When I’ve had enough of Penny,
I would call on Gillian.
I would take her for a ride,
The bonny lass all on my pillion.

Biker Bill and Walter Shaw,
Jollier lads you never saw.
Biker Bill and Walter Shaw,
Jollier lads you never saw.

When I first came to the pits,
I found me bike was all in bits.
Then along come Walter Shaw.
He’s the man who tunes me Harley.

Walter’s worth his weight in gold.
That’s more than two hundred pounds.
He did a skid without his lid,
And now he’s only half a crown.

If I had another gill,
Then Penny wouldn’t ride along with me.
She hates it when I drink and drive.
She loves a man who is T. T.

Walter Shaw he had a pig.
He hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig.
Now he has been took away
By a man from the R.S.P.C.A.