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Ridgeley Andrew "Big Machine"

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Well I see her there at the end of the day at the pumps filling up with gas

She got a '56 Bird in candy pink and a swing like she sting her ass

The sun is hot against my skin

I'm working on my big machine

I can't stand the way she sulk priss

But I know I won't resist her kss

So come on baby let's ride

Forty cubic inches and leather hide

So get on honey, get a high

Get on my hog and get the vibe

So she like coyly slips her Raybans off

Slides on over the street, says in a voice real soft

Say, boy what you thinking of?

You can take me for a ride but that ain't quite enough

Sure she likes men who fight

Tattos, boys, and motorbikes

Can't stand the way she sulks and priss

But I know I won't resist her kiss

So come on baby let's ride

Forty cubic inches and leather hide

So get on honey, get a high

Get on my hog and get the vibe

Come on baby oh let's ride

Cubic inches, leather hide

Get on honey get a high

Ride my hog and get the vibe

So come on baby let's ride

Forty cubic inches and leather hide

So get on honey, get a high

Get on my hog and get the vibe

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