

Road Warrior

(for David)

By Dennis F. Drake 11/1/2009

He climbed up in the saddle
With a helmet for a hat.
He jumped hard on the pedal.
The engine barked and spat.
Then from way down deep
Rose his Harley's rumble,
Its sound while standing still
Makes another bike humble.
When he's travlin' down the line,
He makes every minute count.

He's a road warrior
With his colors on his back.
He's a road warrior
Always followin' his track.
He's a road warrior
He's flyin' like the wind,
Flyin' from where he's been,
Goin' where he's always goin',
And comin' back again.
He's a road warrior.

