1952 Vincent Black Lightning

Richard Thompson

Oh, says Red Molly to James, "That's a fine motorbike
A girl could feel special on any such like"
Says James to Red Molly, "My hat's off to you
It's a Vincent Black Lightning, 1952"And I've seen you at the corners and cafes it seems
Red hair and black leather, my favorite color scheme
And he pulled her on behind
And down to Box Hill, they did rideOh, says James to Red Molly, "Here's a ring for your right hand
But I'll tell you in earnest I'm a dangerous man
For I've fought with the law since I was seventeen
I robbed many a man to get my Vincent machineNow I'm twenty-one years, I might make twenty-two
And I don't mind dying, but for the love of you
And if fate should break my stride
Then I'll give you my Vincent to ride""Come down, come down, Red Molly," called Sergeant McRae
"For they've taken young James Adie for armed robbery
Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing inside
Oh, come down, Red Molly to his dying bedside"When she came to the hospital, there wasn't much left
He was running out of road, he was running out of breath
But he smiled to see her cry
And said I'll give you my Vincent to rideSays James, "In my opinion, there's nothing in this world
Beats a 52 Vincent and a red headed girl
Now Nortons and Indians and Greeves's won't do
Ahh, they don't have a soul like a Vincent 52"Oh, he reached for her hand then he slipped her the keys
He said, "I've got no further use for these
I see angels on Ariels, in leather and chrome
Swooping down from heaven to carry me home"And he gave her one last kiss and died
And he gave her his Vincent to ride

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