

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

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 seem to love me any more
I gave you my word of honour
You sprinkled your path with gravel
Angels fell from the sky

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