

# Gutterball, Motorcycle Boy

down in Abeline on a midnight cruise  
three dead, four wounded, saw the story on the news  
motorcycle boy, motorcycle boy, motorcycle boy  
lay your legend down

three creeps in Dallas  
three fish-eyed stares  
three dozen roses and three last prayers  
motorcycle boy  
lay your legend down

Subway Sammy, he got out of line  
swan dive, no survivors  
out of sight, out of mind  
motorcycle boy  
lay your legend down

over in Virginia, no reason, no rhyme  
the girl was named Virginia,  
that was good enough this time  
motorcycle boy  
lay your legend down

maybe it was Oxnard where the surfers play  
they got nothing better to do  
with themselves all day  
motorcycle boy  
lay your legend down