

## Tracey Ullman "Bad Motorcycle"

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I was on my way to school when a fellow I could meet  
took me by the hand and he told me I was sweet  
And I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad  
motorcycle

Yes I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad  
motorcycle

As we walked down along he asked me for my phone  
He told me his name and I told him the same  
And I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad  
motorcycle

Yes I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad  
motorcycle

Got on the jiving about a fling, he knew just what was  
happening

He had my heart just a pumping but he was really  
saying something

He had my heart up on a shelf, thought he was really  
something else

I saw him and went home, sat down to wait

He called me at eight, not one minute late

And I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad  
motorcycle

Yes I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad  
motorcycle

I saw him and went home, sat down to wait

He called me at eight, not one minute late

And I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad  
motorcycle

Yes I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad  
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He was a bad motorcycle

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