

BORN TO RIDE MY HARLEY

The Story of a Worldwide Riding Family

66

*Turn the key...
Hear that thunder wake.
Harley on the road.
One heartbeat.
One family.
Ride on.*

Morning comes with a restless soul,
Too many voices, too much control.
The world keeps pushing, running too fast,
Chasing tomorrow, chained to the past.
I close the door on another hard day,
Pull on my boots and I ride away.
One turn of the key and the silence is gone,
That old V-twin of my Harley tells me where I belong.

Feel that rhythm under my skin,
The road gets quiet when the ride begins.
No fear, no pressure, nothing to prove,
Just steel and thunder and the freedom to move.

**We are brothers, we are sisters,
From every road and every land.
Different stories, one vibration,
Side by side and hand in hand.
Hear the thunder, feel the fire,
Harley lives in every soul.
Born to ride and born for freedom,
Born to rock and roll.
In our blood, in our veins.
Through the sunshine, through the rain.
One road, one sound, one family together -
Born to ride my Harley,
Born to roll forever.**

Out on the highway the clock slows down,
Miles of freedom beyond the town.
The slower I ride, the slower time goes,
Sun on my face and the warm wind blows.
The city gets smaller behind my back,
No looking over, no turning back.
My head gets clear with every mile,
And somewhere out there I remember to smile.
Chrome catching fire in the setting sun,
Two wheels beneath me, the day ain't done.
No walls, no borders, no place I must be,
Just an endless road and the sky over me.

Feel that heartbeat shaking the ground,
You don't just hear it - you live that sound.
Every piston, every mile, every scar,
Reminds us exactly who we are.

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From California to Carinthia,
Australian dust to the Arctic snow.
From old Route 66 to European roads,
Every rider carries their own heavy load.
But when the engines start to roar,
We ain't strangers anymore.
No matter your language, your name or your home,
When the Harleys roll, nobody rides alone.
Black leather jackets, silver in our hair,
Young blood rising with the old guard there.
Generations riding side by side,
Keeping the spirit forever alive.

*When life gets loud - I ride.
When my mind gets tired - the road is on my side.
When the world wants more than I can give - I ride.
And somewhere between the asphalt and the sky...
I remember how to live.*

Someday our highways may carry new names,
New faces riding these old flames.
But the spirit won't rust and the sound won't die,
As long as one rider still looks to the sky.
Machines grow old, but legends remain,
Through every sunrise, every storm, every rain.
You can stop the engine, you can end the ride...
But you can't kill the thunder living inside.

WE ARE BROTHERS!

WE ARE SISTERS!

Every rider, every land!

One vibration, one emotion,

One great family - understand!

Hear the thunder!

Feel the fire!

Raise your voices, let it roll!

Born to ride and born for freedom,

Harley lives inside our soul!

In our blood, in our veins!

Through the sunshine, through the rain!

From the first mile

Till the final bend,

We ride together,

Family and friends.

One road!

One sound!

One family together!

Born to ride...

Born to be free...

Born to roll ...

FOREVER!