

# The Bike Song

Mark Ronson

I run around town  
Around around and round  
The pedal to the metal  
The pedal to whatever

I run around town  
Around around and round  
The pedal to the metal  
The pedal to whatever

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Around around and round  
The pedal to the metal  
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I run around town  
Around around and round  
The pedal to the metal  
The pedal to whatever

Shooting round the streaky bends  
I hear a conversation in my head  
Thinking of a place to be  
I sing a little melody instead  
I won't argue with myself  
Today my legs are getting some help

My mother tells me I should stop  
Go and get a real job  
That can't be the way that I roll  
Everybody's growing up  
Having kids and paying rent  
They're all getting cars of their own

Gonna ride my bike until I get home  
Gonna ride my bike until I get home  
Gonna ride my bike until I get home  
Gonna ride my bike until I get home

Thinking of a girl I met  
A phone call that I haven't made yet  
All the things I've done this week  
And all the things  
I should've done instead  
I sweep the pavements and the park  
I hope that I get home before it's dark

My mother tells me I should stop  
Go and get a real job  
That can't be the way that I roll  
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Having kids and paying rent  
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I can understand it  
But I can't really stand em  
Girls love cars  
Cars cause harm to the planet  
Don't you want to  
You take a joyride on my tandem  
Hubby on a huffy  
Don't I look so handsome

Bikes suffice  
They so nice like priceless  
Working on my calves  
Triceps and biceps  
Bypass the gas  
Stopped at traffic lights  
I get around town  
Without a drivers license  
Hello, (Hi) you walking?  
(No) Farewell, (oh) I'm off then  
And I'm whipping through the city  
With a 40 and a 50  
Party popping on my wheely

Good God  
My mother tells me I should stop  
Go and get a real job  
That can't be the way that I roll  
Everybody's growing up  
Having kids and paying rent  
They're all getting cars of their own

Gonna ride my bike until I get home  
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