

Wheels Keep On Turning

Bullet

Open skies above, Highway floating by below
I'm running tracks of flames and smoking burnt rubber
Can you feel the heat? The sound of the engine beat
Got no destination, I measure my route in gasoline

I gotta find myself some space
This dirty old town that I call home
You know I can't stand that place

The wheels keep on turning
Let the fuel keep on burning

Got no time to waste, Got no plans to settle down
I just want to run away from this godforsaken town
Working 9 to 5, What a way to waste my mind
Got no regression I'm just leave it all behind

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