

Kathy Mattea

"Harley"

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There was a motorcycle mama and her man
With a wind-burnt tan and a Harley
Roarin' through Bakersfield when her water broke
They pulled into a hospital and for a little joke

They named him Harley
They bought a sidecar
And a small bandanna band
And they loved their Harley

Slidin' sideways, up the coast
Cruisin' highway one
The sidecar came undone
No one noticed

Thrashing through a golden meadow
It came to rest right where
A farmer's wife cried
"Jesus Christ has answered all our prayers"

And they named him Harley
Because of a tattoo
That claimed his name was true
And they loved their Harley

He was raised upon a farm, cradled in the arms
Of Beulah and Barney
But then at a restless age they unlocked his cage
And he became a carnny

There was a motorcycle daredevil deluxe
Jumping fifty trucks at the fairgrounds
A middle aged hippie couple way up in the stands
Heard the crowd chanting 'loud, the name of this
young man

And they called him Harley
And that hippie couple smiled
Could this be their long lost child?
So they met Harley

Convinced him of the news

When they compared tattoos
And they loved their Harley

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