

Moby Grape **"Motorcycle Irene"**

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There she sits a-smokin'
Reefer in her mouth
Her hair hanging northward
As she travels south

Dirty, on her Harley
(But her nails are clean)
Super powered, deflowered
Over eighteen Irene

I've seen her in the bare
Where her tattoos and her chains
Wrap around her body
Where written are the names
Of prisons she's been in

And lovers she has seen
Curve winding, bump 'n' grindin'
Motorcycle Irene

Ground around like hamburger
Layin' an' a splat
'Tis Irene, her sheen I seen
In pieces crumpled flat

Oh, the feet were in the bushes
Her toes were in her hat
Stark raven, unshaven
Motorcycle Irene

The Hunchback, the cripple
Horseman and the fool
Prayer books and candles
And carpet, cloaks and jewels

Knowing all the answers
But breakin' all the rules
The stark naked, unsacred
Motorcycle Irene

