

Spinning Wheel

David Clayton-Thomas

D7 G7 C7 F D7 G7 C7 F
What goes up, must come down. Spinning wheel, got to go round

D7 G7 C7 F
Talkin' bout your troubles is a crying sin

Verses: 2 beats per chord

C7 C7 C7 C7
Ride a painted pony let the spinning wheel spin

Chorus: 4 beats per chord

D7 G7 C7 F D7 G7 C7 F↓
You got no money, you got no home. Spinning wheel all alone

D7 G7 C7 F
Talking bout your troubles and you never learn

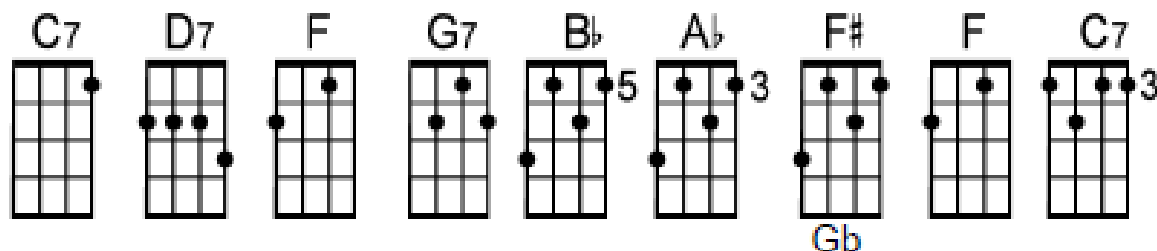
C7 C7 C7 C7
Ride a painted pony let the spinning wheel turn

Bb Ab Gb F
Did you find your directing sign on the straight and narrow highway
Bb Ab Gb F
Would you mind a reflecting sign just let it shine, within your mind
Gb Ab Bb C7
And show you the colors that are real

D7 G7 C7 F D7 G7 C7 F↓
Someone's waitin just for you. Spinning wheel, spinning true

D7 G7 C7 F
Drop all your troubles by the river side

C7 C7 C7 C7
Catch a painted pony on the spinning wheel ride



Notice that Bb-Ab-Gb-F just slides down the neck