

Biker Like an Icon

Paul McCartney

There was a girl who loved a biker
She used to follow him across America
But the biker didn't like her.

She didn't care, she still persisted
Though her brother said she was twisted
And the family said they wouldn't miss her
Anyway.

She loved the biker like an icon
Gazing at his picture everyday.
She loved the biker like an icon
Slowly watching precious water drip away.

She did her best to fix a meeting
She pulled it off one night in Hollywood
When he met her he couldn't let her get away.

He didn't ask for her permission
He took advantage of her position
But he was always her ambition
Anyway.

She loved the biker like an icon
Gazing at his picture everyday.
She loved the biker like an icon
Slowly watching precious water drip away.

The family tried so hard to find her
They Showed Her Picture across America.
But No Trace Of Her Sweet Face
Was Ever Found.

She Loved The Biker Like An Icon
Gazing At His Picture Everyday.
She Loved The Biker Like An Icon
Slowly Watching precious water drip away.