

Gutterball

"Motorcycle Boy"

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Down in Abeline on a midnight cruise
Three dead, four wounded, saw the story on the news
Motorcycle boy, motorcycle boy, motorcycle boy
Lay your legend down
Three creeps in Dallas
Three fish-eyed stares
Three dozen roses and three last prayers
Motorcycle boy
Lay your legend down
Subway Sammy, he got out of line
Swan dive, no survivors
Out of sight, out of mind

Motorcycle boy
Lay your legend down
Over in Virginia, no reason, no rhyme
The girl was named Virginia,
That was good enough this time
Motorcycle boy
Lay your legend down
Maybe it was Oxnard where the surfers play
They got nothing better to do
With themselves all day
Motorcycle boy
Lay your legend down

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