

Ghoti Hook, My Bike

There's just one thing that I love more than anything
I hold it so near to my heart.
It has just one gear and a pair of blue training wheels,
A headlight to see in the dark.
I like my bike. It's not like other bikes. I like my bike.
It's not like other bikes.
It has pinwheels and a purple banana seat,
Loud cards in the spokes as they bend.
It has a big horn that I honk when you're in my way,
So I don't run over my friends.
I like my bike. It's not like other bikes.
I like my bike. It's not like other bikes
I ride my bike to the girl that I like, And she looks at me and my bike.
A tear fills her eye as she's filled with great pride,
When I ask her to take a ride.
Me and my girl, we ride all over town on it.
My guide is the street and the sun.
We stop for a shake--I pretend well share all of it,
When I hit the eject button.
I like my bike. It's not like other bikes.
I like my bike.
It's not like other bikes.