

# I'm Goin' Back on the Bicycle

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The day was fine and the sun did shine, but now it's near the  
 eve - nin' and I was dri - vin' in my car, not far from near Rath -  
 fri - land. I just had paid the road tax, and fire and theft in -  
 sur - ance, when the pet - rol tank said, "That's all, Frank!" and this is my con -  
*Chorus*  
 clu - sion: I'm go-in' back on the bi - cy - cle, I just can't pay the  
 bills. I'm go-in' back on the bi - cy - cle, Free-wheel down the hills.

1. The day was fine, and the sun did shine,  
 But now it's near the evenin'—  
 And I was drivin' in my car,  
 Not far from near Rathfriland.\*  
 I just had paid the road tax,  
 And fire and theft insurance—  
 When the petrol tank said, "That's all, Frank!"  
 And this is my conclusion:

**I'm goin' back on the bicycle,  
 I just can't pay the bills.  
 I'm goin' back on the bicycle,  
 Freewheel down the hills.**

2. My Aunt Jane, she took me in,  
 With her blarney and her lingo—  
 She said that she would buy the juice  
 If I took her to the bingo.  
 Well all she ever gives to me  
 Are lollypops and spangles—  
 If she wants to go tomorrow,  
 She can sit up on the handles.

## Chorus

3. You won't go far without a car!  
 Or so said all the Joneses—  
 And I went crawling to the bank:  
 "Would you please give me a loan sir?"  
 Ah, curse the day, I made my way  
 Behind those windscreen wipers—  
 With oil sheiks and petrol strikes,  
 I can't pay the piper.

## Chorus

4. Three thousand pounds I earn each year,  
 Two thousand hours I'm strivin'—  
 And a thousand pounds I'll spend on fifteen  
 Thousand miles of drivin'.  
 Now a ten-mile drive takes a one-hour strive  
 If you can get my meanin'—  
 At ten miles an hour I could  
 Beat on the bike, freewheelin'.

## Chorus (two times through)

\* The town of Rathfriland is about 30 miles south of Belfast.