

## THE SELF-PROPELLED ROBBER

Once there was a robber and he robbed in the belief  
That it was best to work alone 'cos you can never trust a thief.  
He put in hand a daring plan to rob a bank by day  
And decided on a bicycle to make his getaway –  
For you can go on pedalling when traffic has to slow,  
And go down little alleyways where the motor cars can't go, so....

He set out one morning to perform this wicked feat  
At a little branch of Barclays at the end of Oxford Street.  
He arrived at Barclays from a most refreshing ride,  
Leaned his bike against the wall and then he went inside.  
And the cashiers were all terrified and gave that rogue their all  
And then he hurried out again to carry home his haul ....

Arriving on the street again he stopped there in dismay –  
Some lout had pinched his bicycle while he had been away  
And while he stood there wondering the next best thing to do  
There came two men with helmets on and suits of navy blue.

The moral of this tragic tale is don't rob banks at all  
Or if you do at least don't leave your bike against the wall.  
For you may think that you're a villain, evil through and through,  
But there are characters around who're even worse than you.

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*A moral tale written long before urban cycling became so popular.*