

Some of Them Are Old

Brian Eno

People come and go
And forget to close the door,
And 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 hide 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 a crooked mile,
And when you do, remember me, remember me.