

Thompson Richard

"1952 Vincent 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,
Well 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
I'll give you my Vincent to ride
Come down, come down, Red Molly

Called Seargeant McRae

For they've taken young James Adie for armed robbery

Shotgun blast hit his chest

Left nothing inside

coome 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

Said I'll give you my Vincent to ride

Said young James, in my opinion,

There's nothing in this world

Beats a '52 Vincent and a red-headed girl

Now Nortons and Indians and Greeves won't do

They don't have a soul like a Vincent '52

He reached for her hand and he gave her the keys

He said I don't have any further use for these

I see angels on ariels in leather and chrome

Swooping down from heaven to carry me home

He gave her one last kiss and died

And he gave her his Vincent to ride

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