

Lord Bateman's Motorbike

Chumbawamba

Lord Bateman runs an inn out on the A65
Sort of place where everybody drinks before they drive
Weekends runs a motorbike to Scarborough and back
He's not too many brandies from a second heart attack
John Barleycorn he works the land and drinks at Bateman's Inn
And every evening toasts to all the things that might have been
Tells the world that once he had a trial for Hull KR
Now he watches them on TV in the corner of the bar
Bateman gets up early lifts the latches on the gate
Seven horses stabled and the family sleeping late
Fourteen hundred acres two daughters and a son
He'll ride the eastern coast and back before the morning's done
Barleycorn he's up at dawn and working off the beer
Same thing every day of every week of every year
Hears Lord Bateman racing by along the county lanes
And pulls his jacket tight against the coming of the rain...
Lord Bateman meets the storm that's coming in from the shore
Speeding over Quarry Hill at 85 or more
There's rain to take the wheels away rain among the glass
And rain to wash the blood into the tarmac and the grass
In the months to come John Barleycorn he sits and drinks his fi
ll
Measures out his life between his pocket and the till
So down the generations Bateman's son behind the bar
While Barleycorn he sips his beer and watches Hull KR.