

Vincent Black Lightning

Richard Thompson

Said Red Molly to James that's a fine motorbike,
A girl would feel special on any such like
Said James to Red Molly, well my hat's off to you
It's a Vincent Black Lightning, 1952
And I've seen you at the corners and cafés it seems
Red hair and black leather, my favourite colour scheme
And he pulled her on behind and down to Boxhill they did ride

Said James to Red Molly, here's a ring for your right hand
But I'll tell you in earnest I'm a dangerous man
I've fought with the law since I was seventeen
And I've robbed many a man to get my Vincent machine
Now I'm 21 years, I might make 22
And I don't mind dying, but for the love of you
But if fate should break my stride
I'll give you my Vincent to ride

Come down, come down, Red Molly, called Sergeant McRae
For they've taken young James Aidie for armed robbery
Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing inside
Come down, Red Molly, to his dying bedside

When she came to the hospital, there wasn't much left
He was running out of road, he was running out of breath
But he smiled to see her cry
And said I'll give you my Vincent to ride

Said James in my opinion, there's nothing in this world
Beats a 52 Vincent and a red headed girl
Now Nortons and Indians and Greeves just won't do
They don't have a soul like a Vincent 52
And he reached for her hand and he slipped her the keys
He said I won't be having any further use of these
I see angels and ariels in leather and chrome
Swooping down from heaven to carry me home
And he gave her one last kiss and died
And he gave her his Vincent to ride.