

The Byrds, This Wheel's On Fire

Words by Bob Dylan
Music by Rick Danko

If your memory serves you well
We were going to meet again and wait
So I'm going to unpack all my things
And sit before it gets too late
No man alive will comfort you
With another tale to tell
But you know that we shall meet again
If your memory serves you well
This wheel's on fire
Rolling down the road
Best notify my next of kin
This wheel shall explode

If your memory serves you well
I was going to confiscate your lace
and wrap it up in a sailor's knot
And hide it in your case
If I knew for sure that it was yours
But it was oh so hard to tell
But you knew that we would meet again
If your memory serves you well
This wheel's on fire
Rolling down the road
Best notify my next of kin
This wheel shall explode

If your memory serves you well
You'll remember you're the one
That called on them to call on him
To get your favors done
And after every plan had failed
And there was nothing more to tell
You knew that we would meet again
If your memory serves you well
This wheel's on fire
Rolling down the road
Best notify my next of kin
This wheel shall explode