

# Nazareth, My White Bicycle

My white bicycle, my white bicycle

Riding all around the street  
Four o'clock and they're all asleep  
I'm not tired and it's so late  
Moving fast everything looks great.

My white bicycle, my white bicycle

See that man, he's all alone  
Looks so happy but he's far from home  
Ring my bell, smile at him  
Better kick over his garbage bin

My white bicycle, my white bicycle

The rain comes down but I don't care  
The wind is blowing in my hair  
Seagulls flying in the air

My white bicycle

lead:

Policeman shouts but I don't see him  
They're one thing I don't believe in  
Find some judge, but it's not leavin'

Lift both hands, his head in disgrace  
Shines no light upon my face  
Through the darkness, we still speed  
My white bicycle and me

My white bicycle, my white bicycle

(Burgess/West)  
Getaway Music  
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