

He used to have some bullet bikes,  
plus one Electra X  
The bullets would not play along,  
Electra was a vex,

But he helped many of us here,  
so we could fix our bikes,  
don't say electra, he will rant,  
but otherwise alright.

The one 'Hellectra', that got sold,  
was glad to see the back!  
then the bullets, they went too,  
were never coming back.

last of the marque our dear friend owned,  
was called the 'interceptor'  
but shed filled up with Honda's now,  
he thought that he would sell her,

Some happy guy got in his Ute,  
and drove for half a day,  
sitting on the Sheila seat,  
ten thousand AUS to pay.

The guy arrived and rang the bell,  
"One interceptor please!"  
but Norm was out, wife 'in the dark'  
She wasn't very pleased!

The poor bloke got a verbal bash,  
that made him think "Oh strewth"  
you should have seen him run like hell,  
as Norm's wife hit the roof!

Now what had happened to our Norm,  
to cause him to go out,  
He'd put the inter up for sale,  
but had he had some doubt?

After all the trials and problems,  
His Enfield bikes did bring,  
I have a small suspicion,  
that he may have learnt one thing,

They say you love or hate these bikes,  
and yes, they do go wrong,  
and norm said that he hated them,  
but maybe that was wrong.

That interceptor looked at him,  
in shock and disbelief,  
in desperation, one last chance,  
"I'm yours, don't sell me please!"

He could not part with such a bike,  
it went back in the shed.  
A touching moment, man and bike,  
I won't say what was said.

So now our Norm's back here with us,  
and we're all really glad.  
Advice? "These bullet bikes are shit,  
Electra X are crap!"

We do not 'love' or 'hate' our bikes,  
it's both at the same time,  
you hate whilst loving or love with hate,  
that's how it works with mine!