

RIDING & WALKING SONGS

AIM

- To celebrate riding, walking and active travel events through music and drama performances.

VELS: 1-4

GRADE: P-6

- [The Arts](#) Level 1-4

Students select, combine and experiment with ways of using a range of arts elements, principles and/or conventions. *Music:* pitch (melody and harmony), duration (rhythm, time and metre), dynamics and volume, tempo, tone colour, texture/timbre, instrumentation, tonality, articulation.

LINK

-  iTunes
- [Back to Contents Page](#)



RIDING & WALKING SONGS

LESSON SUGGESTIONS

LESSON SUGGESTION

- Choose a riding or walking song to sing with the class.
- Use bike bells and bike horns as instruments.
- Choreograph the song using bike riding actions.
- Use red and white bike lights for visual effects.
- Create instruments out of recycled bike parts.
- Perform the cycling song at school assembly or for special events such as Ride2School day or Ride to Work day.
- Students could write their own cycling songs.

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Broken Bicycles	Tom Waits
Daisy Bell (A Bicycle Built For Two)	Harry Dacre
Acoustic Motorcycle	Luka Bloom
Climate Change is Coming to Town	Amy Stork (et al)
Songs for Teaching; Bicycle Safety (website link)	John Buchanan

WALKING SONG TITLES	ARTIST
Walking on the Moon	Sting
Walk Like an Egyptian	Bangles
Walking in the Air	Howard Blake
You'll Never Walk Alone	Richard Rogers & Oscar Hammerstein
I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)	The Proclaimers
Songs for Teaching; Look Both Ways (website link)	Geof Johnson
Songs for Teaching; Stop, Look, Listen (website link)	Mary Flynn



The Mixtures

THE PUSH BIKE SONG

Ridin' along on my pushbike, honey.
When I noticed you.
Ridin' downtown in a hurry, honey,
Down South Avenue.

You looked so pretty as you were
ridin' along.
You looked so pretty as you were
singing this song.

Well, I put on the speed,
And I tried catching up,
But you were pedaling harder too.
Ridin' along like a hurricane, honey,
Spinning out of view.

You looked so pretty as you were
ridin' along.

You looked so pretty as you were
singing this song.
Sing a song!

A-round, round, wheels goin' round
round round.
Down up pedals, down up down.

But I gotta get across to the
other side of town,
Before the sun goes down. Hey,
hey!

Now we're riding along on the
bicycle, honey.

That's a bicycle built for two.
A-lookin' at my honey in the
rearview mirror;

Now I got a better view.

You looked so pretty as you were
ridin' along.

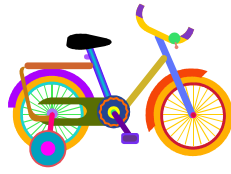
You looked so pretty as you were
singing this song.

Sing a song!

A-round, round, wheels goin' round
round round.

Down up pedals, down up down.

But I gotta get across to the
other side of town,
Before the sun goes down. Hey,
hey



Pink Floyd

BIKE

I've got a bike. You can ride it if you like.
It's got a basket, a bell that rings and
Things to make it look good.
I'd give it to you if I could, but I borrowed it.
You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world.
I'll give you anything, ev'rything if you want things.
I've got a cloak. It's a bit of a joke.
There's a tear up the front. It's red and black.
I've had it for months.
If you think it could look good, then I guess it should.
You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world.
I'll give you anything, ev'rything if you want things.
I know a mouse, and he hasn't got a house.
I don't know why. I call him Gerald.
He's getting rather old, but he's a good mouse.
You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world.
I'll give you anything, ev'rything if you want things.
I've got a clan of gingerbread men.
Here a man, there a man, lots of gingerbread men.
Take a couple if you wish. They're on the dish.
You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world.
I'll give you anything, ev'rything if you want things.
I know a room of musical tunes.
Some rhyme, some ching. Most of them are clockwork.
Let's go into the other room and make them work.



Queen

BICYCLE RACES

Bicycle bicycle bicycle
I want to ride my bicycle bicycle
bicycle

I want to ride my bicycle
I want to ride my bike
I want to ride my bicycle
I want to ride it where I like

You say black I say white
You say bark I say bite
You say shark I say hey man
Jaws was never my scene
And I don't like Star Wars
You say Rolls I say Royce
You say God give me a choice
You say Lord I say Christ
I don't believe in Peter Pan
Frankenstein or Superman
All I wanna do is

Bicycle bicycle bicycle
I want to ride my bicycle bicycle
bicycle

I want to ride my bicycle
I want to ride my bike
I want to ride my bicycle
I want to ride my
Bicycle races are coming your way
So forget all your duties all year!
Fat bottomed girls

They'll be riding today
So look out for those beauties oh
yeah

On your marks get set go
Bicycle race bicycle race bicycle
race

Bicycle bicycle bicycle
I want to ride my bicycle
Bicycle bicycle bicycle bicycle
Bicycle race

You say coke I say caine
You say John I say Wayne
Hot dog I say cool it man
I don't wanna be the President of
America

You say smile I say cheese
Cartier I say please
Income tax I say Jesus
I don't wanna be a candidate for
Vietnam or Watergate
Cause all I wanna do is

Bicycle bicycle bicycle
I want to ride my bicycle bicycle
bicycle

I want to ride my bicycle
I want to ride my bike
I want to ride my bicycle
I want to ride it where I like





Mal Webb

BIKE

Push on a pedal, push on a pedal
Get your (gasp) heart started
Push on a pedal
Push it down and up again
Get on your bike, sit on the seat
Push your feet on the pedals
And ride it all around
Ride it all around

Oh, get that car out of my way
I want to ride my bike today
It keeps me fit and gets me there
And won't go stinking up the air
Leave behind the daily grind
And let your mind unwind
If it's life you tend to like
You'd better get yourself a bike
Oh, oh, get yourself a bike

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(For audio (1.2mb mp3), click [here.](#))

www.malwebb.com





Mal Webb



PACKRACK

My bike doesn't have titanium toeclips
 My bike doesn't have a seven gram frame
 My bike's mainly held together with blue tac
 My bike's name is particularly lame

But my bike's got a nice packrack
 Bright and shiny and new
 It really has a very nice packrack
 To carry my love to you

My bike's tyres look like barbecued sausages
 My bike's seat is infested with ants
 My bike's ten speed but only one's working
 My bike's chain keeps eating my pants, but...

My bike's given me a muddy back guarantee
 My bike ought to get the "No bell" prize
 My bike's brakes break and fail to stop braking
 My bike's a wheelbarrow in disguise, but...

In German:

Mein Fahrrad hat'n schönen Gepäckträger
 Der glänzt wie ein leuchtender Stern
 Es hat echt den tollsten Gepäckträger
 Der bringt meine Liebe Dir gern

(By Daniela Wilberg)

Backwards:

Who use t'Val y' army rye kit
 Carrot cap sun your overs a he
 liver eh
 Who in a narsh nat darb
 Carrot cap sun a dog's kyub yum

Maori:

He pai pakaraka toku pahikara
Ao me pia tata me hou
Tino pai rawa tenei pakaraka
Hikitia taku aroha ki a koe
 (By Mala Somersun)

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For audio, go to  (cost \$1.69).



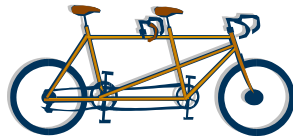
Tom Waits

BROKEN BICYCLES

Broken bicycles,
Old busted chains,
With busted handle bars
Out in the rain.
Somebody must
Have an orphanage for
All these things that nobody
Wants any more
September's reminding July
It's time to be saying good-bye.

Summer is gone,
Our love will remain.
Like old broken bicycles
Out in the rain.

Broken Bicycles,
Don't tell my folks;
There's all those playing cards
Pinned to the spokes,
Laid down like skeletons
out on the lawn.
The wheels won't turn
When the other has gone.
The seasons can turn on a dime,
Somehow I forget every time;
For all the things that you've given me
Will always stay
Broken, but I'll never throw them away



Harry Dacre

DAISY BELL (A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO)

There is a flower
Within my heart,
Daisy, Daisy!
Planted one day
By a glancing dart,
Planted by Daisy Bell!
Whether she loves me
Or loves me not,
Sometimes it's hard to tell;
Yet I am longing to share the lot -
Of beautiful Daisy Bell!

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer do!
I'm half crazy,
All for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle made for two.

We will go 'tandem'
As man and wife,
Daisy, Daisy!
'Peddling' away
Down the road of life,
I and my Daisy Bell!
When the road's dark

We can both despise
P'licemen and 'lamps' as well;
There are 'bright lights'
In the dazzling eyes
Of beautiful Daisy Bell!

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer do!
I'm half crazy,
All for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle made for two.

I will stand by you
In 'wheel' or woe,
Daisy, Daisy!
You'll be the bell(e)
Which I'll ring you know!
Sweet little Daisy Bell!
You'll take the 'lead'
In each 'trip' we take,
Then if I don't do well,
I will permit you to
Use the brake,
My beautiful Daisy Bell!



Luka Bloom



ACOUSTIC MOTORCYCLE

The day began with a rainbow in the sand
As I cycled into Kerry
Cattle grazing on a steep hillside
Looked well fed well balanced
Close to the edge

Chorus: Pedal on, pedal on, pedal on for miles
Pedal on
Pedal on, pedal on, pedal on for miles
Pedal on

I take a break, I close my eyes
And I'm as happy as the Dolphin
In a quiet spot talking to myself
Talking about the rain
Talking about the rain
All this rain

(Chorus)

You see whenever I'm alone
I tend to brood
But when I'm out on my bike
It's a different mood
I leave my brain at home
Get up on the saddle
No hanging around
I don't diddle-daddle

I work my legs
I pump my thighs
Take in the scenery passing me by
The Kerry Mountains or the Wicklow Hills

The antidote to my emotional ills
A motion built upon human toil
Nuclear free needs no oil
But it makes me hot, makes me hard
I never thought I could have come this far
Through miles of mountains, valleys, streams
This is the right stuff filling my dreams
So come on, get up on your bike
Ah go on, get up on your bike

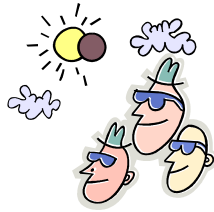
(Chorus)

Finally
With my face to that bitter wind
I bombed it into Killarney
Skin raw like a sushi dinner
And an appetite
That would eat the hind leg of the lamb of God
Even though you know I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing
Then settle down for a quiet night
Think about what I've seen and done
And wonder

There's no reason for this
Now is the time to speak of the problem troubling my mind
Sick of the traffic choking our towns
Freaking me out, bringing me down
Knock down houses, build more lanes
Once was a problem, now it's insane
My solution it's one that I like
It's Muddy
The Acoustic Motorbike
So come on, get up on your bike

(Chorus)

Ah go on, Ah go on
Get up on your bike
Get up on your bike



Amy Stork (et al)

CLIMATE CHANGE IS COMING TO TOWN

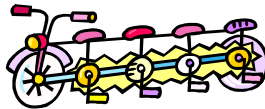
(To the tune of Santa Claus in coming to town)

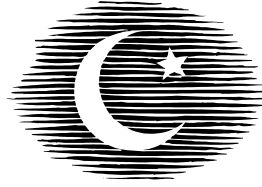
You better watch out, you better not drive
You better ride bikes I'm telling you why
Climate change is coming to town

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





Sting

WALKING ON THE MOON

Giant steps are what you take
Walking on the moon
I hope my legs don't break
Walking on the moon
We could walk forever
Walking on the moon
We could live together
Walking on, walking on the moon

Walking back from your house
Walking on the moon
Walking back from your house
Walking on the moon
Feet they hardly touch the ground
Walking on the moon
My feet don't hardly make no
sound
Walking on, walking on the moon

Some may say
I'm wishing my days away
No way

And if it's the price I pay
Some say
Tomorrow's another day
You stay
I may as well play

Keep it up, keep it up

And if it's the price I pay
Some say
Tomorrow's another day
You stay
I may as well play

Giant steps are what you take
Walking on the moon
I hope my legs don't break
Walking on the moon
We could walk forever
Walking on the moon
We could be together
Walking on, walking on the moon

Some may say
I'm wishing my days away
No way
And if it's the price I pay
Some say
Tomorrow's another day
You stay
I may as well play



Bangles

WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN

All the old paintings on the tomb
They do the sand dance, don' cha know?
If they move too quick (Oh-Way-Oh)
They're falling down like a domino

And the bazaar man by the Nile
He got the money on a bet
For the crocodiles (Oh-Way-Oh)
They snap their teeth on a cigarette

Foreign types with their hookah pipes sing:
Way-oh-way-oh-way-ooo-aaa-ooo...
Walk like an Egyptian.

The blonde waitresses take their trays
Spin around and they cross the floor
They've got the moves (Oh-Way-Oh)
You drop your drink then they bring you more

All the school kids so sick of books
They like the punk and the metal band

When the buzzer rings (Oh-Way-Oh)
They're walking like an Egyptian

All the kids in the marketplace say:
Way-oh-way-oh-way-ooo-aaa-ooo...
Walk like an Egyptian.

Line your feet astreet, bend your back,
Shift your arm, then you pull a clock
Like Sergeant O (Oh-Way-Oh)
So strike a pose on a Cadillac

If you want to find all the cops,
They're hanging out in the donut shop.
They sing and dance (Oh-Way-Oh)
They spin their clock and cruise on down the block

All the Japanese with their Yen
The party boys call the Kremlin
The Chinese know (Oh-Way-Oh)
They walk along like Egyptians

All the cops in the donut shops say:
Way-oh-way-oh-way-ooo-aaa-ooo...
Walk like an Egyptian
Walk like an Egyptian

ride2school.com.au





Howard Blake

WALKING IN THE AIR

We're walking in the air
We're floating in the moonlit sky
The people far below are sleeping as we fly

I'm holding very tight
I'm riding in the midnight blue
I'm finding I can fly so high above with you

Far across the world
The villages go by like dreams
The rivers and the hills, the forests and the streams

Children gaze open mouth, taken by surprise
Nobody down below believes their eyes

We're surfing in the air
We're swimming in the frozen sky
We're drifting over icy mountains floating by

Suddenly swooping low on an ocean deep
Arousing of a mighty monster from its sleep

We're walking in the air
We're dancing in the midnight sky
And everyone who sees us greets us as we fly





Richard Rogers & Oscar Hammerstein

YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE

When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of a storm
There's a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark
Walk on through the wind, Walk on through the rain
Though your dreams be tossed and blown
Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone

Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone





The Proclaimers

I'M GONNA BE (500 MILES)

When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark

Walk on through the wind
Walk on through the rain
Tho' your dreams be tossed and blown
Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone

When I wake up,(When I wake up) well I know I'm gonna be,
I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you (Yeah, I know)
When I go out,(When I go out) yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you (who?)
If I get drunk,(If I get drunk)well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who gets drunk next to you yes, (Yeah)
And if I haver,(whats haver mean?) hey I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's hawering to you

Now!
But I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walks a thousand miles
To fall down at your door

When I'm working,(When I'm working) yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's working hard for you (Shakicar)

And when the money, comes in for the work I do

I'll pass almost every penny on to you

When I come home(When I come), well I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you

When I grow,(When I grow) well I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you

But I would walk 500 miles

And I would walk 500 more

Just to be the man who walks a thousand miles

To fall down at your door

da da da (da da da)

da da da (da da da)

da da da (da da da)

da da da (da da da)

When I'm lonely, well I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who's lonely without you

And when I'm dreaming, well I know I'm gonna dream

I'm gonna Dream about the time when I'm with you

When I go out(When I go out), well I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you

And when I come home(When I come home), yes I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who comes back home with you

I'm gonna be the man who's coming home with you

But I would walk 500 miles

And I would walk 500 more

Just to be the man who walked a thousand miles

To fall down at your door

da da da (da da da)

da da da (da da da)

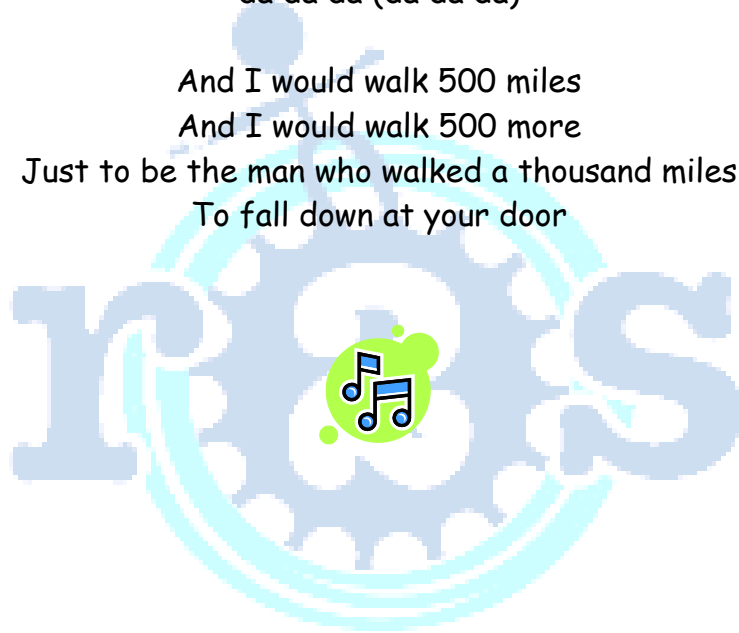
da da da (da da da)
da da da (da da da)

da da da (da da da)
da da da (da da da)

Da Da Da Dun Diddle Un Diddle Un Diddle Uh Da Da

da da da (da da da)
da da da (da da da)

And I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walked a thousand miles
To fall down at your door



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