

Blitzen Trapper "American Goldwing"

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We ride these waters dark and dusty
So ride my people ride
With your muskets aimed at the falling rain
Cause the city ain't no place to hide
Oh my sister's in the boat behind
Baby, curse the crime
My lover's mind is made, is made
And I think it's time to get on board

I left my home and all my money
To wrestlin' with the wind
On an old Goldwing
Gon' cross the ocean
Cuz I heard that it's a heck of a swim
Oh my sister's left to be an Indian bride
Baby curse the times made me curse the tides that rise
That rise
Ain't it funny how the time just flies
Oh lord, oh lord
Don't you think it's time to get on board?

Well my gasket's blown from strikin' the stone
Gonna curse the cave where I was made
I know, I know
I'm stayin' if the wind don't blow
Oh lord, oh lord
You know I guess I better get on board

Get your Honda Goldwing 1980
Ride my baby, ride
We rode so low past the devils gettin' her up through
the valley below
Oh my sisters playin' in a rock and roll band
Made me curse the sky, curse the land
It's true, it's true
That I'm only just passin' through
Oh lord, oh lord
And I think it's time to get on board
I know, I know
I'm stayin' if the wind don't blow
Oh no, oh no
You know I think it's time to get on board

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