

# Richard Hawley, The Motorcycle Song

And I don't know my way back home  
My motorcycle's full of holes  
And I can't find my way back in  
I'm hungry and my shadow's thin  
The road of anyone can change I know that we won't meet again  
The key was in the open lock  
You'd see through any blanket fog  
There's places is on the seabound roll  
But I can't even find the boat  
I don't know the way back home  
My motorcycle's full of holes  
Full of holes  
Full of holes

And someone turned the lights way down  
But shelter is what brought you round  
She said the outside is the in  
It's risky when you drink that gin  
The key was in the open joint You'd see from any vantage point  
And I can't find my way back in  
I'm hungry and my shadow's thin  
There's places is on the seabound roll  
But I can't even find the boat  
And I don't know my way back home  
My motorcycle's full of holes  
Full of holes  
Full of hole