

The Cheers

"Black Denim Trousers"

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He wore black denim trousers
And motorcycle boots
And a black leather jacket
With an eagle on the back

He had a hopped up cycle
That took off like a gun
That fool was the terror
Of Highway 101

Well, he never washed his face
And he never combed his hair
He had axle grease embedded
Underneath his fingernails

On the muscle of his arm
Was a red tattoo
A picture of a heart
Saying Mother, I love you

He had a pretty girlfriend
By the name of Mary Lou
But he treated her just like
He treated all the rest

And everybody pitied her
Cause everybody knew
He loved that
Doggone motorcycle best

He wore black denim trousers
And motorcycle boots
And a black leather jacket
With an eagle on the back

He had a hopped up cycle
That took off like a gun
That fool was the terror
Of Highway 101

Mary Lou, poor girl, she pleaded
And she begged him not to leave

She said I've got a feeling
If you ride tonight, I'll grieve

But her tears were she'd in vain
And her every word was lost
In the rumble of his engine
And the smoke from his exhaust

He took off like the devil
There was fire in his eyes
He said I'll go a thousand miles
Before the sun can rise

But he hit a screaming diesel
That was California bound
And when they cleared the wreckage
All they found

Was his black denim trousers
And motorcycle boots
And a black leather jacket
With an eagle on the back

But they couldnt find the cycle
That took off like a gun
And they never found the terror
Of Highway 101

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