

## Bicycle

Hey Ocean!

Oh pedaling is hard, move fast as I can go,  
The basket of my bicycle is hangin' low,  
It's filled with things that I am bringing to your house.  
You said some strange things on the phone,  
I wanna know what they're about.  
When I get there you are done.

Your things in boxes on your lawn  
And all the books you ever read, are stacked upon your steps  
Instead of in your room and all your shoes  
Are strung out on your neighbor's fence.  
Among all this I find a note addressed to me, it says:  
"I'm leaving this place; not by choice it's my fate.  
I don't wanna hurt you, not tryin' to desert you  
Some people just weren't cut out for this race."

Get back on my bicycle, I'm moving slow  
Never thought I'd realize the type of things I've come to know  
Some people just weren't cut out for this type of life  
To end up like their fathers with a house, a dog, two kids, a w  
ife.  
The pressures of society are bound to get to you.

I guess I'll have to let him go.  
Oh I guess I'll cut him loose.  
Ooohhh...