

Johnny Chrome

Dave Penny

It was a lovely day in June up until it was nearly ruined
I was on my pedal bike and headed back for home
I heard a rumble, turned to see
A great big truck come down at me
And that encounter was the first time I met Johnny Chrome

I calls him Johnny Chrome because he loves the stuff and that's what he does
His pickup truck is lined with chrome from top down to the rims
Shiny handles, hood protectors
Running boards and both deflectors
Shiny chrome plate on the mirror and the fender trim

Two big smokestacks in the pan just like the ones in Come By Chance
Set of great big knobby tires as wide as they were round
And stickers covered the sides and back
And windows tinted solid black
And extra high suspension put her six feet off the ground

Around the corner of Barters Hill he turned and put me face to grill
He saw me too, I knows he did, but still he didn't swerve
I spit and sputtered and cursed and hissed
Took off and said "enough of this"
And rode my bike in front of him just to get on his nerves

I stood and pedaled up on my hog and down we went across the bog
Right out to Petty Harbor then back to the Overpass
We sped right on out through the Goulds
And puffed along up to Fermeuse
And got a chance to catch my breath when he ran out of gas

I was not nervous in the least about his big Alberta beast
With all the chrome accessories, it weighed near seven tons
The engine's very large of course
The power of four hundred horse
But he just had six lousy gears and I got twenty-one

As we raced through Newfoundland my two poor legs were rubber bands
Heart was pounding wildly like a teenage boy in love
My two feet on the pedal stem
Spinned at ninety RPM

Up on my mountain bike out on the Tour de Terra Nov'

Teary-eyed, my vision was blurred when we got out to Bay de Verde
But I could hear him catching up and he wasn't very far
And then I saw to my right side
A path about a metre wide
I cut in, it was just enough to clear my handlebars

As Johnny quickly cut the wheel, his stickers all began to peel
A hubcap rolled on down the road and the moose rack fell apart
He cracked the strut and he bent the rod
The fancy truck came all abroad
And wobbled off the road just like a rusty shopping cart

The tire rod bent, he couldn't steer, cracked off the big sideview mirrors
Turned around and brought up in a ditch 'bout eight feet down
The truck, so mighty and enormous
Tangled up now, all arse foremost
As I got back on me bike and rode it back to town

He pulled it out eventually and put it up on Kijiji
Sold it off reluctantly and he bawled a bucketful
He proudly brought her from Fort Mac
And now she's in a yard for scrap
And Johnny beats around now on a brand-new bicycle

Lyrics Submitted by ZC

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