

Charlie Ryan And The Timberline Riders "Side Car Cycle"

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Ford and the Merc and the Model A
Went down in history that's here to stay
They raced from Canada to Mexico
Passing Cadillacs to and fro

I want you to listen to this tale
After my pop had gone my bail
Took the hot rod Lincoln out on a run
To get my kicks and have me some fun

It was late in the evening, the moon was pale
I was putting the miles between me and jail
A gal on a cycle was cruising along
I was minding my business and singing a song

Till I saw a side car on that Harley
And a gal that was stacked like a sack of barley
I didn't know what the gal was thinking
But she was poking fun at my hot rod Lincoln

Well, I'm telling you, it didn't set good
'Cause I was proud of the motor under the hood
So I put my foot down on the gas
And honked my horn and started to pass

When I did, she pulled away
Really took off and wanted to play
Well, I wasn't for racing
'Cause the motor was tight
I just got the rods back in last night

Out of the stretch, she cranked it wide open
The rods in the Lincoln keep me a moping
I was trailing behind to keep her in sight
'Cause I didn't have nothing to do that night

Passed every car with no sign of fright
Her hair streamed out like a tail of a kite
She went over a hill, the bike started shaking
She was hitting on ninety and really a raking

Took a twirl on the side, a bad mistake

The side car cycle went out in the lake
I slammed on the binders and went into a spin
The steering wheel hit me under the chin

I looked for the cycle, the side car afloat
Without any sails, it resembled a boat
I looked for the gal, saw nothing but bubbles
When I pulled her out, I had nothing but troubles

I'da hold of her hair, she really was sore
She sputtered and gurgled for a minute or more
She finally quit moaning when she got her breath
She said, you fool, you scared me to death

She cussed me and nipped me and wished I was dead
And said I believe you got a rock in your head
I liked the gal and the way she looked
She's the kind you read about in a book

When I got her and the cycle back on land
We started talking and making a plan
The cycle was wet and wouldn't start
The love broke the bike the way of my heart

Now we're planning on our honeymoon
'Cause we're gonna get married the first of June
But me and the Lincoln, she's not fickle
'Cause she quit riding that side car cycle

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