

STEINAR RAKNES

Stan The Man

*I was riding in the woods on my MTB
After finishing work at the fishing factory
I was sweaty, my ride was swanky
On the way up to the mountain top*

*Over the hills and far away
I was not aware I was an easy prey
On the top a bird said stop!
She asked me; would you like a coffee cup?*

*I do, I said, and it was true
And together we watched the beautiful view
Easy on the eye, it was early July
I could not hang her out to dry*

*I'm Stan, I said, I play in a band
She smiled and called me Stan the man
Vigorously she pulled me down
Between her thighs I was about to drown*

*She whispered in my ear, Stan don't think twice
Lie down on your back and close your eyes
Expecting heaven on earth and more
I shut my eyes on the rocky floor*

*Stan the man, now count to fifty
Her orders clang to me so nifty
At half a hundred I shouted out
Ready and Freddy like a good boys scout*

*I casted about but I could not see her
I could not see my red bike either
She was gone with her red shoes on
On my bike, and I had to hike*

The horizon burned as the sun went down

*I was running down the hill like a circus clown
She left no trace or no adress
I'll never see her again I guess*

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