

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