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## Hondells "Mean Streak"

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It was late one night when he rode into town
On a hopped up sickle that could shit em all down
He'd rev up his wheels every time he'd tach it
He sure looked tough in his black leather jacket
Everybody knew that
He had a mean streak

His bike was fast and he knew he could drive He laid flat out at 105 He picked up chicks, yeah they really dug him It made the guys mad and they tried to bug him Everybody said that He had a mean streak

They called him a greaser and they really put him down
Then they told him that he'd better leave town
He gassed up his sickle and he rode away now
He took my girl when he left that day now
Everybody warned me
He had a mean streak

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