

Brian Eno, Some of them are old

People come and go and forget to close the door
And they leave their stains and cigarette butts trampled on the floor
And when they do, remember me, remember me.
Some of them are old, some of them are new
Some of them will turn up when you least expect them to
And when they do, remember me, remember me.
Lucy you're my girl, Lucy you're a star
Lucy please be still and put your madness in a jar
But do beware, it will follow you, it will follow you.
Some of them are old but it would help if you could smile
To earn a crooked sixpence you'll walk many crooked miles
And as you do, remember me, remember me.