

MOTORCYCLE RHYTHM

Words & Music by Mehmet GÜR
Söz ve Müzik: Mehmet GÜR

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THOSE GUYS IN “EASY RIDER” WERE COOL...

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GOT A CHOPPER IN NINETEEN-SEVENTY-TWO.

I PROMISED MYSELF TO TRAVEL THE WORLD

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AND SO FAR I’VE KEPT MY WORD.

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STILL HITTING THE ROAD TO GO FAR AWAY;

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STILL KEEPING A SMOOTH GENTLE RHYTHM;

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STILL RIDING TO VISIT OLD FRIENDS;

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STILL RIDING TO SEE THE ONES I LOVE.

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I RODE ON GOLDEN SAND BEACHES
ON THE SHORES OF THE HOLY RED SEA.
I RODE AND WATCHED THE FISHERMEN BOATS
ON THE SHORES OF THE ROUGH BLACK SEA.
I RODE AND STROLLED AND I CAMPED
ON THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.
AND I MET THE SWEET LOVE OF MY LIFE
ON THE SHORES OF THE AEGEAN SEA.

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I RODE ALL THE WAY TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE
THROUGH THE LACY COSTLINE OF THE NORWEGIAN SEA.
I PLAYED THE SIX-STRING IN A CUTE LITTLE TOWN
ON THE SHORES OF THE BALEARIC SEA.

WELL, I WITNESSED THE MOTHER NATURE'S STRENGTH
ON THE SHORES OF THE TYRRHENIAN SEA.
AND I MET AN OLD MAN WHO GAVE ME ADVICE
ON THE SHORES OF THE ADRIATIC SEA.

ON A LONG EAST ATLANTIC COAST RIDE,
AFRICA LOOKED EXPLOITED, BUT EUROPE SO REACH.
I WAS IN TIME FOR “LE BEAUJOLAIS NOUVEAU”,
BUT I SAW A DIFFERENT FILM IN CASABLANCA.
THE TOWN OF KEY WEST WAS THE DESTINATION
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OCEAN.
ROUTE SIXTY-SIX TO THE PASIFIC COAST
WHERE A NATIVE RECITED A TRIBE STORY.

I AM NOW GOING BACK TO MY HOMETOWN,
TO A PARADISE ON THE ANATOLIAN COST.
WHERE GREEN MOUNTAINS AND THE BLUE SEA
GREET EACH OTHER WITH MUCH AFFECTION.
I’M ON MY WAY TO SEE MY OLD FRIENDS;
TO SEE ORANGE TREES AND COTTON FIELDS;
TO RIDE ON THE ROADS I PEDALLED TO SCHOOL;
TO BECOME THE CHILD I ONCE WAS...