

Wheels

Steve Moakler

Wheels

Start off pushing you on forward and you don't have a say in where you're going

Wheels

Racing Matchbox on the floor

Crash and burn but everybody's okay and

Then you get a 10 speed at the store

And they're popping off the curb before you know it

Those wheels

Countin' down 'til you're 16

So you can finally get your own set

But they don't slow down

The speed picks up

You start wishing you were young as soon as you grow up

And the farther you roll The faster they spin

They drive you away and bring you home again I swear sometimes it feels

Like life's just a set of wheels

Wheels

Roll your suitcase down the hall

Heading home 'cause Mom says he ain't got much more time

Two hands ticking on the wall

Keeping track of days and years and years and time

Like wheels

And now they're spinning in your head

'Bout what you're gonna do with what you've got left

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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