

# My white bicycle

## Tomorrow

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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