

## **P.J. Olsson**

### **"Wheels"**

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My friends are on the network now  
My friends are on the street  
My friends are in the people passing  
Makes the colors neat  
My glasses are for the high eyes now  
My spaceship made of weed,  
The struggle for this lyric made my  
Right foot fall asleep ughuugh...

I'm singing to the cell phone  
Now I'm singing to the leaves,  
The people on vacation they  
Got nothing over me cause my feet...  
My feet...

My feet are my wheels  
My mojo my motor  
My friends are the ticket  
To the love that I found

The streets are filled with lizards  
Now  
The streets are filled with sand  
Feeling like the singer of some  
Psychedelic band  
On my trip to Mars I had to stop  
And turn around  
Just to flip off all the assholes  
I had left back on the ground  
Cause my feet...

My mojo my motor  
My mojo my motor  
My mojo my motor

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