

# Fad Gadget, Wheels Of Fortune

I choke on my words as I speak  
Brain damaged citizens file along the street  
A view from my window  
A motorway intersection  
Exhaust pipes at pram level  
Now playgrounds are carparks

Wheels keep rolling round and round  
Their feet hardly ever touch the ground  
The tiger in the tank is a vile compound  
Hold on to precious breath you're homeward bound

I've got to breathe, lead free  
Breathe, lead free

Wheels keep rolling round and round  
Their feet hardly ever touch the ground  
The tiger in the tank is a vile compound  
Hold on to precious breath you're homeward bound

I've got to breathe, high octane  
Oh, oh, high octane

Wheels of Fortune keep rolling on  
Five star fantasies of multi-storey power games  
A money spinner

Bullets ricochet just above my head  
In a hole in the ground I make my bed  
Wake up in the morning and find me dead  
Load up my weapon and pump them full of lead