

## **Rouler a Velos**

Riding at the centre of a Cheshire hurricane  
Montreal bike girl with pipe cleaner braids  
Is longing  
As long as her striped stockings

Flying past the bistro with the spiral staircase  
Past the red house with the green door and the black wrought iron gate  
Through the stop sign  
To a street with no awings

Rouler a Velo  
Faster than Tintin  
Rouler a Velo  
With roses in her cheeks

Into the distance  
Her dark eyes shine  
Along the seaway  
She flies like borrowed time

Salad greens and magazines swing softly at her hip  
While mushrooms and an eggplant take the side bags for the trip to  
Supper  
Her heart served on a plate for another

The pedals of her bike revolve like satelites of mars  
With an atmosphere of purple  
Like the tumbledown scent of flowers  
And sweet anticipated hours

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Faster than Tintin  
Rouler a Velo  
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Into the distance  
Her dark eyes shine  
Along the seaway  
She flies like borrowed time

Original Lyrics by Katheryn Petersen off the Album Critterness  
<https://katherynpetersen.bandcamp.com/releases>