**The RIde song**

They closed their windows, they shut their doors.

They hid their eyes, for the worthy cause.

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They hid their eyes, for the worthy cause.

Bare through city streets she rode,

Courage's story, a legend bestowed.

It wasn't nice, she chose to stride,

Helping Coventry, secrets unhide.

Silver moonlight, her steed so high,

Lady Godiva 'gainst the night sky.

A city's fate upon her back,

Rode with purpose, no course to lack.

Riding naked through the city,

In just her birthday suit.

She believed was all worthwhile,

To solve the tax dispute, ooh

Quiet of night, whispers spread,

Lady Godiva, the city's thread.

A hero's ride, a sacrifice,

Helping Coventry, make memories.

For the people, she bore it all,

Cobbled streets, where shadows fall.

Believed it worth, in every stride,

Ease the burden, tax dispute slide.

Riding naked through the city,

In just her birthday suit.

She believed was all worthwhile,

To solve the tax dispute, ooh

Legend born in bravery,

Lady G, forever free.

Riding through our history,

Gift so rare for Coventry, ooh

Riding naked through the city,

In just her birthday suit.

She believed was all worthwhile,

To solve the tax dispute, ooh

Ooh, ooh, ooh!