

## 1952 Vincent Black Lightning

Richard Thompson

Oh, says Red Molly to James, "That's a fine motorbike  
A girl could feel special on any such like"  
Says James to Red Molly, "My hat's off to you  
It's a Vincent Black Lightning, 1952"

And I've seen you at the corners and cafes it seems  
Red hair and black leather, my favorite color scheme  
And he pulled her on behind  
And down to Box Hill, they did ride

Oh, says James to Red Molly, "Here's a ring for your right hand  
But I'll tell you in earnest I'm a dangerous man  
For I've fought with the law since I was seventeen  
I robbed many a man to get my Vincent machine

Now I'm twenty-one years, I might make twenty-two  
And I don't mind dying, but for the love of you  
And if fate should break my stride  
Then I'll give you my Vincent to ride"

"Come down, come down, Red Molly," called Sergeant McRae  
"For they've taken young James Adie for armed robbery  
Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing inside  
Oh, come down, Red Molly to his dying bedside"

When she came to the hospital, there wasn't much left  
He was running out of road, he was running out of breath  
But he smiled to see her cry  
And said I'll give you my Vincent to ride

Says James, "In my opinion, there's nothing in this world  
Beats a 52 Vincent and a red headed girl  
Now Nortons and Indians and Greeves's won't do  
Ahh, they don't have a soul like a Vincent 52"

Oh, he reached for her hand then he slipped her the keys  
He said, "I've got no further use for these  
I see angels on Ariels, in leather and chrome  
Swooping down from heaven to carry me home"

And he gave her one last kiss and died  
And he gave her his Vincent to ride