

**Bikey Christmas Carols**  
*From Portland with love*

**Written by:**  
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## **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**

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  
Won't you pull my sleigh tonight?  
Then all the children loved him  
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  
A tandem with a spare seat  
On the second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me  
Two handlebars and  
Etc.....  
Three inner tubes  
Four pedals shining  
Five times the fun  
Six pack (or six Pabsts) 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

