

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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