



# 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!