

Wheels

Toby Lightman

Always walking through the world, with your arm around my shoulder

Marching through my little imperfections, like a soldier

And the wheels keep turning around

I keep driving while the road's unraveling behind me

The rear view mirror doesn't look so bad when you're beside me

Rolling over sticks and stones

Wearing me down, wearing me down

you go with me when I go

wherever I go

you're the one I wanna hang around when I get older

always walking through the world, with your arm around my shoulder