My White Bicycle

Steve Howe

My white bicycle, my white bicycle

Riding 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 great.

My white bicycle, my white bicycle

See that man, he's all alone
Looks so happy but he's far from home
Ring my bell, smile at him
Better kick over his garbage bin

My white bicycle, my white bicycle

The rain comes down but I don't care
The wind is blowing in my hair
Seagulls flying in the air

My white bicycle, my white bicycle

Policeman 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'

Lift both hands, his head in disgrace
Shines no light upon my face
Through the darkness, we still speed
My white bicycle and me

My white bicycle, my white bicycle

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