

# Motorcycle

Nan Vernon

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 hitchhike to Canada  
Where they will meet their good friend Joe  
Who waits patiently by the side of the road

Lazy on Sunday  
Crazy on Tuesday  
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

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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 satellite toward a virgin star