

## The Cart

Ferron

The strap that holds the cart in rein  
Has been let loose by wearing thin  
By wearing thin, by biting through  
The shift in power leans to you

And the cart is on a wheel

I've wept with joy for the things I've done  
And I've wept as hard for what I left undone  
For what I left undone, for what I couldn't deem mine  
For what I thought was yours and so I drew the line

And the cart is on a wheel  
And the wheel is on a hill

I heard someone fall, I saw another one flail  
I saw an arm dig deep where there was no rail  
Well there is no rail and there's no because  
Though the body be strong, the spirit is low

And the cart is on a wheel  
And the wheel is on a hill  
And the hill is shifting sand  
And inside these laws we stand

If we are lives and souls to keep  
If we are love, I hope we do not sleep  
I hope we do not sleep, I hope we stay our ground  
Hold fast to the mother as she turns us 'round

'Cause the cart is on a wheel  
And the wheel is on a hill  
And the hill is shifting sand  
And inside these laws we stand

Hold fast to the mother, hold fast