My white bicycle

Tommorow

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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