

Bad Motorcycle

Tracey Ullman

I was on my way to school when a fellow I could meet took me by
the hand and he told me I was sweet
And I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad motorcycle
Yes I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad motorcycle
As we walked down along he asked me for my phone
He told me his name and I told him the same
And I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad motorcycle
Yes I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad motorcycle
Got on the jiving about a fling, he knew just what was happenin
g
He had my heart just a pumping but he was really saying somethi
ng
He had my heart up on a shelf, thought he was really something
else
I saw him and went home, sat down to wait
He called me at eight, not one minute late
And I knew by the way he smoked he was a bad motorcycle
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