

# Hawksley Workman, Ilfracombe

This summer I'm gonna get us a motorbike  
To ride us up to Ilfracombe  
And over to Ravenscliff

And it won't be the fancy kind  
Ride good for the easy wind  
Be with me in the corners, careful to hold on tight

And we would never highway ride  
We'd take the quiet roads beside  
And park along a corn field  
When it suits us right  
Suits us right

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To ride us up to Ilfracombe  
And over to Ravenscliff

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And my brother would be terrified  
He's had some friends that nearly died  
I said that I'd be careful and try not to ride at night  
"Whoa"  
He said, "that's what they always say  
Then a transport truck gets in your way  
I want you holding flowers there at my wedding day  
Wedding day"

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And when the fascists lock the city down  
And the riot police gather all around  
Will we laugh, will we laugh, will we laugh  
That once we romanticized  
And we practically fucking fantasized  
About the downfall of a city

About the downfall of a country  
About the downfall of a lifetime  
Whoa whoa oh oh oh

Aaaah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah  
This summer I'm gonna get us a motorbike  
Something with some saddlebags  
That we can pack a picnic in  
This summer I'm gonna get us a motorbike  
Something cheap on gasoline  
To get us into town and back