

# The 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