

# Frankie Coccozza, She's Got A Motorcycle

Look at those mirrored eyes, I want them.  
How your legs like to shine, I can see them.

Your smile floods the street, like a wild child.  
I hear your heart as it beats, to your own style.

You've been locked up for days,  
And that's just not right,  
I wanna steal you away,  
Show you the nightlife.  
I know it would be easy  
Cos I'm feeling tired and wheezy.  
And the road it seems much smoother with you.

She's got a motorcycle.  
A big bad motorcycle.  
She knows how much I like it,  
She won't let me ride it.  
She's got a motorcycle,  
It looks so damn delightful,  
She knows how much I like it,  
She keeps tryna hide it,

Why, why, why am I out of luck?  
Cos I've seen others fill you up.  
On your motorcycle.  
Your big bad motorcycle,  
You know how much I like it.  
Why won't you let me ride it?

I'll be around after dark, like a silhouette.  
I'll need the keys to your heart, cos I ain't touched it yet

I know you feel insecure, a little rusty.  
You could have so much more, if you just trust me.

You've been locked up for days,  
And that's just not right,  
I'm about to steal you away,  
Show you the nightlife.  
Although it wasn't easy,  
Now it's all so breezy  
Yeah, I'm loving every mile with you.

I've got a motorcycle.  
A big bad motorcycle.  
I know how much you like it,  
But you can't ride it.  
I've got a motorcycle,  
I know I took the Michael,  
It feels so damn delightful,  
I just can't hide it,

Oh, oh, oh, Your'e Shh! out of luck?  
I knew one day I'd fill you up.  
On my motorcycle.  
My big bad motorcycle.  
I know how much you like it.  
But I won't let you ride it.

Then I woke up from the most beautiful of daydreams,  
A fairytale, a fantasy, just waved its last goodbye to me.

She's got a motorcycle.

A big bad motorcycle.  
She knows how much I like it,  
She won't let me ride it.  
She's got a motorcycle,  
It looks so damn delightful,  
She knows how much I like it,  
She keeps tryna hide it,

Why, why, why am I out of luck?  
Cos I've seen others fill you up.  
On your motorcycle.  
Your big bad motorcycle,  
You know how much I like it.  
Why won't you let me ride it?