

## Broken Wheel

Bruce Cockburn

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