THE TURNING OF THE WHEEL

I can see my teenage wine

Dripping through my hands

And running off my boot tops

Like the boy becomes a man

And I recall the summer breezes

Blowing through my hair

And how I’d spend a dollar

When I had a few to spare

But things are not so simple now

As they were back then

With each thing new that I must do

There’s something that must end

Now other faces look to me

And what they say is real

I can see the turning of the wheel

I can hear the morning thunder

Driving into town

And I can smell the raindrops

As they wash the factory down

And honey, know I love you

And I’m glad for all we did

I don’t regret the wedding rings

I don’t regret the kid

But playing on the radio

Is a song we used to sing

Thinking we’re forever young

Apart from everything

Looking back on yesterday

And how I used to feel

I can see the turning of the wheel

Oh oh oh oh the turning of the wheel

Oh oh oh oh the turning of the wheel

Looking back on yesterday

And how I used to feel

I can see the turning of the wheel

As days turn into yearbooks now

The only thing that’s real

Between us is the turning of the wheel

Oh oh oh oh the turning of the wheel

Oh oh oh oh the turning of the wheel