

Banks Tony, And The Wheels Keep Turning

Banks Tony

Fugitive

And The Wheels Keep Turning

And the wheels keep turning, all the time,
But there's no pounding or purring, not a sound,
Just a feeling of stirring, hold them down, hold them down, hold
them down.

Yes it might happen this way,
You have no warning, she is going away,
She was the backbone, to your life and your plans,
And now the unknown, holds you down with its hands,
And then you know that there's no turning back from here.

And the wheels keep turning, all the time,
No mechanical churning, not a sound,
Just a feeling of stirring, hold them down, hold them down, hold
them down.

Yes it might happen this way,
She is familiar, nothing much more to say,
And then the day comes when you look in her eyes,
And what you see there takes you quite by surprise,
And then you know that there's no turning back from here.

People moving, going about their day,
People planning, knowing just what to say,
In one year we'll have money to spare,
And in five all we require,
In ten years we'll have a place of our own,
And in forty we'll retire.
So we do what we must, before we turn to dust.

And the wheels keep turning, all the time,
No expansion or burning, not a sound,
Just a feeling of stirring, hold them down, hold them down, hold
them down.

Yes it might happen this way,
You have no warning, she is going away,
She was the backbone, to your live and your plans,
And now the unknown, holds you down with its hands,

And then you know that it might happen this way,
She is familiar, nothing much more to say,
And then the day comes when you look in her eyes,
And what you see there takes you quite by surprise,
And then you know that there's no turning back from here.