



A little boy eight years old  
In a semi-circle, eyes aglow  
Our teacher told us stories every day

Huck Finn on the Mississippi  
Fire breathin' dragons  
With my friends with me  
From our homeroom 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  
And let your imagination fly  
Let it lead you where it will  
Your mind is an automobile  
And words are your wheels

There's an old man with all he's done  
In his 98 laps around the sun  
Somehow he never learned to read or write

And there's a kind soul who's had the pleasure  
Of helping him tie the words together  
It's never too late to change a life  
Now there's a smile on his face  
And there's a young heart standing in his place

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

Don't need a rocketship, no red balloon to take a trip  
The pages on your fingertips alone  
Will take you where you want to go

Words are you wheels  
Words are your wheels  
To take you anywhere you feel  
Where you can laugh and you can cry  
Let your imagination fly  
Let it take you where it will

Your mind is an automobile  
And words are your wheels  
Words are you wheels  
Words are you wheels  
Words are your wheels  
Oh, words are your wheels