

Bicycle Spaniard

Cracker

And it's a long, long way to the top
But when you come down
It's one headlong rush

You've got an itch to scratch
The shiny bits of light
Hanging like stars
Hanging like stars

And Mary says, you're such a restless soul
My bicycle spaniard,
My magyar of cold

You've got an itch to find what's best left lost and cold
My bicycle spaniard,
My poor restless soul
My bicycle spaniard,
My poor restless soul