Dreidel

Words & Music: Don McLean

Someone offered to help me fix these lyrics. But, I listened to them again against the original album version (you know, the one with the bells & whistles & horns) and they match up with that one. Are there other lyric versions out there?

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CHORUS:
E7
I feel like a spinning top or a dreidel.
The spinning don't stop when you leave the cradle; you just slow down.
'Round & 'round this world you go.
Spinning through the lives of the people you know; we all slow down.
Α7
How you gonna keep from turning from day to day?
How you gonna keep from turning your life away?
                                                                          B7
                        C
No days you can borrow, no time you can buy, no trust in tomorrow, it's a lie.
REPEAT CHORUS:
BRIDGE 1:
           [half-time]
       B7
And I feel like I'm a-dippin' and a-divin'. My sky shoes are spiked with lead heels.
I'm lost in this star car I'm a-drivin'; but my air sole keeps pushing big wheels.
                                                            Bm
                          Am
My world is a constant confusion, my mind is prepared to attack.
   C
                        D
My past, a persuasive illusion, I'm watching the future; it's black.
BRIDGE 2: [a tempo]
                 Am [2 chop chords]
                                      [n.c.7
Γn.c.7
What do you know?
                                      You know just what you perceive.
                                      Nothing of what you believe.
What can you show?
And as you grow;
                                      each thread of life that you leave
BRIDGE 3: [half-time, accelerando through the lines]
Γn.c.7
                                   E7(no 3)
                       Α
Will spin around your deeds and dictate your needs.
As you sell your soul & you sow your seeds.
And you wound yourself & your loved one bleeds.
And your habits grow & your conscience feeds.
On all that you thought you could be,
                                     Ε
I never thought this could happen to me...
CHORUS:
CODA:
I feel like a spinning top or a dreidel.
The spinning and don't stop when you leave the cradle; you just slow down.
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You just slow down. You just... slow... down...