

Merrily he rides along,
There on his bike, just singing a song.

Well, they say it finally got him; the addiction that is.
He's a bicycle addict now and the choice is not his.

Now, when they checked him into the treatment ward
His wife cried out, "Oh, my Lord."

Well, he's back out there now,
Which they say is not smart;
But he keeps on biking, just as happy as a lark.

He even rides in his sleep all through the night,
But when daylight comes, he's back on his bike.
He just keeps on biking.

Well, some say he's crazy and ought to quit it,
But they're just jealous and can't admit it.
Some even laugh at him and call him a nut,
But they would ride with him, if they had the guts.

Sometimes they kid him about his step-through bike;
They say it's for ladies only to ride.
But he likes his bike, he likes it a lot.
In fact, he wouldn't trade it for any they got.
... he just keep on biking.

Now, about that step-through bike that he finally found.
He likes to ride it cause it's easy to mount.
So there he goes on his step-through bike,
Waving to his friends as he rides on by.
... he just keep on biking.

He rides the BRAG from Atlanta to Savannah,
In the rain and the wind.
He has lunch in Metter with all of his friends.

When he circles the park
And on through the crowd;
They said, "He's lost it,"
When he hollered out loud.