

1952 Vincent Black Lightning

Logan Halstead

Says Red Molly, to James, "Well that's a fine motorbike
A girl could feel special on any such like"
Says James, to Red Molly, "My hat's off to you
It's a Vincent Black Lightning, 1952
And I've seen you on the corners and cafes, it seems
Red hair and black leather, my favorite color scheme"
And he pulled her on behind
And down to Knoxville, they did ride

Says James, to Red Molly, "Here's a ring for your right hand
But I'll tell you in earnest I'm a dangerous man
I've fought with the law since I was seventeen
I've robbed many a man to get my Vincent machine
And now I'm twenty-one years, I might make twenty-two
And I don't mind dyin' but for the love of you
But if fate should break my stride, then I'll give you my Vincent,
To Ride"

"Come down Red Molly," called Sargent McQuade
"For they've taken young James Aidee for Armed Robbery
Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing inside
Oh, come down, Red Molly, to his dying bedside"
When she came to the hospital, there wasn't much left
He was runnin' out of road. He was runnin' out of breath.
But he smiled, to see her cry
And said, "I'll give you my Vincent
To Ride"

Said James, "In my opinion, there's nothing in this world
Beats a '52 Vincent and a Redheaded girl
Now Nortons and Indians and Greavses won't do
Oh, they don't have a Soul like a Vincent '52"
Well he reached for her hand and he slipped her the keys
He said, "I've got no further use... for these.
I see Angels on Ariels in leather and chrome
Swoopin' down from Heaven to carry me home"
And he gave her one last kiss and died
And he gave her his Vincent
To Ride