

Indian Motorcycles

Fred Eaglesmith

Indian motorcycles
Saturday night citations
Northern boys in southern cars
And one pump stations
Starter pistols 'neath the quarter moon
The sound of engines revvin'
I was born in the spring time of the '57 Chevy
Oil cans in the creek bed
Radiators steamin'
Falling stars and broken hearts
Lookin' for the high beams
Busted belts and slippin' clutches
V-8s on the levee
I was born in the spring time of the '57 Chevy
Well I don't know why I come back here
Just somethin' to do with a couple of years
I had me a purty girl back then
I always thought I'd see her again
Moonlight over water
Shadows on the porches
Slippin' down the alley way
Idlin' the motors
Rock-n-Roll underneath the streetlight
Fire comin' off the fenders
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