

The Harley-Davidson Buff.

I've been intrigued by the number of guys in my own village who have become born-again bikers in late middle age.

The tune for this song is based on the Irish tune "The Devil and Bailiff McGlynn".

Whae is the black knight that juist roared oot o sight
Like the wild wind's imperious puff?
Ah tremble, ye wimps! Ye have juist caught a glimpse
O a Harley-Davidson buff.

Chorus : He's a Harley-Davidson buff!
He's a Harley-Davidson buff!
Ah tremble, ye wimps! Ye have juist caught a glimpse
O a Harley-Davidson buff.

(Last two lines of each verse repeated in the chorus.)

He's romantic an mean in the style o James Dean,
But his youthful demeanour's aw bluff.
For a helmet can hide an auld bald heid inside
For a Harley-Davidson buff.

Ye might hae supposed when his visor was closed
That nae razor had yet shaved his fluff;
But there's grey grizzled stubble wi a snottery bubble
On the Harley-Davidson buff.

When the female gaze seeks oot his braw leather breeks
There's a frisson o lust shair enough;
An I'm shair he'd score but for his muckle fat gut –
He's a Harley-Davidson buff.

But he's game for a laugh wi the banter an chaff,
Though he'll suin bugger off in the huff
If ye happen tae mention he's drawin the Pension –
The Harley-Davidson buff.

In his youth's glory days he ran roond, so he says,
Wi Hell's Angels, mad, murd'rous, an tough;
But the truth's even better – he ran a Lambretta!
The Harley-Davidson buff.

On the bends he leans ower, then lets rip wi the power,
As the pistons' throb tickles his sheugh;
A black leather gnome on a stallion o chrome,
He's a Harley-Davidson buff.

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Long may they forgaither in studs an black leather
Bespattered wi aw sorts o stuff,
Then sit doon wild an free, tae a wee cup o tea,
Like a true Harley-Davidson buff.

(Words original, tune partly traditional.)