

Ode to the Old Biker

Old bikers never die, they just keep on biking;
They mature in age and mellow in spirit, while they keep on biking

Old bikers never die ... whether during the day out on his bike,
Or at night asleep in his dreams,
He just keeps on biking.

His pace is slow, but it's a pace;
His arrival is late, but he arrives.

Merrily he rides along, there on his bike
Just singing a song.

Old bikers never die, they just go
From 18 m.p.h. to 10 m.p.h., but they keep on biking.

Old bikers never die, they just go from saying,
"On the left," to saying, "Hey, save me a spot in the shade near the gym,"
And they keep on biking.

Old bikers never die; they just go from potty john to potty john
And all the side roads inbetween.
... but they keep on biking.

Old bikers never die; they don't sleep all night any more,
They just catch cat naps between potty john trips ...
But in the morning they just keep on biking.

Old bikers never die, they just go from riding all the hills, to walking some;
And when he reaches the top and looks below,
He's back on his bike and there he goes.
... he just keeps on biking.

Old bikers never die, he just shifts
From the higher gear to the Granny gear;
But that's okay ... he just keep on biking.

He keeps on biking; even in the wind, and the rain, and the traffic, and the dogs.
Sometimes he's lonely and scared out there in it all.
So, a little embarrassed, he has to stop and then ...
He's off to the bushes and he's gone again.
... he just keeps on biking.