

# Bicycle Boy

Abhi the Nomad

I fell so down many times I gotta  
I gotta get up out this town  
The sun beating on me like I'm late on rent  
Eighth grade, knew nothing, thought the Mona Lisa looked like shit  
Fuck 'em all  
I'll show 'em how it's done, yeah  
With no fear of god or his son  
Just some dumbass punks  
Rum-pum-pum

And that feeling is not gonna go  
You better  
Run back, run back baby  
The wheels burning out in the smoke  
And I'll  
Be back, I'll be back  
I'm not going home  
Home  
Bicycle boys who cycle the void  
With no, no  
Nowhere to go  
Got nowhere to go  
But home

I fell down so many times since that summer  
Tragedy strikes and I label it a bumner  
Paper tiger, a hot head lover  
Sleeper agent, ugly motherfucker  
Fuck 'em all  
I'll show 'em how it's done, yeah  
With no fear of god or his son  
Still a dumbass punk  
Rum-pum-pum

And that feeling is not gonna go  
You better  
Run back, run back baby  
The wheels burning out in the smoke  
And I'll  
Be back, I'll be back  
I'm not going home  
Home  
Bicycle boys who cycle the void  
With no, no  
Nowhere to go  
Got nowhere to go  
But home

(Bicycle boy, go home)  
(Bicycle boy, go home)