

This summer I'm gonna get us a motorbike
To ride us up to Ilfracombe
And over to Ravenscliff

And it won't be the fancy kind
Ride good for the easy wind
Be with me in the corners, careful to hold on tight

And we would never highway ride
We'd take the quiet roads beside
And park along a corn field
When it suits us right
Suits us right

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And my brother would be terrified
He's had some friends that nearly died
I said that I'd be careful and try not to ride at night
"Whoa"
He said, "that's what they always say
Then a transport truck gets in your way
I want you holding flowers there at my wedding day
Wedding day"

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And when the fascists lock the city down
And the riot police gather all around
Will we laugh, will we laugh, will we laugh
That once we romanticized
And we practically fucking fantasized
About the downfall of a city
About the downfall of a country
About the downfall of a lifetime
Whoa whoa oh oh oh

Aaaah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
This summer I'm gonna get us a motorbike
Something with some saddlebags
That we can pack a picnic in
This summer I'm gonna get us a motorbike
Something cheap on gasoline
To get us into town and back
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