

Livingston Taylor "Bicycle"

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I ride my bicycle to work each day
It's not so far
It's better for me than my car.
I wear a helmet that is made of
Rigid Styrofoam
Inspected by a French guy named Guillaume.
I downshift my Shimanno gears
I pedal hard and I'm out of here
Glad I am that the coast is clear
Glad I am to be
My bicycle and me.

Some Saturdays at six a.m. I get up
With Bill and Flo
In the parking lot of Ho Jo's west of town
We ride light bikes that cost big bucks
We curse at smelly trucks
Mile after mile 'til the sun is almost down.
What a ride, what a life
Maybe I'm crazy, don't ask my wife
I've been in love with these spinning wheels
Since I was maybe three
My bicycle and me.

Pedal that bike, pedal that bike
Don't open that door 'til I go by.

Pedal that bike, pedal that bike
That little old lady in the Dodge Diplomat
I don't think she sees me
I hope she don't teach me how to fly.

I wear Lycra, it fits really closely to my skin
White to purple is the place where it begins
I pad my butt and I'm careful
To stay out of ruts
Wrap around sunglasses, I'm an alien
Feel my heart go pit-a-pat
Hello big hill good-bye fat
Life goes by just like that
A forty something spree is
My bicycle and me.

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