

Mary Lou Lord

"1952 Vincent Black Lightning"

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Said Red Molly to James that's a fine motorbike
A girl could feel special on any such like
Said James to Red Molly, well my hat's off to you
It's a Vincent Black Lightning, 1952
And I've seen you on the corners and cafes it seems
Red hair and black leather, my favorite color scheme
And he pulled her on behind and down to Boxhill they
did ride

Said James to Red Molly, here's a ring for your right
hand
But I'll tell you in earnest I'm a dangerous man
I've fought with the law since I was seventeen
I robbed many a man to get my Vincent machine
Now I stand 21, I might not make 22
And I don't mind dying, but for the love of you
And if fate should break my stride
I'll give you my Vincent to ride

Come down, come down, Red Molly, called Sergeant
McRae
For they've taken young James for armed robbery
Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing inside
Come down, Red Molly to his dying beside
When she came to the hospital, there wasn't much left
He was running out of road, he was running out of
breath
But he smiled to see her cry, said I'll give you my
Vincent to ride

Said James, in my opinion, there's nothing in this world
Beats a 52 Vincent and a red headed girl
No Nortons and Indians and Greeves just won't do
They ain't got a soul like a Vincent 52
He reached for her hand and he slip through the keys
He said I have no further use for these
I see angels and ariels in leather and chrome
Swooping down from heaven to carry me home
He gave her one last kiss and died and he gave her the
Vincent to ride

