

Roches

"My New Bicycle"

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My new bicycle is race car blue
It used to belong to my big sister sue
She grew a little too tall
Then traded it to me
For my old basketball.

Riding that thing
I gotta sing
It's a blast
I never believed
I could go so fast

Up and down hills
Zipping through the town
Past the reservoir
When the sun slips down

I'm flying!

Back home i collected some rags
I snuck them out of my ma's old clothes bags
Bucket of water
And a squirt of soap
My bicycle's as clean
As the soul of a pope

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