

I Ride My Bike

Cracker

And I ride my bike
And I drive my car
I drive it all around just to take me back to you

And I comb my hair
And I wear a dress
I wear it all around just to take me back to you

I ride my bike, take me back to you
I drive my car, take me back to you
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you

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This is a story about a dog, a dog
When I ride my bike
And my hair is blowing straight back
I think of you wearing that brown mohair sweater
Soft mounds of breasts underneath
Or better yet one of those squiggly aluminum lawn chairs
I'm putting sun tan lotion on your long legs
Wearing a broad rim straw hat
Pair of Mickey mouse sunglasses
Looking just like lolita
Looking just like lolita
White sheets hanging on the line
White sheets blowing in the wind
A satellite dish pointed straight up at the heavens

A satellite dish pointing straight up at the heavens
Isis! (Isis) (Isis)

Isis Isis Isis Isis
Isis Isis Isis Isis
Isis Isis Isis Isis
Oh yeah!

I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you