

Bike Ride

(to the tune of Convoy)

*Breaker double Z, this here's Inner Voice. You got your buzz on, Common Sense, c'mon?
This here's Common Sense, yeah, no, fer shure. Legs warming up. We can do this. We can do this.
Looks like we've got ourselves a BIKE RIDE.*

I was halfway through a century
In the Indiana hills
With padded seat and padded pants
And wheels as thin as quills.

I'd just pulled on the straightaway
When a young man joined along.
The two of us rode side by side
And someone sang this song.

We got a little bike ride,
Rollin' on the flat
Yes, we've got a little bike ride,
What y'all think about that?

Come on and join our bike ride,
Ain't no one getting' no rest
We gonna roll this happy bike ride,
Cross the great Midwest
Bike ride...
Bike ride...

*Heart Rate, this here's Inner Voice. You wanna back off those pedals and slow it down?
This here's Heart Rate. No can do, amigo. No can do. Crazy Legs, put the hammer down.*

I was doing 20 miles an hour
Along the fields of corn.
When I hit 25, I was feeling alive
My soul had been reborn.

Then a woman in her eighties,
Joined us at the marker mile.
She said, "I guess I could slow down
And pace myself a while."

'Cause we've got a great big bike ride
Rollin' on the flat
Yes, we've got a great big bike ride
What y'all think about that?

Come on and join our bike ride,
Ain't no one getting no rest
We gonna roll this crazy bike ride,
Cross the great Midwest.
Bike ride...
Bike ride...

*Crazy Legs, this here's Inner Voice. Time to back down and slow the burn.
Inner Voice, this here's Crazy Legs. We don't have a 20 on Common Sense.
It's all me now, it's all me.*

Forty cyclists joined our group
And we became a pack
We swerved past slowpokes, chased down geese,
And zoomed along the track.

Then lactic acid in my legs
Said son, you've had your fill
And someone shouted, "On your left!"
And passed me on the hill.

My bike slowed to a painful crawl,
With no steam in my ride
And all my newfound friends sped off
And left me on the side.

My Inner Voice said,
"Son, you know you'll never take this hill."
But Crazy Legs had one last laugh
Like old time Vaudeville.

He kicked my Inner Voice aside
And made me mount my steed
I took that hill, I passed the pack
With one last burst of speed.

And as I crested Tabor Hill
I heard some crazy clown
Say, "Biking up is half the game,
The other's biking down."

'Cause we got a massive bike ride
Rollin' on the flat
Yes, we've got a massive bike ride
What y'all think about that?

Come on and join our bike ride,
Ain't no one getting no rest
We gonna roll this stupid bike ride,
Cross the great Midwest.
Bike ride...
Bike ride...

*Breaker double Z this here's Inner Voice, Crazy Legs what the hell is wrong with you? Heart Rate,
what's your 20? Come on. Heart Rate? Heart Rate? Common Sense? You got your ears on?*