Bartholomew sits in the back of a pick-up truck He's on his way to Santa Fe to meet his brother And to his brother there is no one Together they will hitchike to Canada Where they will meet their good friend Joe Who waits patiently by the side of the road

Lazy on Sunday Crazy on Thuesday You're my Coca-Cola, baby And I'm your misfit pearl

Motorcycle, motorcycle
Rubber me down that broken yellow line
Motorcycle, motorcycle
Rubber me down that broken yellow line

I can hear you but I can't see you
You've come so close
To becoming someone else
You're a fascination
A dislocation from the mire

Lazy on Sunday Crazy on Thuesday You're my Coca-Cola, baby And I'm your misfit pearl

Motorcycle, motorcycle
Rubber me down that broken yellow line
Motorcycle, motorcycle
Rubber me down that broken yellow line

This bitter grape has such a sweet aftertaste A surprise present from the Cuban kid Thank you mister kid Thank you

Satchels of prayers
Shall scrape this pilgrimage
Skyscrapers cling
To their paradise in the sky
You and I shall combine the information
And satelite toward a virgin star