

Jeevas, The "Ghost"

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The bike that I ride was designed for a girl
Though I never knew her name, I ride around her world.
And the horn that I honk is made of rubber, tin, and
glue
I'm chewing 18 sticks of gum and listening to The Who.

Out riding the bike of a ghost
It's the most, it's the toast of the town
Out riding around
She was brought up in a place that they built
For Cowboys in the movies

The bike that I ride, it's got breaks and it's got gears
A bell and a basket, in which to catch my tears
That I cry every night I spend without that girl
I'm dreaming of saddle shoes
In a movie-western-world

Out riding the bike of a ghoul
It's so cool, skipping school, cutting class
I'm never gonna pass.
I was predicted an "F" in all but religious education.

Out riding the bike of a ghost
It's the most, it's the toast of the town
And I'm out riding around
She was brought up in a place that they built
For Cowboys in the movies.

She was brought up under the hills
She rode around just like Josey Wales
She was brought up in a place that they built
For Cowboys in the movies.

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