

## Richard Thompson "1952 Vintage 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, my hat, 's off to you  
It, 's a Vincent Black Lightning, 1952  
And I, 've seen you at the corners and cafes it seems  
Red hair and black leather, my favourite colour 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, 'm 21 years, I might make 22  
And I don, 't mind dying, but for the love of you  
And if fate should break my stride  
Then I, 'll give you my Vincent to ride

Come down, come down, Red Molly, called Sergeant  
McRae  
For they, 've taken young James Adie for armed  
robbery  
Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing inside  
Oh, come down, Red Molly to his dying bedside  
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  
And said I, 'll give you my Vincent to ride

Says James, in my opinion, there, 's nothing in this  
world  
Beats a 52 Vincent and a red headed girl  
Now Nortons and Indians and Greeveses won, 't do  
They don, 't have a soul like a Vincent 52  
He reached for her hand and he slipped her the keys  
He said I, 've got no further use for these  
I see angels on Ariels in leather and chrome  
Swooping down from heaven to carry me home  
And he gave her one last kiss and died

And he gave her his Vincent to ride

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