

# Sia, Riding On My Bike

I'm riding on my bike  
I'm going round the block  
No, I can't cross the road  
I'm not allowed to do that  
I'm so happy here 'cause

I'm just riding on my bike  
I'm going round the block  
I'm checking out the dogs  
Barking as I pass them, woof  
Barking back, I laugh and

I ride on on my bike  
I'm going round the block  
I'm singing to myself, la la la  
I'm counting purple flowers  
And I'll do this for hours

Happy riding on my bike  
I'm going round the block  
I'm like an ice cream truck  
I'm tasting all the flavors  
I'm waving to my neighbors, hi

While I'm riding on my bike  
I'm going round the block  
I'm counting all the cracks, 6, 7, 8  
Yeah, I'm the pavement agent  
And my house is the station

And I ride past on my bike  
I'm going round the block  
My tummy's rumbling  
My mama's selling tickets  
To broccoli and fish sticks, I'm hungry