

# Mary Lou Lord, 1952 Vincent Black Lightning

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 on the corners and cafes it seems  
Red hair and black leather, my favorite color 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 stand 21, I might not 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 Sergeant McRae  
For they've taken young James for armed robbery  
Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing inside  
Come down, Red Molly to his dying beside  
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 James, in my opinion, there's nothing in this world  
Beats a 52 Vincent and a red headed girl  
No Nortons and Indians and Greeves just won't do  
They ain't got a soul like a Vincent 52  
He reached for her hand and he slip through the keys  
He said I have no further use for these  
I see angels and 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 the Vincent to ride