

## The Wickedest Biker on Earth

I would like to unveil the remarkable tale  
Of the wickedest biker on earth;  
And I want you to know from the very git-go,  
He was bad from the day of his birth.

He was from the old school where they rode like a fool  
As the wild oats fell by the way;  
And he drank and he cussed like he thought that he must,  
With no fear of the reckoning day.

There was never a sin any place he had been  
That the biker had not made his own;  
And he followed this course without any remorse,  
Like his heart was embedded in stone.

Well, he thought he was tough till the Lord had enough,  
And He leaned down and whispered his name;  
And He showed him the love that was sent from above  
On the day that the Son of God came.

And the scenes of the cross put the spice in the sauce  
As God laid all our sins on His Son;  
And the peace he received as the biker believed  
Made his sins disappear one-by-one.

Although you could insist that this man didn't exist,  
If you asked if this story is true;  
I'd say it has been for a great many men,  
And that biker could even be you.

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