

When he hollered again out loud, "On the left,"
They said, "The sun got to him,"
"He's beside himself."

Then they heard him holler again
As he rode out of town.
And someone yelled,
He's Statesboro bound."

So, he's headed east now, to the Statesboro park.
Riding his bike, just as happy as a lark.

Now, they all go around him, even the kids
But they know he's arrived when he hollers again.
Merrily he rides along,
There on his bike, just singing a song.

Well, he made it to the park
And got his tent up right
But he's in the shower now,
From a long days ride.

He's tucked away now
From the rain and the wind;
But he keeps on biking,
Asleep in his tent.

Down the Natchez trace and the BRAG again,
Then on to bike Florid, to ride with his friends.
He just keeps on biking.

Old bikers never die, they just ^{go} ~~to~~ from riding the BRAG across Georgia
To riding the BRAH around heaven.
So whether BRAG or BRAH, and especially the latter,
They just keep on biking, cause that's all that matters.

And down here when it's all over and then,
He just rides around heave till his heart's content.
So whether here or there, he just keeps on biking.