

Biker

The Pretenders

Biker they tell me
You're a dangerous love
Well that might be true
Oh, but I'd never ride with another

Maybe they've never had
Their arms around
Anything so wild and free

You bring the biker out in me

I can't understand it
Why people give you grief
You play the one-armed bandit
Like an outlaw with a belief
To them it's the norm for
A man to conform
To a godless society

You bring the biker out in me
You bring the biker out in me

Because they've no interest
In the struggle to obtain
The status and bogus desires
That drive most people insane
You who have nothing
Have something that only the one percent
Could ever see

You bring the biker out in me
You bring the biker out in me