

Easy rider

New-Orleans, Louisiana.

[Assis au guidon de la Harley-Davidson, bras élevés; bruit du moteur, pétarades, arrêt du moteur]
Jesus, what the hell did you give to your bike? Gas or grass? Your bike is smoking too much, you too by the way. I keep telling you...smoking grass makes you so stupid!

No, Mardi-gras doesn't take place on a Sunday?

No, „voulez-vous coucher avec moi?“ doesn't mean „Would you please play hide-and-seek with me“!

No, „merci beaucoup“, doesn't mean „I like your necklace very much“.

No, „c'est la vie“ doesn't mean „a saddle for life“, even if you're used to riding a bike!

You're really getting stupid, you should stop smoking marijuana!

[remplissage du réservoir, bruitages; démarrage]

Well, now you're all set! You can hit the road Jack! And take it **easy rider**!