

My White Bicycle

Nazareth

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
I ring my bell, smile at him
Then I 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 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' They 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 My white bicycle
My white bicycle

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