

Shes Got A Motorcycle
Frankie Cocozza

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Frankie Cocozza - She s Got A Motorcycle

Em **G**
Look at those mirrored eyes, I want them.

Bm **A**
How your legs like to shine, I can see them.

Em **G**
Your smile floods the street, like a wild child.

Bm **A**
I hear your heart as it beats, to your own style.

F#m
You ve been locked up for days,
G
And that s just not right,
A
I wanna steal you away,
Bm
Show you the nightlife.
G
I know it would be easy
Cos I m feeling tired and wheezy.
A
And the road it seems much smoother with you.

D
She s got a motorcycle.

G
A big bad motorcycle.

Bm
She knows how much I like it,

A
She won t let me ride it.

D

She s got a motorcycle,

G

It looks so damn delightful,

Bm

She knows how much I like it,

A

She keeps tryna hide it,

G

A

Why, why, why am I out of luck?

Bm

D

Cos I ve seen others fill you up.

G

On your motorcycle.

A

Your big bad motorcycle,

D

You know how much I like it.

Why won t you let me ride it?

Em

G

I ll be around after dark, like a silhouette.

Bm

A

I ll need the keys to your heart, cos I ain t touched it yet

Em

G

I know you feel insecure, a little rusty.

Bm

A

You could have so much more, if you just trust me.

F#m

You ve been locked up for days,

G

And that s just not right,

A

I m about to steal you away,

Bm

Show you the nightlife.

G

Although it wasn't easy,
Now it's all so breezy

A

Yeah, I'm loving every mile with you.

D

I've got a motorcycle.

G

A big bad motorcycle.

Bm

I know how much you like it,

A

But you can't ride it.

D

I've got a motorcycle,

G

I know I took the Michael,

Bm

It feels so damn delightful,

A

I just can't hide it,

G

A

Oh, oh, oh, you're Shh! out of luck

Bm

D

I knew one day I'd fill you up.

G

On my motorcycle.

A

My big bad motorcycle,

D

I know how much you like it.
But I won't let you ride it.

Bm F#m D G
Then I woke up from the most beautiful of daydreams,

Gm D A
A fairytale, a fantasy, just waved its last goodbye to me.

D
She s got a motorcycle.

G
A big bad motorcycle.

Bm
She knows how much I like it,

A
She won t let me ride it.

D
She s got a motorcycle,

G
It looks so damn delightful,

Bm
She knows how much I like it,

A
She keeps tryna hide it,

G A
Why, why, why am I out of luck?

Bm D
Cos I ve seen others fill you up.

G
On your motorcycle.

A
Your big bad motorcycle,

D
You know how much I like it.
Why won t you let me ride it?