

# Phil Vassar, Words Are Your Wheels

A little boy 8 years old in a semi circle eyes a glow  
our teacher told us stories everyday

Huck Finn on the Mississippi  
fire breathin dragons with my friends with me  
from our home room to the milky way

we were lost among the pages  
and in the voice of Mrs Davis  
she said

Words are your wheels to take you anywhere you feel  
Where you can laugh or you can cry let your imagination fly  
Let it lead you where it will  
Your mind is an automobile and words are your wheels

Theres an old man with all hes done and his 98 laps around the sun  
Somehow will never learn to read or write  
And theres a kind soul whos had the pleasure of helpin him tie the words together

Its never too late to change a life  
Now theres a smile on his face  
and theres a young heart standin in his place

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Dont need a rocket ship  
No red balloon to take a trip  
The pages on your fingertips alone  
Will take you where you wanna go

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