

Bicycle Rock
(to the tune of Jingle Bell Rock)

Bicycle, bicycle, bicycles rock
Bicycles roll and bicycles go
Spinning and grinning, it's baskets of fun
Now the biking age has begun
Bicycle, bicycle, bicycles rock
Cyclist whoop and Cyclists hoot
Pedal and revel in Courthouse Square, In the misty air
What a bright time, it's the right time
To bike the night away
Bicycle time is a cool time
To go riding on a two-wheeled sleigh
Giddy up, iron horse, don't be a poke
Bicycle round the clock
Mix and mingle with your jingling spokes
That's the bicycle, That's the bicycle,
That's the bicycle rock!

I Saw Popo Ticket Santa Claus
(to the tune of "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus")
[new lyrics by Timo]

I Saw Popo Ticket Santa Claus
Outside Rocco's Pizza Sunday night
He was wearing red and green, and riding his 16
He had his reindeer posse but the pepper were so mean

Then I heard Popo cursing Santa Claus
When they realized what they done weren't right
All you nutty boys in blue

There'll be nothin' but coal for you
Then I heard Popo cursing Santa Claus
When they realized what they done weren't right

I Saw Popo Ticket Santa Claus
Outside Rocco's Pizza Sunday night
He was coming back from the Zoo
With an antlered friend or two
He said to Rudolph, "Grab your cell
And call the ACLU"

Then I heard Popo cursing Santa Claus
When they realized what they done weren't right
All you overzealous cops
Will find anthracite in your socks
Then I heard Popo cursing Santa Claus
When they realized what they done weren't right

Bikes for the world
(to the tune of Joy to the World)

Bikes for the world! The time has come
Let earth receive clean air
Let every heart, beat steadily
And heaven and nature sing
And heaven and nature sing
And heaven and heaven and nature sing
Bikes rule the road, with speed and grace
And make our nation free
From oil rigs and corporate greed
So ride your bicycle
So ride your bicycle
So ride, so ride your bicycle!

Climate change is coming to town
(to the tune of Santa Claus in coming to town)

You better watch out, you better not drive
You better ride bikes I'm telling you why
Climate change is coming to town
We're making it hot, we're raising the sea
Gonna feel life at a hundred degrees
Climate change is coming to town
If people keep on driving
The poles will soon be lakes
The air will stink like petrol fumes
Ride your bike for goodness sake
We're making a list, we're checking it twice
We're gonna find out who drove and who biked!
Climate change is coming to town

Deck the road with tons of cyclists
(to the tune of Deck the Halls)

Deck the road with tons of cyclists, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
Tis the season for idealists, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
Don we now our rain apparel, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
Call your friend his name is Harold, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
Grab your helmet and your u-lock, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
Join the sheep who've left the flock, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
Hitch your trailer to your seat post, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
To the store to get some French Roast, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
Pedal til the old year passes, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
Cold air fogging up your glasses, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
Summer soon will come again, Fa la la la la la, la la la la
Just keep riding with the wind, Fa la la la la la, la la la la

O Come all ye cyclists,
(to the tune of o come all ye faithful)

O Come all ye cyclists,
joyful and triumphant
O come ye, o come ye by bicycle
Come and behold them
See what fun they're having
O come let us stop driving
O come let us start riding
O come let us start riding
Our bicycles

Ring your bells
(to the tune of Jingle Bells)

Dashing through the rain, on a pedaling machine
Over the streets we go, biking keeps us lean, oh ho ho
Horns on Hondas beep, testing our resolve
But oh what fun it is to ride, cutting down on smog!
Ring your bell, ring your bell, biking all the way!
Oh what fun, it is to ride a two-wheeled Chevrolet!
Hey!
Portland winter's wet, with puddles everywhere
Splashing cars behind, but why do I care?
I've got fenders on, keeping my ass dry
Oh what fun it is to ride, it's a natural high!
Ring your bell, ring your bell, biking all the way!
Oh what fun, it is to ride a two-wheeled Chevrolet!
People think we're odd, riding on our bikes
But we know we're cool, 'cause this is what we like
Breathing clean and free, letting go of hate
We are riding bicycles because it feels so great!
Ring your bell, ring your bell, biking all the way!
Oh what fun, it is to ride a two-wheeled Chevrolet!

Rudolph the red-nosed cyclist

Had a very shiny nose
And if you ever saw it (saw it)
You would even say it glowed.
All of the silly drivers
Used to laugh and call him names (like a Masshole)
They never let poor Rudolph (Rudolph)
Take the center of the lane
Then one smoggy Christmas eve
Santa came to say
Rudolph with your healthy thighs
Then all the children loved him
Won't you pull my sleigh tonight?
And they shouted out with glee (with glee)
Rudolph the red-nosed cyclist
Won't you come and ride with me!

Twelve days of Christmas
On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
On the second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
A tandem with a spare seat
Two handlebars and
Etc.....
Three inner tubes
Four pedals shinning
Five times the fun
Six pack (or six Pb&Bs) for drinking
Seven days of riding
Eight bells for ringing
Nine lights a blinking
Ten spokes a spinning
Eleven cables snaking
Twelve gears for shifting

Biky Christmas Carols
From Portland with love

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