

## Bicycle Spaniard

Cracker

And it's a long, long way to the top  
But when you come down  
It's one headlong rush

You've got an itch to scratch  
The shiny bits of light  
Hanging like stars  
Hanging like stars

And Mary says, you're such a restless soul  
My bicycle spaniard,  
My magyar of cold

You've got an itch to find what's best left lost and cold  
My bicycle spaniard,  
My poor restless soul  
My bicycle spaniard,  
My poor restless soul