Pretenders, Biker

Biker, they tell me
You're a dangerous lover
Well, that might be true
Oh, but I'd never ride with another

Maybe they've never had their arms around
Anything so wild and free
You bring the biker out in me

I can't understand it
Why people give you grief
You play the one-armed bandit
Like an outlaw with a belief

To them it's the norm for a man to conform
To a godless society
You bring the biker out in me
You bring the biker out in me

Because you've no interest
In the struggle to obtain
The status and bogus desires
That drive most people insane

You who have nothing have something that only
The one percent could ever see
You bring the biker out in me
You bring the biker out in me