

Lonesome Bikers' Ballad

I filled my saddlebags with stuff and kissed my lovely wife;
And took off on my cycle for the journey of my life.
I traveled every highway in the North, East, South and West;
And saw the Land and lingered in the places I liked best.

But more and more I missed the gal I'd left to ride and roam,
Until my heartstrings pulled so hard I headed back for home.
I parked my bike beside the porch and hurried through the door;
And saw the note that she had left drift slowly to the floor.

It said she'd bought a Harley and--believe it if you can--
She said she'd gone out looking for her motorcycle man.
So when you're out there riding if your eye should chance to see
A lonesome lady on a hog, please send her back to me.

Bud Morris

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