**Well**, Baby Delores, **I’ll tell you:**

**Life** for me ain’t been no Ferrari.

**It’s** got broken gears.

**And** a rusty chain.

**And** broken off reflectors.

**And** crooked handle bars--

Old.

**But** all the time

**I’se been pedalin’ on**,

**And** riding up hills

**And** poppin those wheelies

**And sometimes** making the wrong turns

**Where** there was a fork in the road

**So** Baby Delores, **don’t you** turn around.

**Don’t you** sit down on the curb

**Cause you** tired after the long ride

**Don’t you** fall now--

**For I’se still** movin’ forward

**I’se still** pushin’ on

**And life for me** ain’t been no Ferarri