

# Salad, Namedrops

You don't even know your name  
You get on a bicycle  
And bend the frame

Samson in a cage  
Gave him some wine and Danish  
Man, was he depraved

Raindrops, teardrops  
Give me some real food  
Like out on the balcony

Hamish in a den  
Now that I'm seventeen  
He must be ten

You don't seem to love me any more  
I gave you my word of honour  
You sprinkled your path with gravel  
Angels fell from the sky

You don't even know your name  
You get on a bicycle  
I get on a plane

Namedrops on a hill  
Perhaps in a distant valley  
They'll be still

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