

Tom Waits, Broken Bicycles

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

Summer is gone,
But our love will remain.
Like old broken bicycles
Left out in the rain.

(tearful music...)

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.
One wheel won't turn
While the other has gone.
The seasons can turn on a dime,
Somehow I forget every time;
These things you've given me
They always will stay
They're broken... but I'll never throw them away