

Cockburn Bruce

"Broken Wheel 455"

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Originally from the album "Inner City Front")

Way out on the rim of the galaxy

The gifts of the Lord lie torn

Into whose charge the gifts were given

Have made it a curse for so many to be born

This is my trouble --

These were my fathers

So how am I supposed to feel?

Way out on the rim of the broken wheel

Water of life is going to flow again

Changed from the blood of heroes and knaves

The word mercy's going to have a new meaning

When we are judged by the children of our slaves

No adult of sound mind

Can be an innocent bystander

Trial comes before truth's revealed

Out here on the rim of the broken wheel

You and me -- we are the break in the broken wheel

Bleeding wound that will not heal

Lord, spit on our eyes so we can see

How to wake up from this tragedy

Way out on the rim of the broken wheel

Bleeding wound that will not heal

Trial comes before truth's revealed

So how am I supposed to feel?

This is my trouble --

Can't be an innocent bystander

In a world of pain and fire and steel

Way out on the rim of the broken wheel

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