

Amy Correia, The Bike

Amy Correia
Miscellaneous
The Bike

I became the heiress to a red and rusted bicycle
Built like a tank from Sears Roebuck circa 1952
It had been entrusted to me by my late great uncle Pat
And I guess he didn't ride it much
Both tires on the bike were flat
Pat had died at Christmas time in 1991
He had fallen off the wagon
And he sunk into a Christmas funk
My father he had found him
Two days after he had died
Well he drank himself to death one night
In a little home he owned by the seaside
So I took the bike and I cleaned it up
My father he patched up the tires
Am I going to town or just spinning my wheels
And when I die I wonder how it feels
Hey and I'm riding around riding around on it
Hey just riding around riding around on it
Hey you know I'm riding around
riding around on it. Hey!
The funeral service was a few days later
At a place down the street from where he had lived
There wasn't a hell of a turn out
He had never married and he never had kids
The coffin lid was open
Pat was lying inside
His sister had a picture of a poodle named Pepper
She put it in his hand and then she cried
Now I'm riding around in the city
Through the smog and the summer heat
And I'm blowing through all the red lights
I guess you could say I'm feeling lucky
And the taxis and the trucks
Everybody's blowin' their horns
And I got a bicycle bell to ring
And I got a notion to sing as I'm riding along
chorus
Well I didn't even really know him at all
And I wonder can he see me
As I'm riding along
Riding along
The day that Pat was buried
The air was cold and clear
And we drove out to the cemetery
And snow flew around in the air
And a hired man from the State
He played taps on a coronet
And a flag was presented to his sister
For time in the service that Pat had spent
When he used to ride on the bike
Way back in