode

If your memory serves you well  
You'll remember you're the one  
That called on them to call on him  
To get your favors done  
And after every plan had failed  
And there was nothing more to tell  
You knew that we would meet again  
If your memory serves you well  
This wheel's on fire  
Rolling down the road  
Best notify my next of kin  
This wheel shall explode