

Richard Thompson, Saboteur

(Richard Thompson)

The song of wheels is in my head and mutiny in my hands
The song of wheels is in my head and mutiny in my hands
I'll go down to the dark place and kill it where it stands
Be still, be still

My body sings the mill-song but my hammer takes its choice
My body sings the mill-song but my hammer takes its choice
Oh, joy of peace descend upon me as I stop its voice
Be still, be still

Beauty takes my breath, I see the shining of the steel
The hand of man steered by God to make the wondrous mill
Piston, pulley, shaft and spindle, every spool and reel
And I can't raise my arm to throw my hammer in the wheel
Rules me still, rules me still, rules me still