

Grateful Dead "The Wheel"

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The Wheel

The wheel is turning and you can't slow down,
you can't let go and you can't hold on,
you can't go back and you can't stand still,
if the thunder don't get ya then the lightning will.
Won't you try just a little bit harder,
couldn't you try just a little bit more?
Won't you try just a little bit harder,
couldn't you try just a little bit more?
Round, round robin run round, gotta get back where
you belong,
little bit harder, just a little bit more,
a little bit harder than ya gone before.
The wheel is turning and you can't slow down,
you can't let go and you can't hold on,
you can't go back and you can't stand still,

if the thunder don't get ya then the lightning will.
Small wheel turnin' by the fire in the rod,
big wheel turn by the grace of God,
every time that wheel turn round,
bound to cover just a little more ground.
The wheel is turning and you can't slow down,
you can't let go and you can't hold on,
you can't go back and you can't stand still,
if the thunder don't get ya then the lightning will.
Won't you try just a little bit harder,
couldn't you try just a little bit more?
Won't you try just a little bit harder,
couldn't you try just a little bit more?

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