

Wheels

Freedy Johnston

There really is a town called Hopeless
On a faded map circled in blue
Boy thrown bottle of highway bridge
Lost men driving in circles

I got wheels

I followed that big sign out of here
Left with a box I still cannot find
A boy holding out his empty hand
Young man kicking himself down an unconscious street

There really is a town called Hopeless
On a faded map circled in blue
Young man spinning off an icy bridge
Boy drawing himself in the driver's seat

I got wheels