

The Adverts, On Wheels

What's left in the wheelchair?
Who bothers what's in there?
Who worries what life's like on wheels?

No body to speak of.
No willpower, voice, love.
Who intends to steer us?

On wheels.

I'm some new kind of great explorer.
I sink the lowest, I go further.
I'm sailing on the 'Lucky Dragon'
I'm ready for whatever happens.
Living out the life unstable.
Men like animals, untameable.

On wheels

What's left in the wheelchair?
A taste of life and death together.
I wish this embrace could last forever.