

Poppy, Motorbike

I wonder why nothing catches my eye
Quite like the sight of a girl with a powerful machine
Between her legs

Making it squeal, making it beg
Looking so free, so in control
I want to love her, I want to know
What it's like to be between her (legs)

London, Paris to Berlin
The power she earned, uncharted
Not selfish, self-serving
Teach me how and I'll learn it (legs)

So tell me, can I ride with you?
Baby, can I ride with you?

That girl on a motorbike
Going where she wants to
Girl on a motorbike
Never checks the rear view
Girl on a motorbike
No one can confine her
Epitome of freedom
I'm following behind her

That girl on a motorbike
Going where she wants to
Girl on a motorbike
Never checks the rear view
Girl on a motorbike
No one can confine her
Epitome of freedom
I'm following behind her (legs)

Making it squeal, making it beg
Looking so free, so in control
I want to love her, I want to know
What it's like to be between her (legs)

So tell me, can I ride with you?
Baby, can I ride with you?

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Going where she wants to
Girl on a motorbike
Never checks the rear view
Girl on a motorbike
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Epitome of freedom
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That girl on a motorbike
Going where she wants to
Girl on a motorbike
Never checks the rear view
Girl on a motorbike
No one can confine her
Epitome of freedom
I'm following behind her (legs)

(Legs)
(Legs)
(Legs)

(Legs)

That girl on a motorbike
Going where she wants to
Girl on a motorbike
Never checks the rear view (legs)
Girl on a motorbike
No one can confine her
Epitome of freedom
I'm following behind her (legs)

That girl on a motorbike
Going where she wants to
Girl on a motorbike
Never checks the rear view (legs)
Girl on a motorbike
No one can confine her
Epitome of freedom
I'm following behind her (vroom, vroom)

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Going where she wants to
Girl on a motorbike
Never checks the rear view
Girl on a motorbike
No one can confine her
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