

## Winslow, the Wild Wheelchair Driver

Winslow whirled by in his wheelchair.  
When he passed us his two wheels caught a foot of air.  
His chair cut the corner on a single wheel.  
He whizzed by the school office in a blur of steel.

Winslow popped a wheelie, sailed down the stairs.  
He knocked over ten desks and a stack of chairs.  
The teachers all scattered and the students cleared.  
The teachers all shouted while the students cheered.

### *Chorus*

Roll! Roll! Keep rolling, Winslow!  
Roll! Roll! Keep rolling, Winslow!  
Roll! Roll! Keep rolling, Winslow!  
You'll never get to class if you're going slow.

Winslow and his chair shot into the gym.  
Two teachers and the principal were chasing him.  
Through the library and teacher's room Winslow flew.  
Rammed the copy machine, a ream of papers strewed.

The race was really on when the recess bell rang.  
He flew around the playground like a boomerang.  
He zoomed across the asphalt kicking every ball.  
He crashed and ricocheted off the handball wall.

### *Chorus*

Through his classroom door Winslow's wheelchair tore.  
He yanked the brake hard, skid marks crossed the floor.  
No running in the hall, now one more rule we need.  
A new hallway sign reads: 10 MPH MAXIMUM SPEED.

### *Chorus*

### *Chorus*

