

My White Bicycle

Nazareth

My white bicycle
My white bicycleRiding all around the street
Four o'clock and they're all asleep
I'm not tired and it's so late
Moving fast everything looks greatMy white bicycle
My white bicycleSee that man, he's all alone
Looks so happy but he's far from home
I ring my bell, smile at him
Then I kick over his garbage binMy white bicycle
My white bicycleThe rain comes down but I don't care
The wind is blowing in my hair
Seagulls flying in the airMy white bicyclePoliceman shouts but I don't see him
They're one thing I don't believe in
To find some charge but it's not leavin'They lift both hands, his head in disgrace
Shines no light upon my face
Through the darkness, we still speed
My white bicycle and meMy white bicycle
My white bicycleMy white bicycle
My white bicycle

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