





On Top of My Bicycle

Sung to the tune of "On Top of Old Smokey"


I want to go biking
My helmet's intact
My seat needs adjusting
My tires are flat



I grab my big brother
My mother or dad
To get me all ready
Safety's not just a fad



The seat gets a tightening
The tires get some air
The brakes get a test squeeze
The wheel spin is fair



My bike is all ready
But what about me
I buckle my helmet
Now off I go weeeeeeee!