

Bike Ride to the Moon

The Dukes Of Stratospear

Push me off to start the fun
On a bike ride to the moon
Lots of room for everyone
On a bike ride to the moon
And we'll bring back cheese for my Auntie Jane
And some magic moon dust that'll stop the rain
On my poor Uncle Alfred's head, even though he stays in bed (silly Alfred)
Why not bring a pot of tea
On a bike ride to the moon
Angel cake for you and me
On a bike ride to the moon
And we'll pack a tent 'case it's cold at night
And I'll share your sleeping bag if I might
And might be a positive boon
To protect you from the man in the moon (Who happens to be me, look out!)
Racing forward can't look back
On a bike ride to the moon
What did I omit to pack
On a bike ride to the moon?
With the stars all glinting in the shiny Chrome
Then I suddenly remembered what I left at home
Now I shan't be peddling any higher
'Cos a sharp sputnik has given me a cosmic flat tyre

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