

# I Ride My Bike

Cracker

And I ride my bike  
And I drive my car  
I drive it all around just to take me back to you

And I comb my hair  
And I wear a dress  
I wear it all around just to take me back to you

I ride my bike, take me back to you  
I drive my car, take me back to you  
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you  
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you

And I ride my bike  
And I drive my car  
I drive it all around just to take me back to you

And I comb my hair  
And I wear a dress  
I wear it all around just to take me back to you

I ride my bike, take me back to you  
I drive my car, take me back to you  
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you  
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you  
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you

This is a story about a dog, a dog  
When I ride my bike  
And my hair is blowing straight back  
I think of you wearing that brown mohair sweater  
Soft mounds of breasts underneath  
Or better yet one of those squiggly aluminum lawn chairs  
I'm putting sun tan lotion on your long legs  
Wearing a broad rim straw hat  
Pair of Mickey mouse sunglasses  
Looking just like lolita  
Looking just like lolita  
White sheets hanging on the line  
White sheets blowing in the wind  
A satellite dish pointed straight up at the heavens

A satellite dish pointing straight up at the heavens  
Isis! (Isis) (Isis)

Isis Isis Isis Isis  
Isis Isis Isis Isis  
Isis Isis Isis Isis  
Oh yeah!

I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you  
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you  
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you  
I ride my bike, I drive my car, take me to you