

scaly's crappy christmas carols!

before we start, I would like to thank
the beer that I have been drinking,
which has made all this possible!

Good king Wenceslas rode out,
with his best mate Stephen,
on a classic bullet bike,
exhaust note crisp and even.

He pulled up the engine stopped,
somewhere outside Ewell,
wouldn't start, they froze to death,
he'd run it out of fuel.

Once in Royal Westminster city,
Tight twits charged for parking space
They will target motorcycles,
It's just a f***ing disgrace!
Just Westminster charge a fee,
elsewhere bikes all park for free,
money grabbing tight assed gits,
Steal from those who wear tin lids.
Your small city I will pass,
so stick your charges up your ass!

Oh little town of bethlehem,
now did you hear my bike?
i'm gonna rev the bastard up,
and ride it every night!
I'll tear it down your main street,
give everyone a fright,
my only fear,
to which you'd cheer,
if i fell off it tonight.

silent night
holy night,
bike won't start,
that's a fright,
maybe cos this winter's not mild,
snow and temperature has gone quite
wild,
but it's milder today-ay
one more kick, ah! it's ok!

have to think twice,
cos it's not nice,
my Enfield's upset,
we're sliding on ice,
i'll keep both feet down to keep the bike
up,
seemed to work well until we hit a rut.
now there's a dent in my tank-ank,
I only got me to thank.

this journey's got old,
and i'm bloody cold,
if bike had a voice,
would be me it would scold,
I should go back home, put bike safe
inside,
thank god i am only at end of my drive,
I promise it "never again-ain"
next time i'll try to be sane!



in the bleak midwinter,
my old bike did moan,
i'd only suggested,
riding it from home,
my bike said, "So funny,
you think it is a lark?
this time you can sod off,
cos i refuse to start!"

Away with a stranger,
my bike's being fixed,
Must get hold of Hitchcock's,
to order the bits,
it made some odd clanging,
during my last ride,
it seems the oil pumps,
need a new worm drive.

A gasket is blowing,
my baby awakes,
blowing oil on the tyre,
no wonder it skates,
search through bullet bible,
ah, there it is phew!
i'll order one up,
make my bullet like new!

I need you dear Bullet,
I ask you to stay
Close by me forever
And love me I pray
Bless all Royal Enfields
they're beyond compare,
They'll take you to heaven
So ride with them there.

**Hell's angles from the realms of
glory,**
let's tear down the motorway,
race flat out between the cafe's
like our fathers in their day,
50, 60 70, 80 90, ton, I've passed him,
go suck on my pipe you git,
70, 80 90, ton, 120, now i've blown it,
my piston's bust and i'm in shit!

Deck my bike with lots of tinsel,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ha, ha, ha,
now lets add holly and some baubles
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ha, ha, ha,
It looks so great from over here,
ha, ha, ha, ho. ho. ho. ha, ha, ha,
but then i've drunk way too much beer,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hic, ha, ha, ha!

Oh come all ye faithful,
pray to Bullet Baba
The god of all Enfields,
at temple Om Banna,
come and behold him,
feed him lots of alcohol,
to keep eternal flame lit,
to keep eternal flame lit,
to keep eternal flame lit,
and save your bike's soul



God rest ye merry gentlemen,
Your bikes have all got seats,
let's bounce our ridged's up and down,
and listen to them squeak.
we'll wind the suffragettes next door,
till they come out and bleat,
oh, good ridings in comfort and joy,
(Comfort and joy),
oh, good ridings in comfort and joy.

Hark the Royal Enfields sing,

Bullet bike, perfect thing!
Good on roads and in the wild,
riding one will make you smile.
Joyful me upon my bike,
Passed a triumph, speed of light,
fifties trials were all the same,
“Bullet bike not beat, again!”
Hark the Royal Enfields sing
Johnny Brittain, off road king.

Bullet not the only one,
RE twins could really run,
Constellation, Meteor,
around the world they like to tour,
built for fun with innovation,
still get a standing ovation,
cush drive, forks, and swinging arm,
kept the rider safe from harm,
Royal Enfields are the best,
other bikes are ‘all the rest’

If, whilst in your bed you lie,
you hear something chugging by,
something that could change your life,
a Royal Enfield classic bike.
Be it christmas or your birthday,
make sure that you have your say,
“I want a bike that says R E,
as that’s the only marque for me!”
Get yourself and Enfield bike,
and help to put your world to rights!

I’m screaming, it’s a white Christmas,

No way my old bike wants to go,
now the engine’s missing,
it’s blown the piston,
I can’t just leave it in the snow.

I’m screaming it’s a shite Christmas
the pick up van can’t come tonight,
My skin is turning all white,
and by now my fingers have frostbite.

Rocking Carol

Poor old Enfield, outside your door,
tyres have frozen to the floor,
We will rock you, rock you rock you,
We will rock you, rock you rock you,
We will break your tyres free,
then you can ride around with glee!

hic,

I’m going to regret this tomorrow!

scalyback