

## Wheels are Spinning

Asleep,  
now awake.  
Legs and arms moving.

To the full moon in the south,  
back to the sun in the north,  
wheels are spinning.

Crisp morning air in the face,  
air from lungs breath out,  
wheels are spinning.

Sweat drops,  
passion rises,  
wheels are spinning.

Hill rises,  
pedals drops,  
wheels are spinning.

Cars and trucks scream by,  
quietly I beat them all,  
wheels are spinning.

Home in sight,  
wheels stop,  
dreams keep spinning.