

Gentle Giant, Underground

Wheels go 'round, from end to end,
A passage run, go down, descend.
And underground the air is stale
With blurring light and endless rail.
On the wheels in motion, underground.

Silent noise, relentless sound.
Through shuttered aisle, the wheels go 'round.
The day is night, yet never still,
From port to port, with miles to kill.
On wheels in motion, underground.
Just the locomotion, underground.

Windows dark, no view obscured.
With moving eyes, no sight assured.
Yet moving on, from place to place,
Through corridors, without a face.
On the wheels in motion, underground.
Just the locomotion, underground.