GIRL ON A BICYCLE
Ralph McTell

Hey little girl on the bicycle, wheels spin like they're riding on air.
Hey little girl on the bicycle, wheels flash like the sun in her hair.
And the wheels go round but the bike has stopped moving
Trees on the river move by her.

Hey little girl on the bicycle, sun plays in her hair like a flame,
And the river's reflecting her bicycle, and the reeds whisper her name,
And the wheels go round but the bike has stopped moving,
Trees on the river move by her.

Hey little girl on the bicycle, dressed in white, the trees well in green.
Sparkling cycling bicycle that moves through the trees like a dream
And the wheels go round and the trees stop moving
Suddenly she is gone.