

Wheels

Bucky Covington

Wheels, yeah, ya get ya first set on the huffy or your schwinn
Banana seat, spoked wheels, and, damn, ya feel so cool
Up on them wheels
Yeah, ya good to go and free to roam through your childhood years
And time moves on and pretty soon you out grow them wheels

Whoa... rolling around like the "Man of Steel"
Whoa... I sure do love the way it feels

Wheels, now your fifteen eating, breathing, dreaming
About that key to your little peace of freedom
Now you're cutting grass, bailing hay
And blowing every penny you can make on a set of wheels
Now it's got some dents and the dash is cracked
But ya Turtle wax it till the shine comes back
Then your cruisin' around with your good friends
Meet a girl pretty soon they're out and she's in those wheels

Whoa... rolling around like the "Man of Steel"
Whoa... I sure do love the way it feels
With the radio up, the windows down
My shotgun rider, she's singing loud
Whoa...

Wheels, it's in your blood, it's the American way
It started way back in great grand dad's day
Jeep, Ford, Chevrolet
As Long as it's American made
Wheels

Whoa... rolling around like the "Man of Steel"
Whoa... I sure do love the way it feels
With the radio up, the windows down
My shotgun rider, she's singing loud
Whoa...

(Wheels
I won't ever forget
About the hours we spent with that craftsman wrench
We tweaked that engine till she ran just right
And man, we where fast on Saturday night)

Whoa...
(Saturday night)
(My shotgun rider, she's singing loud)

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Whoa...